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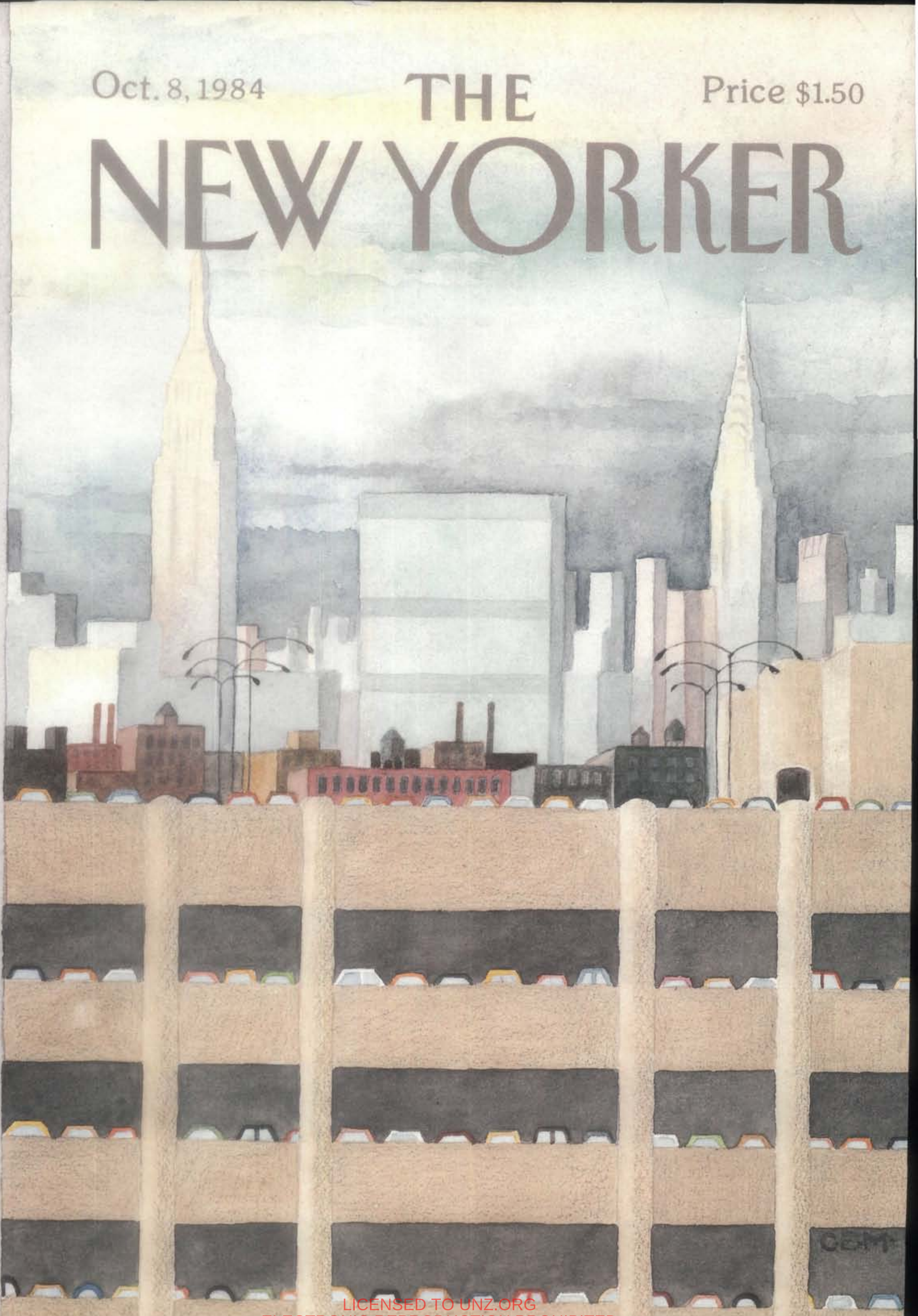

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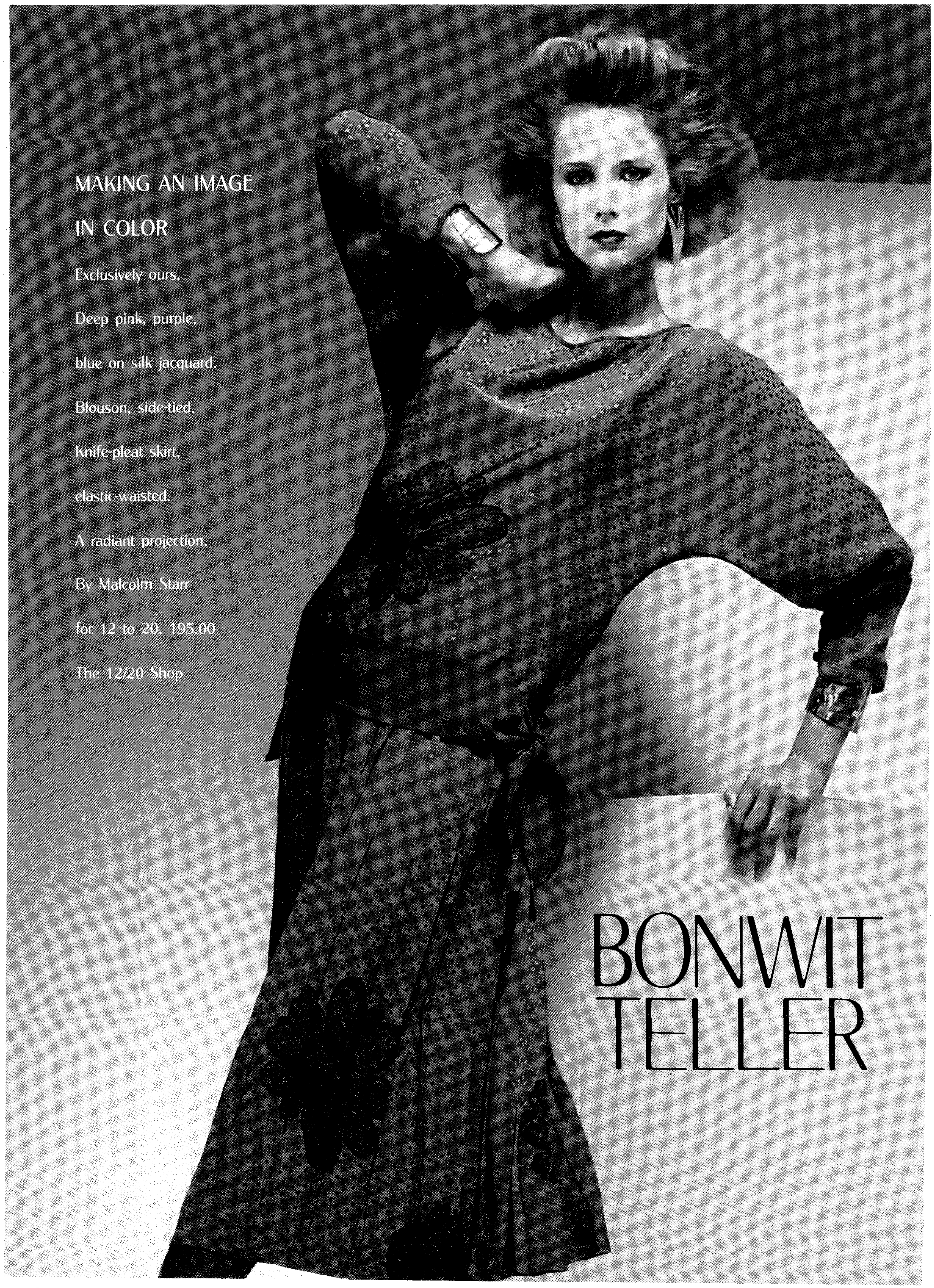

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

After the Fall—A new production of the Arthur Miller play, with Frank Langella and Dianne Wiest. Previews Wednesday, Oct. 3. Opens officially on Thursday, Oct. 4. (Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

All Strange Away—Robert Langdon-Lloyd in a one-character play by Samuel Beckett, derived from his 1976 prose work of the same name. (Samuel Beckett Theatre, 410 W. 42nd St. 594-2826. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7. Matinées Saturday at 2:30 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Oct.7.)

A . . . My Name Is Alice—A musical revue conceived and directed by Joan Micklin Silver and Julianne Boyd. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Balm in Gilead—This revival of a play that Lanford Wilson wrote in 1965 is a joint effort of the Steppenwolf Theatre Company of Chicago and the Circle Repertory Company of this city. There are twenty-nine characters—seedy denizens of an all-night coffee shop on upper Broadway. The script—good and bad—foreshadows much of Mr. Wilson's later work. The performance, under the direction of John Malkovich, is electric, to say the least. (Reviewed in our issue of 6/11/84.) (Minetta Lane, 18-22 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Benvenuto Festival—The last two in a series of productions by three avant-garde theatre companies from Italy. Krypton's "Eneide," based on the Virgil epic, closes Sunday, Oct. 7. . . . ¶ La Gaia Scienza's "Torn Hearts" opens Wednesday, Oct. 10, and will run through Sunday, Oct. 21. (La Mama Annex, 66 E. 4th St. 475-7710. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30.)

Blue Window—Craig Lucas's engaging, plaintive comedy about a dinner party in this city, with an assortment of guests of assorted sexes, is very well performed by The Production Company, under Norman René's direction. With Christine Estabrook, Matt Craven, and Randy Danson, among other good actors. (9/3/84) (Theatre Guinevere, 15 W. 28th St. 686-1470. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 4:30.)

Death of a Salesman—A sentimental and yet oddly moving account of Willy Loman, a man who thinks success consists of being well liked and who is dismayed to discover that this goal is, as a goal, unachievable. Dustin Hoffman is a superlative Willy. (4/9/84) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Design for Living—A male artist, a male playwright, and a female interior designer make up a triangle that gives them the greatest possible pleasure; for a time, the triangle turns into a rectangle, which spoils everything. Such is the plot of this harsh comedy by Noël Coward. Directed by George C. Scott and with a cast headed by Anne Swift, Frank Converse, and Raul Julia, it is well worth going to see. (7/2/84) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Endgame—A revival of a play by Samuel Beckett, directed by and with Alvin Epstein. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Enter a Free Man—An early play by Tom Stoppard about a middle-aged Englishman who is under the illusion that he is an inventor, and who is humored by his loyal wife at home and by his cronies at a pub. The performance as a whole, under Dean Button's direction, is dull and sluggish, but the play has many lively moments and swatches of funny dialogue. Line by line, one is always aware that there is a true dramatist aboard. Jerome Kilty is the hero, Helen Stenborg his wife, and Deanna Deignan his impatient daughter. (Perry Street Theatre, 31 Perry St. 255-9186. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of Bernard Slade's 1978 play "Tribute" is the first in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Oct. 14. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Glengarry Glen Ross—A dark comedy by David Mamet, about a handful of desperate real-estate salesmen in Chicago. Their language is harsh, filthy, and funny, and the actors portraying them are worthy of the highest praise. (4/2/84) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Hurlyburly—David Rabe's wry, brilliant comedy about la vie de bohème in Hollywood is very well performed under Mike Nichols' dynamic direction. William Hurt, Ron Silver, Judith Ivey, Sigourney Weaver, Jerry Stiller, Cynthia Nixon, and Harvey Keitel make up the first-rate cast. (7/2/84) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Kipling—Alec McCowen portrays Rudyard Kipling in a one-man play by Brian Clark, which was previously seen in London. Patrick Garland is the director. Previews through Tuesday, Oct. 9. Opens officially on Wednesday, Oct. 10, and will run through Sunday, Nov. 11. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, Oct. 7: Gilbert and Sullivan's **THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE**. . . . ¶ Starting Wednesday, Oct. 10: Sigmund Romberg's **THE NEW MOON**. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

Ma Rainey's Black Bottom—Theresa Merritt stars as the early blues singer Gertrude (Ma) Rainey in a play by August Wilson. Lloyd Richards will again direct, as he did for the show's spring production at the Yale Repertory Theatre. Previews through Wednesday, Oct. 10. Opens officially on Thursday, Oct.

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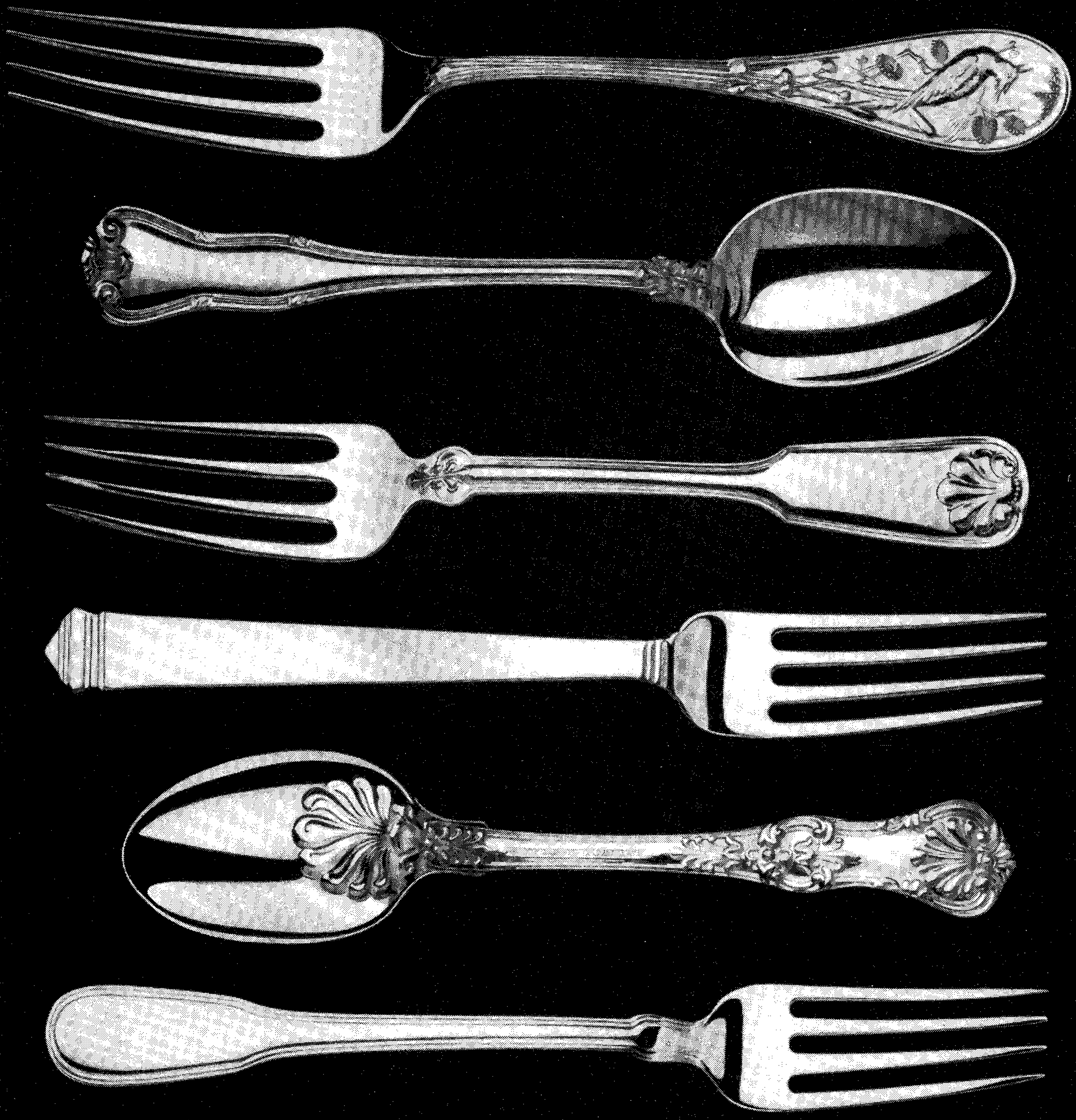

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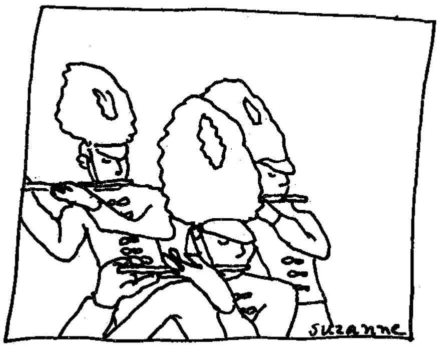
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



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11. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sunday, Oct. 7, at 3.)

Quilters—A musical comedy that is neither very comic nor very musical, on the subject of quilting, with particular reference to the pioneering women of the American West in the nineteenth century. How this humble, dogged, virtuous, boring work arrived in New York is a mystery. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Jack Lawrence Theatre, 359 W. 48th St. 307-5452. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Split Second—This play, by Dennis McIntyre, tells the story of the killing of a racially abusive white thief by a black policeman, and the consequences of the murder among the policeman's colleagues and family and within his own conscience. With John Danelle in the leading role, Michele Shay, and Norman Matlock, among other good actors. (6/18/84) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Sunday in the Park with George—A beautiful and often very touching musical by Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine, based on the life (partly imaginary) of Georges Seurat. With Robert Westenberg and Bernadette Peters. (5/14/84) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—brighton beach memoirs: Neil Simon looks back with fondness upon his youth in the gloomy thirties. (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **la cage aux folles:** A musical with George Hearn and Keith Michell as a pair of tenderhearted middle-aged lovers presiding over a drag-queen night club in Saint-Tropez; the production is one of the most beautiful—and extravagant—ever to reach Broadway. The settings are by David Mitchell, the costumes are by Theoni V. Aldredge, and the lighting is by Jules Fisher. Jerry Herman wrote the music and lyrics; the book is by Harvey Fierstein. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **cats:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to the sets and costumes by John Napier. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **a chorus line:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **dreamgirls:** Traditional musical-comedy hokum, directed and choreographed by Michael Bennett at his usual frantic pace. The enormous cast is young, tireless, and talented. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **the fantasticks:** 10,168 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **fool for love:** Sam Shepard's play—mysterious, funny, and beautiful—is about two battling, loving lovers in a motel room at the edge of the Mojave Desert and about many other matters as well. Mr. Shepard directed. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42nd street:** A musical based on the old Warner Brothers movie and by no means an improvement on it. Directed and choreographed by the late Gower Champion. With Jerry Orbach and Anne Rogers. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **isn't it romantic:** A spirited production of Wendy Wasserstein's sometimes painful but always witty comedy about a pair of female "best friends" at age twenty-eight, and especially about the trials of one of them, Janie Blumberg. (Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **little shop of horrors:** Taking off from Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant and it speaks and sings in the menacing baritone of Ron Taylor. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **my one and only:** Tommy Tune and Twiggy in a newly invented musical comedy (book by Peter Stone and Timothy S. Mayer), which brings back half a dozen superlative Gershwin songs. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **noises off:** As funny a farce as one could ask for. The author is Michael Frayn and the director is Michael Blakemore. The cast includes Paxton Whitehead and Douglas Seale. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **oh! calcutta!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **the real thing:** The hero of Tom Stoppard's new comedy is a clever and highly popular playwright, though not, from the evidence, a very good one. He wishes to be loved, but his own capacity for loving is meagre indeed. An exemplary production, directed by Mike Nichols. John Vickery and Caroline Lagerfelt head the cast. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **the tap dance kid:** A didactic musical in which we learn that middle-class ambitions do not deserve to impede talent. A few rousing dance scenes and the rest is ho-hum. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **torch song trilogy:** Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by Harvey Fierstein, which star Donald Corren as a Jewish homosexual hustler and drag queen. Philip Astor substitutes for Mr. Corren at the matinée performances. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MISCELLANY

Ice Show—Final performances of "Walt Disney's World on Ice," with Rosalynn Sumners. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Wednesday through Friday, Oct. 3-5, at 7:30; Saturday, Oct. 6, at 10:30, 2:30, and 7:30; and Sunday, Oct. 7, at 1 and 5.)

Théâtre du Nombre d'Or—Presenting Molière's comedy "Les Précieuses Ridicules," in French. With the Concert Royal and the New York Baroque Dance Company. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. Thursday and Friday, Oct. 11-12, at 8, and Saturday, Oct. 13, at 3. For tickets, call 355-6100, Ext. 500.)

Avner the Eccentric—Avner Eisenberg is a merry, good-natured clown with the knack of making split-second feats of juggling and acrobatics look easy. A one-man show. (Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Monday, Oct. 8, at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Forbidden Broadway '84—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

DANCE

Erick Hawkins Dance Company—Opening performances of a twelve-day engagement that will run through Sunday, Oct. 21—Wednesday, Oct. 10, at 7: "Angels of the Inmost Heaven," "Heyoka," "The Joshua Tree, or Three Outlaws" (première), and "Hurrah!" . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 11, at 8, and Saturday, Oct. 13, at 2: "Agathlon," "Summer-Clouds People," and "Plains Daybreak." . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 12, at 8: "Angels of the Inmost Heaven," "God's Angry Man—The Passion Play of John Brown," "Summer-Clouds People," and "Heyoka." . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 13, at 8: "Angels of the Inmost Heaven," "God's Angry Man—The Passion Play of John Brown," "Plains Daybreak," and "Hurrah!" (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

Dance Theatre of Harlem—Wednesday, Oct. 3, and Tuesday, Oct. 9, at 8: "The Four Temperaments" and "Giselle." . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, Oct. 4-5, at 8; Sunday, Oct. 7, at 2 and 7:30; and Wednesday, Oct. 10, at 8: "Songs of Mahler," "Fall River Legend," and "Dougla." . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 6, at 2; Friday, Oct. 12, at 8; and Saturday, Oct. 13, at 8: "Manifestations," "Voluntaries," and "Firebird." . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 6, at 8: "Concerto Barocco," "Sylvia Pas de Deux," "Mirage," and "Banda." . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 11, at 8, and Saturday, Oct. 13, at 2: "Square Dance," "Wingborne," "Mirage," and "Banda." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Through Sunday, Oct. 14.)

Ballet Hispanico of New York—Presenting programs of traditional dances of Spain, Latin America, and the Caribbean, as well as contemporary jazz-influenced works. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Wednesday through Friday, Oct. 3-5, at 8; Saturday, Oct. 6, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Oct. 7, at 2 and 7:30.)

Timothy Buckley and the Troublemakers—"How to Swing a Dog," a new full-length work. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Wednesday through Saturday, Oct. 3-6, at 8, and Sunday, Oct. 7, at 3.)

Rebecca Kelly Dance Company—A five-day engagement. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. Wednesday through Saturday, Oct. 3-6, at 8, and Sunday, Oct. 7, at 3. For tickets, call 431-8489.)

Sanjukta Panigrahi—In a program of Indian Orissi dance. (Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. 288-6400, Ext. 286. Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 10-11, at 8.)

Riverside Dance Festival—Performances by three companies. **limbs dance company:** Wednesday, Oct. 3, and Friday, Oct. 5, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 6-7, at 2. . . . **jubilation! dance company:** Wednesday, Oct. 10, and Friday, Oct. 12, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 13-14, at 2. . . . **izulu dance theatre:** Thursday, Oct. 11, and Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 13-14, at 8. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and

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night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—Singer and pianist **STEVE ROSS** is back in action in the Oak Room Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one. Sundays Buck Buchholz presides over the Rose Room from five-thirty to eleven. Dining.

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A long, narrow, crowded, nautical (schooner-era) bar and restaurant. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 5-6, pianist **WALTER BISHOP, JR.**, will be aboard, and Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 11-13, **DAKOTA STATON**, whose vocals are most satisfying on bouncy, bluesy numbers, will perform with her trio. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

Bitter End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A rock, folk, folk-rock, and comedy club. The schedule: Wednesday, Oct. 3, Snax, Mark Berger, and Sterling Cooke Force; Thursday, Oct. 4, Truc of America, Kim Parent, and Viva Larue; Friday, Oct. 5, Street the Beat, Da-Magé, and Whirling Dervishes; Saturday, Oct. 6, the Shades, the Tapes, and the Truants; Sunday, Oct. 7, the Singles, the Woofles, and J.G. & the Initials; and Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 8-9, comedy nights. Shows start at ten and twelve-thirty weeknights and at nine on Sundays. Dining and dancing.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—According to the barman, there've been scads of clubs at this address, going all the way back to speakeasy days. **SARAH VAUGHAN** sings here, and, oh my, it'll be hard to get in, through Sunday, Oct. 7. Monday, Oct. 8, Crossing Points will trade sets with the Chip White Sextet; and on Tuesday, Oct. 9, blues-and-ballad-singing master **JOE WILLIAMS** will begin a six-night visit. Music from nine. Trumpeter **TED CURSON** conducts after-hours (real late, after two in the morning) jam sessions every night but Monday. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The schedule: Thursday, Oct. 4, guitarist **JAMES (BLOOD) ULMER** and drummer **RONALD SHANNON JACKSON & THE DECODING SOCIETY**; Friday and Saturday, Oct. 5-6, Irish music with **DE DANANN**; Tuesday, Oct. 9, the Lounge Lizards; Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 10-11, pianist **CLAUDE BOLLING**; and Friday through Sunday, Oct. 12-14, guitarist **PAT MARTINO** and bassist **STANLEY CLARK**. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Some of the most accomplished and famous pianists, bassists, and, occasionally, guitarists in the world (their names are sometimes posted on a little piece of paper taped to the back of the pay phone) work in this dark-panelled, perpetually (it seems) crowded, talkative New York bar and restaurant. The pianists and bassists: John Bannister and Harry Barbasin through Saturday, Oct. 6; starting Monday, Oct. 8, **BILL MAYS** and **MICHAEL MOORE**. Music from nine-forty-five.

Broadway Joe's, 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—**JIMMY LYON**, urbane and swinging, can be found at the piano from ten-thirty to two Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**JULIE WILSON**, a wonderfully convincing singer with excellent taste (she's doing Rodgers and Hart tunes), can be heard in the Café Carlyle. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. **VINCE GIORDANO** & the Nighthawks offer up dance music on Sundays and Mondays from nine to one. Dining. . . . **BARBARA CARROLL** is at the piano in the Bemelmans Bar from nine-forty-five Tuesdays through Saturdays.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Rock and roll as a garage industry: Wednesday, Oct. 3, 9353, the Bandables, and White Bats; Thursday, Oct. 4, Radio Red, Radical Elite, White Bats, and P.J. & the Terrorists; Friday, Oct. 5, Human Switchboard, Floor Kiss, and Lifeboat; Saturday, Oct. 6, Lenny Kaye, Chemical Wedding, Feline Territories, and Me & I; Sunday, Oct. 7, Battalion of Saints, A.O.D., Money Dog, and T. R. Know; and Tuesday, Oct. 9, the Night Porters, Boy/Girl, and the Lone Cowboys. Monday is showcase night. Music from long after nine-thirty.

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Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—A homey music room for devout admirers of bluegrass, old-time country music, and British and Irish folk music. (Devout doesn't mean subdued; there is plenty of hooting—not the self-indulgent, rowdy kind but the supporting, appreciative kind—and handclapping.) The musicians: Wednesday, Oct. 3, Dougie MacLean; Saturday, Oct. 6, Yellin Grass; Wednesday, Oct. 10, Frankie Gavin; and Saturday, Oct. 13, Crystal Creek. Mondays and Fridays are Irish-music nights, too. Music from eight on Wednesdays and Thursdays and from nine Mondays, Fridays, and Saturdays.

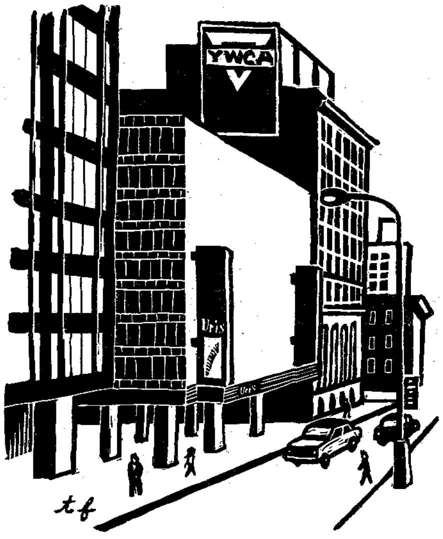
Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A dark, sleek hangout for traditional jazz. The house sextet plays Thursdays through Saturdays. On Sunday, Oct. 7, **GEORGE KELLY & HIS JAZZ SULTANS** will drop in. Mondays and Tuesdays, Ed Polcer's quintet performs, and on Wednesdays a hot-jazz combo is present. Music from eight-thirty to two. Wednesdays, the Bill Simon and George Simon quintet works from five-thirty to eight-thirty. Dining.

Edwardian Room, in the Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (759-3000)—Guitarist **BUCKY PIZZARELLI** performs fervent jazz disguised as hotel music with his trio on Fridays and Saturdays from ten-thirty until one-thirty. Dining and dancing.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—**CHRIS CONNOR** sings here through Sunday, Oct. 7; on Tuesday, Oct. 9, guitarists **BARNEY KESSEL, HERB ELLIS,** and **CHARLIE BYRD** will move in to play together. Mondays are claimed by guitarist **LES PAUL** and a trio. Sets begin at nine. Dining.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—The schedule: Wednesday, Oct. 3, Sin City and Paul McMahon; Thursday, Oct. 4, Joe Heukerott, Paul Kaplan, and Lydia Davis; Saturday, Oct. 6, at eight and eleven, the Aztec Two-Step; and Tuesday, Oct. 9, Lucy Avery Brooke and Bill McLaughlin. Mondays are hootenanny nights. Shows most nights at nine and eleven.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A big, echoey, self-conscious space in which to listen to some worthwhile drummerless music. The schedule: Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 3-4, pianist **HUGH LAWSON**; Friday and Saturday, Oct. 5-6, guitarist **JIMMY PONDER**; Sunday and Monday, Oct. 7-8, pianist Jack Reilly; and Tuesday through Thursday, Oct. 9-11, pianist **ARMEN DONELIAN** and bassist **DAVID EUBANKS**. Mondays through Thursdays at eight-thirty, ten, and eleven-thirty; Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, eleven, and one; and Sundays at seven, eight-thirty, and ten. Dining.



Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Small enough to be a hamburger stand (it was) and musical enough to be a jazz landmark (it is). Wednesdays through Sundays, Kitt Moran sings with the Mike Moran trio; on Mondays singer and pianist **BROOKS KERR** and bassist John Belzaguy team up; and Tuesdays belong to guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE'S** trio. All these groups begin about ten. Sundays from five to ten **BROOKS KERR** takes over.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—A dining room with a view of a pianist. **JOHN EATON** is the pianist Tuesdays through Saturdays, **JIMMY LYON** is the Sunday man, and **DICK HYMAN** shows up on Mondays. Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Authentic in its Texasness—you can tell the atmosphere is more like Austin than Dallas or Houston because there are no freeways in here. The performers: Melanie and the Henry Gross Band Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 3-4; and Sunday and Monday, Oct. 7-8, blues singer **JOHN LEE HOOKER** and the Robert Cray band. Music from eight-thirty. Dining.

Lush Life, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A simple, unpretentious jazz club that has an exciting, established feel to it. Vibraharpist **GARY BURTON** leads a quartet through Sunday, Oct. 7; on Tuesday, Oct. 9, the Terrence Blanchard–Donald Harrison quintet will come in. Monday's feature is the ***TOSHIKO AKIYOSHI–LEW TABACKIN NEW YORK JAZZ ORCHESTRA***. Sets begin Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Singers **ARTHUR SIEGEL** and **SANDY STEWART** are paying tribute to Jerome Kern (whose hundredth birthday will be celebrated in 1985) through Saturday, Oct. 6. On Tuesday, Oct. 9, singer **ANNIE ROSS** (of Lambert, Hendricks & Ross, 1958-62) will begin a rare New York club engagement. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. On Monday nights from nine-thirty to midnight, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band, featuring Woody Allen on clarinet, occupies the bandstand. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—For more than a decade, rhythm-and-blues headquarters in New York. Music from about ten until two. Dining.

Peppermint Lounge, 100 Fifth Ave., at 15th St. (989-9505)—A three-story club for r. and d., r. and r., R. and R., and R. & B., *if* you have a proper I.D. Friday, Oct. 5, Beat Rodeo; Saturday, Oct. 6, Smutty Smith. Live music from about eleven-thirty. Dancing.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—An Art Deco playroom on the sixty-fifth floor. **BOBBY ROSENGARDEN** and his orchestra back up singers **JOHNNY DESMOND** and **FRAN WARREN** on Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 3-4; **HARRY BABBITT** and **HELEN FORREST** Friday through Sunday, Oct. 5-7; and Marilyn King and Andy Russell Tuesday through Thursday, Oct. 9-11. Music Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A big, fancy (but the appropriate dress is black sneakers *rather than* black tie) thirties ballroom, complete with eighties video, that presents past, present, future, past-perfect, present-perfect, future-perfect, and imperfect forms of rock and roll. Wednesday, Oct. 3, Hüsker Dü, Kraut, and 10 Hail Mary's; Thursday, Oct. 4, Chequerd Past; Friday and Saturday, Oct. 5-6, the Blasters and the Del Fuegos; Monday, Oct. 8, Beru Revue; Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 9-10, reggae with **I-THREES (RITA MARLEY, MARCIA GRIFFITHS,** and **JUDY MOWATT) & THE WAILERS**; Thursday, Oct. 11, guitarist **ALVIN LEE**; Friday, Oct. 12, **MINISTRY** and A.P.B.; and Saturday, Oct. 13, Konk. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—In the King Cole Room pianist **JOE**

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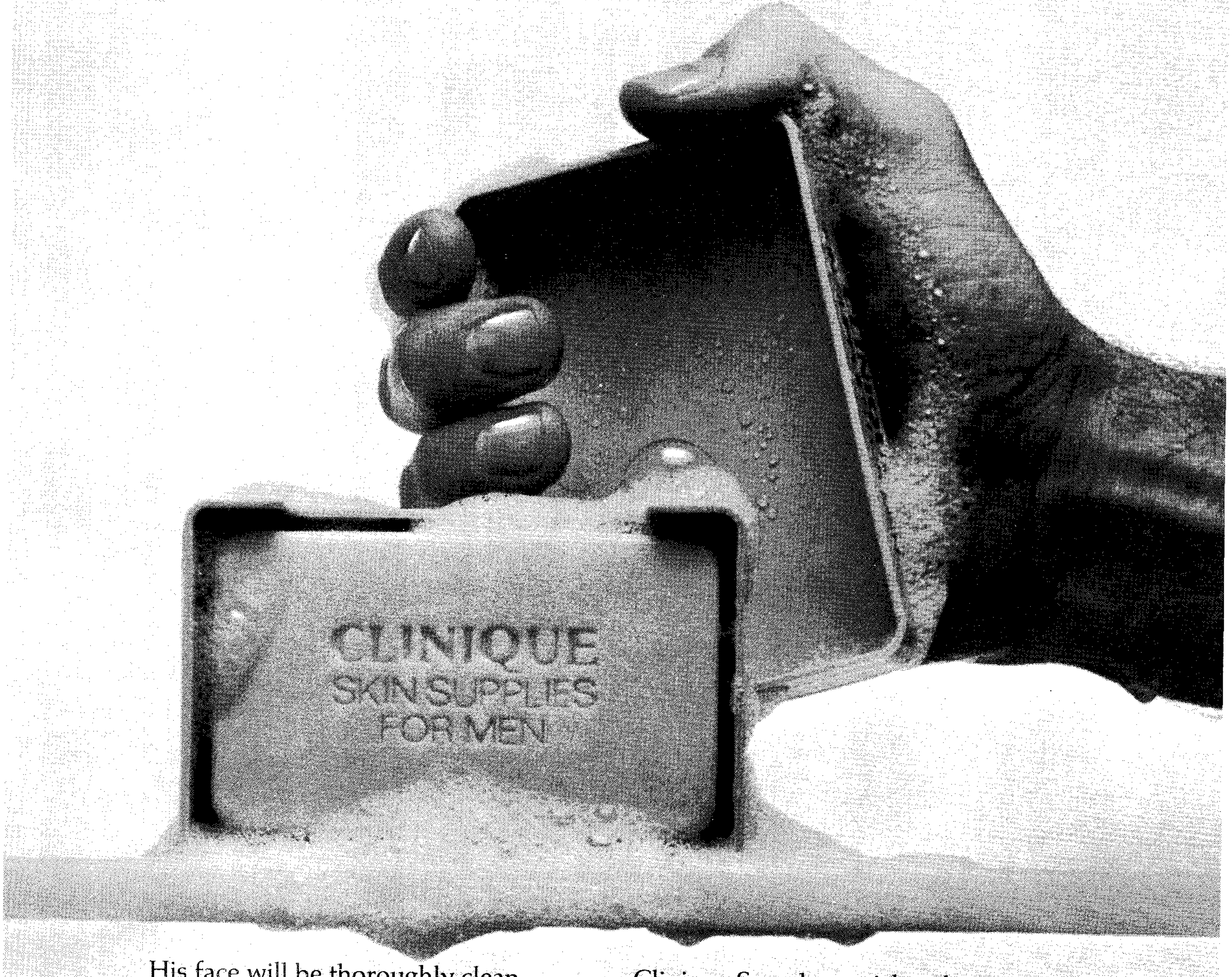

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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BUSHKIN salutes, with the aid of a ten-piece orchestra, Louis Armstrong. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and eleven. Dining.

Seventh Avenue South, *21* Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A pleasant second-floor jazz-rock and R. & B. club. The lineup: Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 3-4, guitarist **STANLEY JORDAN;** Friday through Sunday, Oct. 5-7, violinist **MICHAL URBANIAK** and a quartet; and Tuesday, Oct. 9, flutist Cheryl Pyle. Music from nine-thirty. Mondays at nine and eleven, Galt MacDermot & the New Pulse Jazz Band drop in.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great place to listen to Brazilian and other music—Brazilian-jazz groups, samba bands, African bands, Caribbean bands, and all-percussion ensembles that perform *carnaval*-like music—and it tends to be swirling, heady, wonderful stuff. On its busy weekends, the club feels like the rush hour in Rio. Wednesday, Oct. 3, singer ***FLORA PURIM*** *and percussionist* ***AIRTO;*** *Thursday,* Oct. 4, the Afrikaner All-Stars; Friday and Saturday, Oct. 5-6, **LOREMIL MACHADO & THE SARAVA BAHIA BAND;** Sunday through Thursday, Oct. 7-11, singer **GILBERTO GIL,** often billed as the Stevie Wonder of Brazil (he is more like the Lionel Richie of Brazil); and Friday and Saturday, Oct. 12-13, **PÉ-DE-BOI.** Dining.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Tuesdays through Sundays are now especially lyrical and rhythmic: pianist **ABDULLAH IBRAHIM (DOLLAR BRAND)** guides his band, **EKAYA—CARLOS WARD, RICKY FORD, CHARLES DAVIS, DICK GRIFFIN, CECIL MC BEE,** and **BEN RILEY.** Monday's music is real special, too: tenor saxophonist **DAVID MURRAY** and his avant-swing **BIG BAND.** Shows from about ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—A friendly, unassuming music hang-out. Music after ten.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—On Mondays, exciting, adept salsa bands take over the big downstairs room at nine to play for excitable audiences. On Oct. 8, the **RAY BARRETTO** orchestra and the **VICTOR PAZ** orchestra will be present, along with the erstwhile (1964) Presidential candidate and ongoing music deity **DIZZY GILLESPIE.** . . . ¶ And starting at nine-thirty out on the Terrace **BOBBY ENRIQUEZ** is at the piano nightly, except Mondays. Jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** also drops by on Tuesdays.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—The hallowed basement of jazz has, for the moment, a house rhythm section in bassist **RON CARTER** and drummer **AL FOSTER.** They'll team up with pianist **STEVE KUHN** through Sunday, Oct. 7, and with guitarist **JIM HALL** *beginning Tuesday, Oct. 9.* The **MEL LEWIS BIG BAND** is Monday's tradition. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Devoted patrons have sought this place out for years, and it is perhaps the best jazz club in the meat-packing district. One attraction is the authentically prepared collard greens; another is the warm atmosphere. The musicians: Wednesday, Oct. 3, George Cotton; Thursday through Sunday, Oct. 4-7, Joel Forrester and Dave Hofstra; Monday through Wednesday, Oct. 8-10, Kuni Mikami; and Thursday through Sunday, Oct. 11-14, Ted Chavis and Bob Hobson. Music from eight-thirty until two.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines is a room full of swing music, Latin jazz, and hard bop. The schedule: Wednesday, Oct. 3, **JOE CUBA'S** sextet; Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 4-6, **MONGO SANTAMARIA'S** septet; Sunday, Oct. 7, Percy France; Monday, Oct. 8, Earl Lewis & the Channels; Tuesday, Oct. 9, altoist **LOU DONALDSON;** and Wednesday through Saturday, Oct. 10-13, trumpeter **NAT ADDERLEY'S** quintet. Music from about nine.

Zinno, *126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—Duos in a* town-house restaurant: guitarist **JACK WILKINS** and bassist **HARVIE SWARTZ** team up through Saturday, Oct. 6; on Tuesday, Oct. 9, pianist and singer **NINA SHELDON** will come in with bassist **DAVID WILLIAMS.** On Sundays, guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** jams with his longtime partner **MICHAEL MOORE,** and on Mondays Jim Roberts and Brian Torff play together. Music from eight.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Menudo—*Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at* 50th St. 246-4600. Wednesday, Oct. 3, and Friday and Saturday, Oct. 5-6, at 7:30.

Tahuantinsuyo—Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. 966-4444. Saturday, Oct. 6, at 8.

All Nite Soul—A twelve-hour jazz marathon, with Dick Hyman, Frank Foster, Billy Taylor, Dick Sudhalter, the Harlem Blues and Jazz Band, and others. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 935-2200. Sunday, Oct. 7, beginning at 5.)

Amy Grant—With Leon Patillo. (Radio City Music Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 9, at 8.)

Highlights in Jazz—Billy Taylor, Herb Ellis, Al Grey, Buddy Tate, George Duvivier, and Joe Morello. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and *LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Thursday, Oct. 11,* at 8.)

Tribute to Cheo Feliciano—Mr. Feliciano will be there, along with the Joe Cuba sextet, Jimmy Sabater, Eddie Palmieri, Ruben Blades, Hector Lavoe, and Willie Colon. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Saturday, Oct. 13, at 8.)

Mahavishnu—Beacon Theatre. Saturday, Oct. 13, at 8.

Reggie Workman—Carnegie Recital Hall. 247-7800. Saturday, Oct. 13, at 8:30.

Benefit Concerts—At Carnegie Hall (247-7800)—Thursday, Oct. 4, at 8: Bob Enos, Dr. John, Chris Layton, Stevie Ray Vaughan, and others, performing on behalf of the T. J. Martell Foundation. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 5, at 8: Mighty Sparrow & the Penguin, Zeze Motta, Jelon Vieira, and DanceBrazil & Roots of *Brazil Dance Company,* in a benefit for the Caribbean Cultural Center. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 6, at 8: Celia Cruz, Daniel Santos, the Tito Puente Orchestra, and others, in a benefit for the Caribbean Cultural Center and the Tito Puente Scholarship Fund.

ART

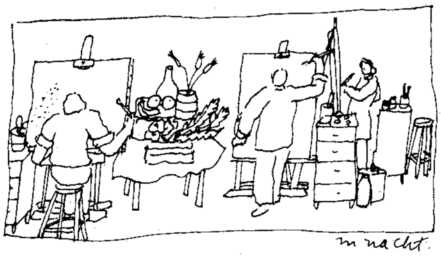
(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open *Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or* 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Nicol Allan / Gwen John (1876-1939)—Collages. Through Oct. 27. / Twenty-five small drawings, watercolors, and gouaches. Through Nov. 10. (Davis & Langdale, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

Herbert Bayer—A three-gallery exhibit of paintings, works on paper, and photographs by an artist who taught at the Bauhaus. Through Nov. 3. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. . . . ¶ Saidenberg, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Opens at 1 on Saturdays. . . . ¶ Browne, 16 E. 78th St.)

Tony Berlant—This artist, who does colorful found-metal collages on plywood, is now working on a much larger scale, one piece being an icon nearly nine feet tall, very Californian in style but titled "Christ in New York." He incorporates drawings in some of the compositions. Through Oct. 20. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)



Loren D. Calaway—Finished wood-and-metal *sculptures resembling small-scale unorthodox* furniture. Through Nov. 3. (Hoffeld, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Mary Cassatt (1845-1926)—A benefit loan show of about thirty pastels and paintings. Through Oct. 27. (Coe Kerr, 49 E. 82nd St. Open Mondays.)

Carmen Cicero—Large, colorful paintings in the funky manner, many of them with a sort *of juvenile cowboy-and-Indian violence.* Through Oct. 20. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Ida Kohlmeyer—New abstract paintings and sculptures by a New Orleans artist. Through Saturday, Oct. 6. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Robert Michel (1897-1983)—Works on paper by a Bauhaus-influenced German artist who seldom exhibited here. Through Oct. 27. (Mathes, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

Henry Moore—Drawings, sculptures, and prints. Through Oct. 31. (Silberberg, 16 E. 79th St. Open Mondays.)

Robert Motherwell—A new set of collage paintings. Through Oct. 25. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Clark Murray—Bronze torsos. Through Oct. 31. (McCoy, 19 E. 71st St.)

Kit-Yin Snyder—A sculpture installation built with wire-mesh bricks that are used as if they were clay bricks. Through Oct. 23. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

Marjorie Strider—Painted-metal wall sculptures. Also, four drawings. Through Saturday, Oct. 13. (Steinbaum, 903 Madison Ave., at 72nd St.)

Mexican Folk Art—About a tenth of the collection of Nelson A. Rockefeller has been selected for a show of more than three hundred pieces—saddles inlaid with ivory, birdcages, swords, needlework, masks, whirligigs, figurines, paintings. Through Oct. 21. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

Group Shows—At the **CDS GALLERY,** 13 E. 75th St.: Works on paper by twentieth-century Australian artists from three generations, plus five aboriginal bark paintings; a complementary show is at the Guggenheim Museum. Through Oct. 20. (Open Mondays.) . . . **ERICSON,** 23 E. 74th St.: Abstract paintings by Stan Gregory, Robert Quijada, and Christopher White. Through Oct. 27. . . . **MAZOH,** 13 E. 76th St.: Paintings by Pissarro, Noland, Twombly, and others, and sculptures by Matisse and Noguchi. Through Nov. 30. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **SCHLESINGER-BOISANTÉ,** 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Eleven paintings by American abstract artists of the thirties and forties—from Bolotowsky to Xceron. Through Oct. 27.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Louise Bourgeois—The female breast is the main theme of these handsome new sculptures, some done in various kinds of marble and some in bronze. Through Saturday, Oct. 6. (Robert Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Ernest Briggs (1922-84)—A memorial show of paintings by an Abstract Expressionist. Through Oct. 27. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

Charlotte Brown—A recent series, entitled "Flower Gardens," consisting of color-photocopied images that have been cut out and pasted onto canvas and handmade paper. Through Saturday, Oct. 13. (Getler-Pall-Saper, 50 W. 57th St.)

Jack Bush (1909-77)—Acrylic paintings on canvas by a Canadian color-field artist. Through Saturday, Oct. 6. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Arthur B. Carles (1882-1952)—A sampler of paintings by this pioneer modernist. Through Oct. 27. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.)

Richard Crozier—Virginia landscapes by an artist who lives there. Through Oct. 27. (Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St.)

Ronald Davis—Large, bright-colored abstractions whose paint is splashed on, a marked departure from the geometric forms of his

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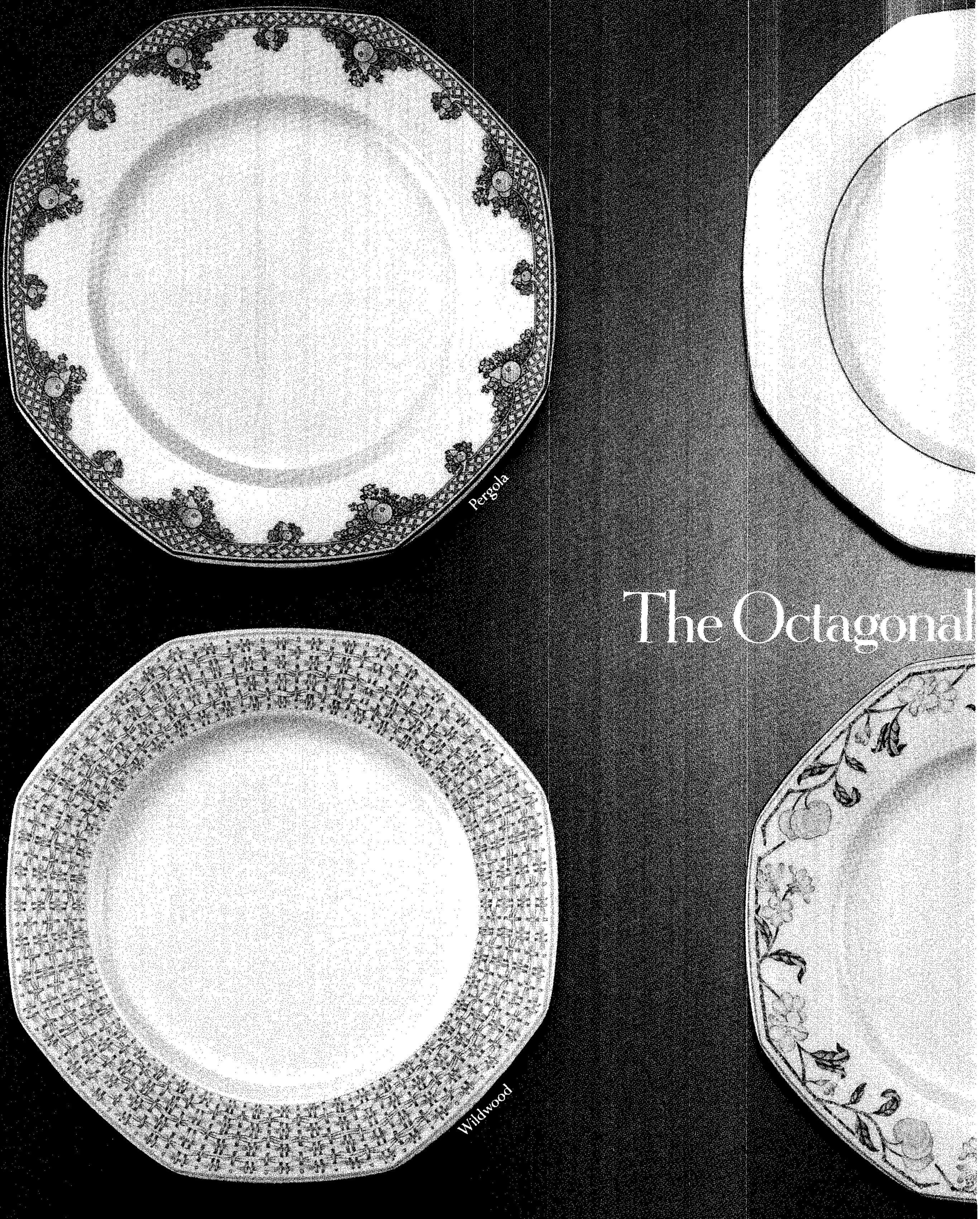

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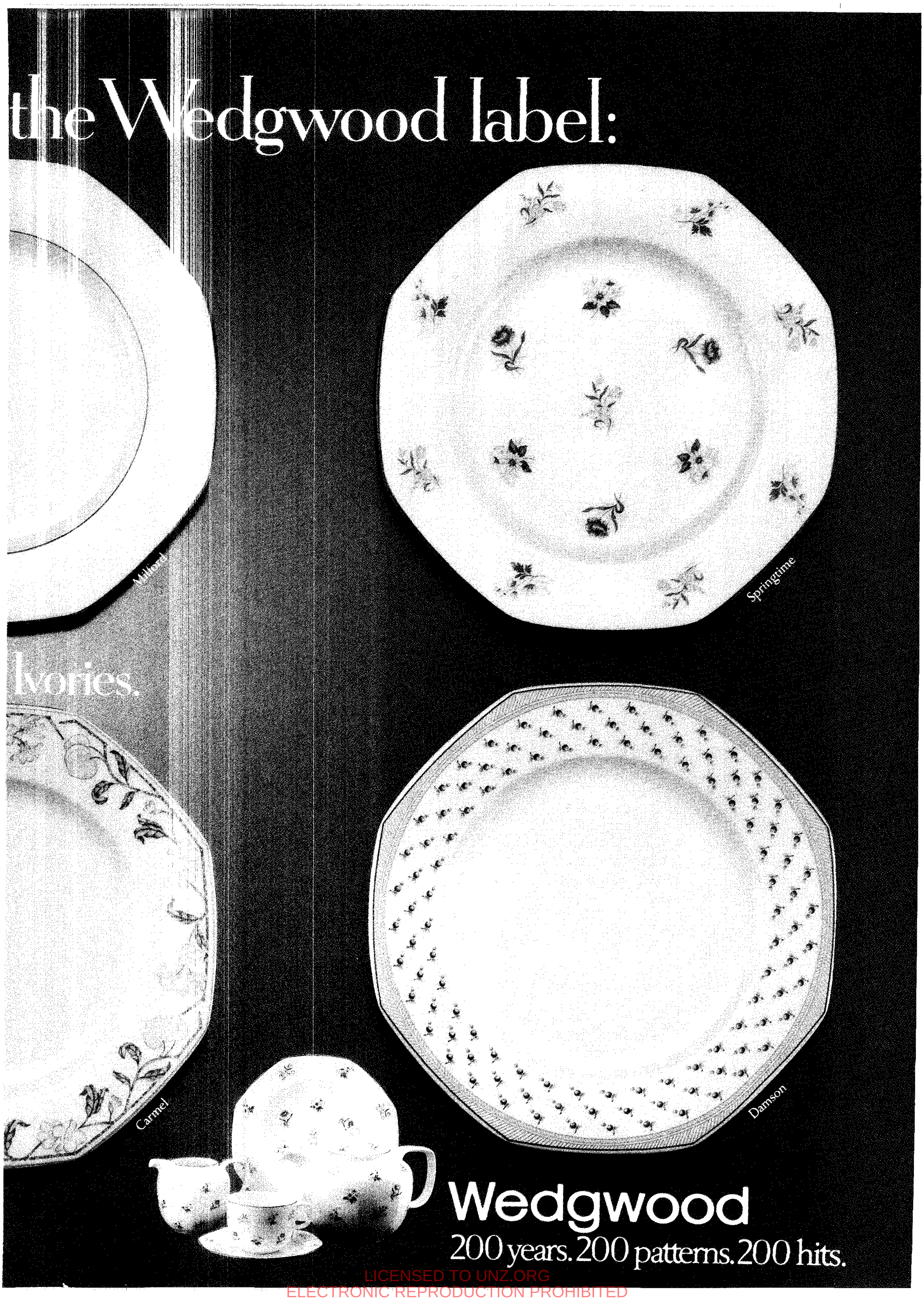
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previous canvases. Through Saturday, Oct. 6. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Robert Gwathmey—Paintings (from the forties to the present) whose predominant subjects are flower still-lifes and Southern rural blacks. Through Saturday, Oct. 6. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Patti Hansen—Hyperrealist oil paintings—flowers, portraits, interiors with peek-a-boo vistas of downtown Manhattan through the windows. Through Saturday, Oct. 13. (Armstrong, 50 W. 57th St.)

David Humphrey—Large figurative paintings, nightmarish in theme, painted in thick brushstrokes. Through Saturday, Oct. 6. (McKee, 41 E. 57th St.)

Richard Kalina—Emblematic paintings. Through Oct. 20. (De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St.)

Brice Marden—New Minimalist paintings and works on paper. Through Oct. 27. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

André Masson—Paintings and works on paper from 1925-45, including some Cubist works as well as portraits executed when he was living in the United States. Through Nov. 3. (Herstand, 24 W. 57th St.)

Joseph Nechvatal—Diptychs in which figure drawings are crowded into a dense web of lines—pastel or oil stick on one side, graphite on the other; also, wood sculptures with photocopies of the drawings applied to them, and photo-enlargements of the drawings. Through Saturday, Oct. 13. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

James Penney (1910-82)—A memorial exhibition of abstract and representational paintings. Through Saturday, Oct. 13. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Peter Poskas—Oil paintings of the countryside in Connecticut and New York. Through Oct. 27. (French, 41 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Leo Rabkin—Small boxes, fixed to the wall, which open to reveal surprises; also, abstract pastels on embossed paper. Through Saturday, Oct. 6. (Pearl, 38 E. 57th St.)

Hubert Scheibl / Birgit Jürgenssen—Abstract paintings reflecting the artist's Tyrolian background. / Figurative shapes set against geometric forms, by another Austrian artist. Through Saturday, Oct. 13. (Tilton, 24 W. 57th St.)

David Schofield—Pen-and-ink drawings of city architecture, minutely recorded by a twenty-six-year-old artist. Through Oct. 27. (Iolas-Jackson, 52 E. 57th St.)

Osamu Shimoda—Geometric painted-iron sculptures. Through Oct. 27. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Phil Sims—Contrasting brushstrokes, glossy and matte, enliven these large canvases painted over with a single dominant color—red, green, brown, or blue. Through Saturday, Oct. 6. (Oscarsson Hood, 41 W. 57th St.)

Gary Stephan—Sculptural notions worked out in acrylic paintings, plus two metal sculptures. Through Saturday, Oct. 6. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Philip Trusttum—Lively paintings by a New Zealand artist who gets members of his family to lie on unstretched canvas while he outlines their silhouettes, which he then dresses, paper-doll fashion, in layers of material, sometimes canvas he has painted, sometimes other fabrics. Through Oct. 31. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Joe Zucker—The subject of these new paintings is Joseph Smith, founder of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Through Oct. 27. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

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Group Shows—At the FRUMKIN, 50 W. 57th St.: The gallery's twenty-fifth-anniversary celebration brings together works seen in the débuts here of such artists as Jack Beal, Joan Brown, and H. C. Westermann. Through Oct. 18. (Opens at noon on Saturdays.) . . . GALERIE MAEGHT LELONG, 9 W. 57th St.: A small, elegant show of comfortably sized works by eight prominent abstractionists—LeWitt, Judd, and Ryman, for instance. Through Oct. 27. (Open Mondays.) . . . GALERIE ST. ETIENNE, 24 W. 57th St.: American folk-art paintings by Grandma Moses, Edward Hicks, Ammi Phillips, and others. Through Nov. 3. . . . MARKEL, 50 W. 57th St.: "How I Spent My Summer Vacation," paintings and sculptures by sixteen Post-Vacationists, among them Elena Borstein, Barton Lidicé Beneš, and Pat Lasch. Through Nov. 3. . . . MIDTOWN, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings of Maine by Edward Betts, Hans Moller, Jason Schoener, Bernarda Bryson Shahn, and William Thon. Through Oct. 27. . . . ALEX ROSENBERG, 20 W. 57th St.: William King, Larry Rivers, Elaine de Kooning, and other painters and sculptors who live in the Hamptons, in a show that compares current work with work done twenty years ago. Through Saturday, Oct. 13. (Open Mondays.) . . . WITKIN, 41 E. 57th St.: British artists, 1843 to 1935, represented by works in a variety of mediums, from a pen-and-ink drawing by Walter Crane to Alvin Langdon Coburn's photograph of George Meredith. Through Oct. 20. (Opens at noon on Saturdays.) . . . ZABRISKIE, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Four contemporary sculptors—Paul Bowen, Jeff Mendoza, Mia Westerlund Roosen, and Judith Shea—who share an interest in primitive forms. Through Saturday, Oct. 6.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Hanne Darboven—Fifty-two panels, each a collage of two photographs, with writing at the bottom, and each corresponding to a week in Hamburg during the First World War. A fifty-third panel provides a key to this work, executed in 1982 by a German Conceptualist. Through Saturday, Oct. 6. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Louis Finkelstein—Thickly painted traditional landscapes and allegorical works, several with comic figures sprawling over the idyllic scenery. Through Saturday, Oct. 6. (Ingber, 460 West Broadway.)

Edward Lee Hendricks—Large, elegantly balanced kinetic sculptures, ultra high-tech in character and meant to go outside, where the slightest breeze will set their rotors going. There are also smaller indoor wall pieces. Through Oct. 17. (Milliken, 98 Prince St.)

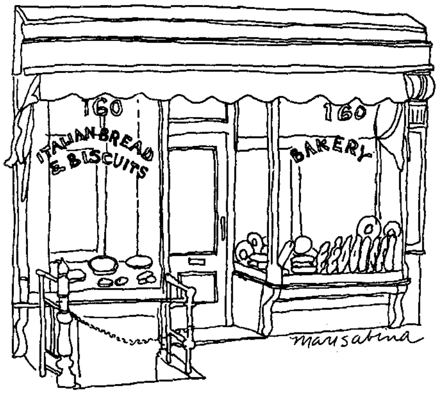
Ed Kerns—Thickly painted geometric abstractions done on wood panels in low-key colors—brick red and pale brown, for instance. Through Wednesday, Oct. 10. (Esman, 121 Spring St.)

Bill Komoski—Paintings in which a sort of rough-hewn beauty is established in landscapes of butchered trees. Through Friday, Oct. 5. (Gladstone, 152 Wooster St.)

Susan Laufer—Acrylics thickly applied to wood panels and Masonite. Also, works on paper. Through Saturday, Oct. 13. (Germans van Eck, 420 West Broadway.)

Tomasz Leszczynski—Striking figure paintings and several abstractions by a Polish artist freshly arrived in this country. Through Oct. 27. (Christian, in new quarters at 90 Prince St.)

Doris Lubell / Carol Unger—Large acrylic and watercolor paintings. / Figurative drawings. Through Oct. 14. (Pindar, 127 Greene St. Opens Sundays at 1.)



Bruce McLean—Stylized shoes, handbags, and gloves serve as symbols in these large, sketchy paintings satirizing high fashion. Through Oct. 17. (Art Palace, a new gallery at 611 Broadway.)

George McNeil—A retrospective of an Abstract Expressionist now in his seventies. Through Nov. 10. (Artists' Choice, 394 West Broadway. Open Sundays.)

Ed Paschke—New paintings that have television pictures as their starting point. Most of them are outsize heads done in garish colors. Through Saturday, Oct. 6. (Kind, 136 Greene St.)

Peter Plagens—Abstract acrylics. Through Oct. 31. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Anne and Patrick Poirier—Sculptural tableaux (bronze, charcoal, and water) based on Greek mythology—the Titans versus the gods, Perseus and Medusa, Pegasus. For instance, a gigantic spearhead driven into a miniature classical ruin shows where lightning struck down Mimas. Through Wednesday, Oct. 10. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Liliana Porter—Multiple images set down in various mediums on paper and canvas. Through Saturday, Oct. 6. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Garry Rich—Paintings. Through Oct. 20. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

Richard Rudich / Allen Harrison—Portraits of European royalty in the days when they mattered; they are copied from old postcards and photographs and rendered in painted bas-relief (plaster). Here are the Czar and the Prince of Wales, Franz Josef, Victoria and her family, Albert of the Belgians, the Kaiser and some soldiers. / Geometric abstractions painted on board in countless thin layers, producing a lacquerlike surface. Through Saturday, Oct. 6. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Imants Tillers—Very large canvases, made up of smaller compositions fitted together like a mosaic, with wholesale borrowings from leading mainstream painters. The artist lives in Australia, where his parents moved from Latvia. Through Oct. 27. (Cutler, 164 Mercer St.)

Hap Tivey—Abstract paintings and preparatory drawings. Through Saturday, Oct. 13. (Brown, 100 Greene St.)

Martin Wong—Seamy-side cityscapes painted with infinite brick-by-brick care; they are accompanied by messages in deaf-mute language, for the benefit—the artist says, deadpan—of those with impaired hearing. Through Saturday, Oct. 6. (Semaphore, 462 West Broadway.)

Group Shows—At the A.I.R., 63 Crosby St.: A new-talent show of twenty-one women, including Lynne Mayocole, Donna Page, and Joan Snitzer. Through Saturday, Oct. 13. . . . THE DRAWING CENTER, 137 Greene St.: Works on paper by fifteen artists. Through Oct. 27. (Open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . 49TH PARALLEL, 420 West Broadway: Paintings and sculptures by Canadian artists, among them Elizabeth Ewart, Ron Martin, and Michael Snow. Through Oct. 20. . . . KNOWLTON, 153 Mercer St.: Pat Steir's oil triptych of sunflowers and a Lucas Samaras bronze chair are among more than two dozen works that define curator Nicholas Moufarrege's notion of "ecstasy." Through Wednesday, Oct. 10. . . . FRANCIS KYLE GALLERY LONDON, at 112 Greene St.: Landscapes in various mediums by nine contemporary British artists who were invited by the Duke of Devonshire to depict the family estate in Wharfedale at Bolton Abbey, Yorkshire. Through Sunday, Oct. 7. (Tuesdays through Sundays, 11 to 7.) . . . MANHATTAN ART, 81 Greene St.: Paintings and sculptures by Gregory Botts, Lori Goodman, Paul Georges, David Kapp, and others. Through Saturday, Oct. 6. . . . METRO PICTURES, 150 Greene St.: New work by René Daniels, Mike Kelley, Robert Longo, and Cindy Sherman. Through Saturday, Oct. 13. . . . STOREFRONT FOR ART AND ARCHITECTURE, 51 Prince St.: A lower-East Side housing project that threatens the garden of Adam Purple on Eldridge Street has been unofficially rede-

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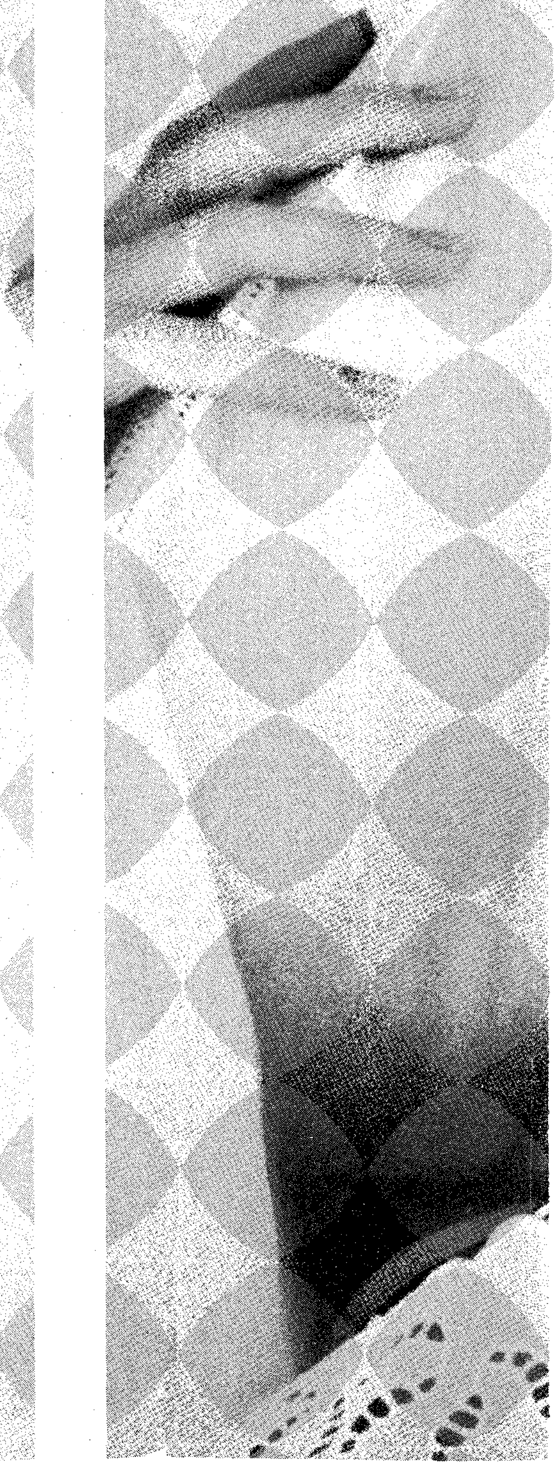

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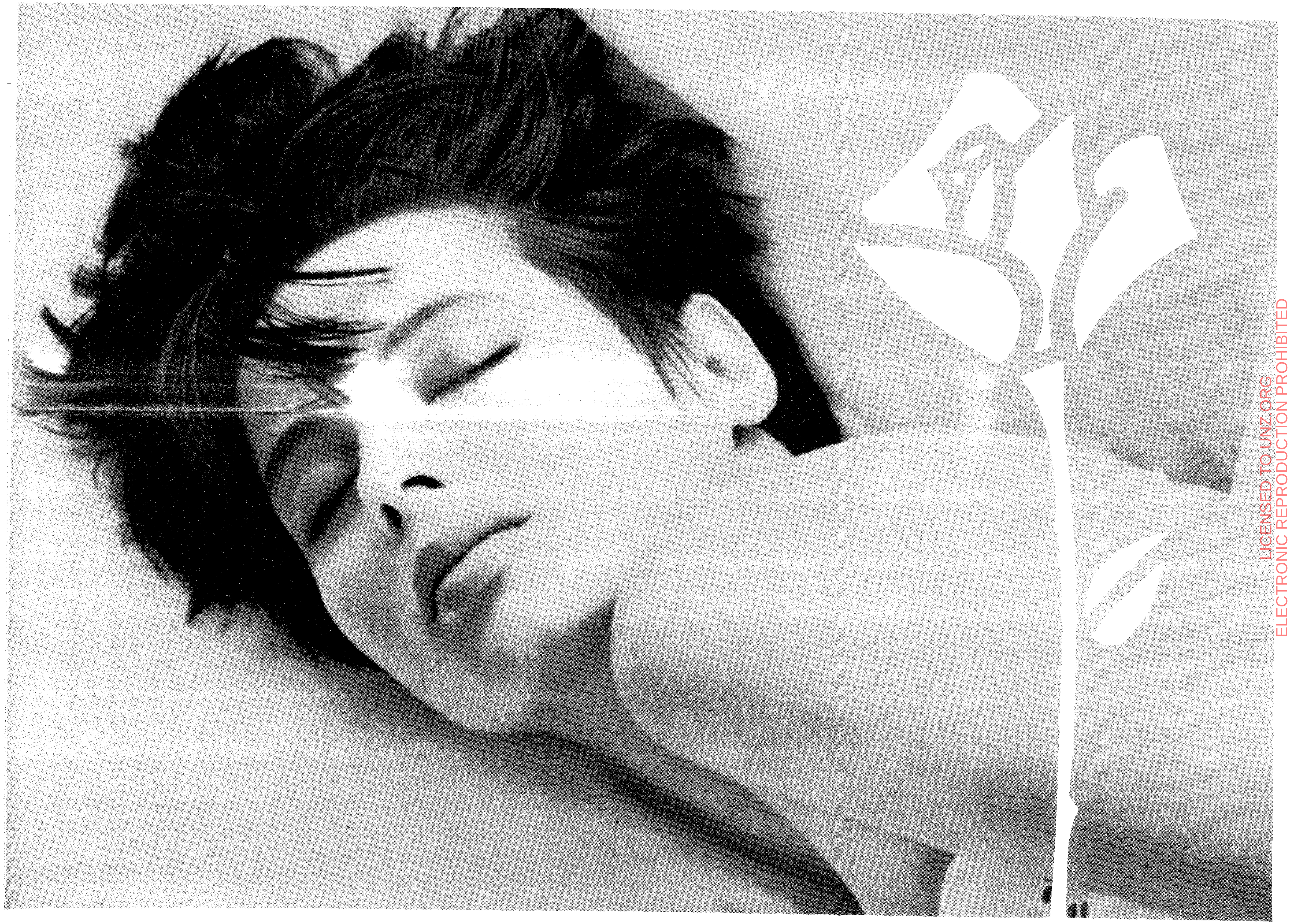

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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signed by twenty-five architects in ways that incorporate the garden. On view are those designs and a photographic history of the garden. Through Sunday, Oct. 7. (Tuesdays through Sundays, 11 to 7.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Sergio Camporeale—Tightly handled watercolors and oils, mostly with a Surrealist twist, by an Argentine-born artist who works in Paris. Through Friday, Oct. 12. (Martin, 213 E. 49th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Fabio Cresci—Large figurative and semi-abstract paintings, one of them devoted to a single fig leaf, by an Italian artist. First one-man show in New York. Through Oct. 20. (Ala, 32 W. 20th St.)

Mark Kostabi / Grace Graupe-Pillard—Large paintings, some scatological, in which the mannequinlike figures of this young artist's invention are involved in offbeat adventures. / Life-size pastels of street people—bag women, break dancers, crazies—done on canvas, cut out, and fixed to the wall. Through Saturday, Oct. 6. (Bromm, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St.)

Hunt Slonem—Oil paintings in a new series called "The Peaceable Kingdom." Through Oct. 27. (Braathen, 76 Duane St., between Broadway and Lafayette St. Opens at noon.)

Group Shows—At the **bouckaert,** 100 Hudson St.: Paintings that combine art-history images with popular images, by Imants Tillers, Robert Rauschenberg, and others. Through Saturday, Oct. 6. . . . **the clocktower,** 108 Leonard St., five blocks south of Canal St., at Broadway: *Science fiction is the theme* of paintings and sculptures by more than thirty artists from San Francisco. Through Oct. 28. (Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.) . . . **six,** 51 St. Marks Pl.: A sort of pre-election, post-Olympics motif is embraced by patriots Judy Rifka, Futura 2000, David Wojnarowicz, and Rich Colicchio in paintings and installations. Through Oct. 21. (Thursdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.) . . . **greenwald,** 181 Mott St.: William Fares, Mary Heilmann, and Lynton Wells are among thirty contemporary New York artists showing mostly paintings. Through Oct. 20. . . . **stoler,** 13 White St.: "Grand Gestures in Painting, Sculpture, and Decorative Arts," carried out by twenty-five artists, including Lynda Benglis, Georgia Marsh, and Gerard Garouste. Through Saturday, Oct. 13.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Brassaï (1899-1984)—Forty prints, among them portraits of Picasso, Matisse, and Braque. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Twenty prints. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.) Both shows through Saturday, Oct. 6.

Louise Dahl-Wolfe—Fashion photographs seen originally in the pages of *Harper's Bazaar*, among other prints. Through Oct. 20. (Staley-Wise, 177 Prince St. Opens at noon.)

Horst / Ansel Adams (1902-84)—A retrospective that includes recent portraits of Paloma Picasso, Andy Warhol, Diana Vreeland, and others. / Twenty-five of his favorite prints. Through Nov. 4. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.) . . . ¶ A memorial show consisting of more than sixty Adams works is at Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Through Saturday, Oct. 6.

Irving Penn—A retrospective has been mounted at the Museum of Modern Art. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times. . . . ¶ Levy, 40 Great Jones St., between Lafayette St. and the Bowery, has an additional ten prints. (Opens at noon.)

Joel Sternfeld—Recent photographs. Through Nov. 3. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Weegee (1898-1968)—Prints by a New York photojournalist, including his distortions of famous people (Eddie Cantor with forty eyes), and the crowds at fires and in bars. Through Oct. 31. (Ledel, 168 Mercer St. Opens at noon; open Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Group Shows—At **dyansen 57,** 11 E. 57th St.: Photographs of dancers in the American Ballet Theatre, taken during the past forty-four years, by Cecil Beaton, Francesco Scavullo, Martha Swope, and others. Through Saturday, Oct. 13. (Open Mondays.) . . . **harder,** 37 W. 57th St.: Photographs of water by gallery artists Sylvia Plachy, André Kertész, Grace Knowlton, William Clift, and others. Through Saturday, Oct. 13. . . . **pace-mac gill,** 11 E. 57th St.: *Four emerging photographers*—Elliot Schwartz, Gaylord Herron, Hideji Nagura, and Lorne Greenberg. Through Saturday, Oct. 13.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The first large-scale exhibit of Maori tribal artifacts to leave New Zealand consists of close to two hundred objects, such as house posts, canoe prows, ceremonial sculptures, musical instruments, weapons, and jewelry—carved in wood, stone, jade, ivory, and shell. . . . ¶ A pair of shows devoted to James McNeill Whistler—one a loan of etchings, the other newly acquired lithographs—hang in adjacent galleries on the second floor. Through Nov. 11. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Primitivism in 20th Century Art," a show of a hundred and fifty paintings and sculp*tures and two hundred tribal objects which* demonstrates the critical influence of tribal art, mainly African and Oceanic, on the development of Western modernism. Among the works are Picasso's "Les Demoiselles d'Avignon," Brancusi's "Madame L.R.," Klee's "Mask of Fear," and Robert Smithson's "Closed Mirror Square." . . . ¶ Alvar Aalto's glass objects and furniture, ubiquitous in his native Finland, form an exhibit mounted by the Department of Architecture and Design. Through Nov. 27. . . . **photography:** About two hundred works by Irving Penn. Through Nov. 27. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—Will Insley: a show of documents, from models to a drawing on the floor of the museum's rotunda, delineating an imaginary society in an imaginary city that the artist-architect sees covering the area between the Rockies and the Mississippi River. Through Nov. 25. . . . ¶ Paintings, photographs, and works in mixed mediums by eight contemporary Australian artists. Through Nov. 25. A complementary show is at the CDS Gallery, 13 E. 75th St. (The museum hours are Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays and Monday, Oct. 8, from 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A show that revives the New York art world of 1958-64, via, for example, re-creations of Claes Oldenburg's tableaux "The Street" and "The Store" and two of Allan Kaprow's found-object environments. Other artists include Rauschenberg, Johns, Lichtenstein, and Morris. Through Dec. 2. . . . ¶ More than two hundred prints added to the museum's collection during the past decade, ranging from John Marin's 1911 "Brooklyn Bridge" to lithographs completed this year by Susan Rothenberg and by Terry Winters. Through Nov. 25. . . . ¶ Robert *Kushner's paintings on paper are on view in* the lobby gallery. Through Dec. 9. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A hundred and fifty-four pieces of ceramic tableware by industrial designer Eva Zeisel, in a retrospective spanning more than fifty years. Starts Saturday, Oct. 6. (Open daily except Tuesdays. Hours: Mondays, except Oct. 8, and Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6; Monday, Oct. 8, from 1 to 5.)

Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.: A survey of Japanese calligraphy from the eighth to the nineteenth centuries, jointly organized by the Asia Society and Japan House (see below). This section has works by scholars and artists, including eight decorated poem pages from a set of thirty-six by Hon'ami Koetsu. Starts Thursday, Oct. 4. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—"There are few hours in life more agreeable," observed Henry James, "than the hour dedicated to the ceremony known as afternoon tea": a display of two hundred tea services that made that afternoon hour what it was. Through Oct. 28. . . . ¶ An exhibit of damask fabrics, including silk from the fourteenth century, white linen napkins made for Napoleon Bonaparte and for Czar Nicholas II, and red silk designed for French embassies early in this century. Through Nov. 4. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—A show of Japanese calligraphy, including the ornate Buddhist text "Lotus Sutra." A joint exhibit with the Asia Society, this section is devoted to calligraphers from the court and the temple. Starts Thursday, Oct. 4. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Larry Rivers' triptych "History of Matzah: The Story of the Jews" and the forty preparatory drawings he did for it. . . . ¶ Dina Recanati's three-column painted-aluminum sculpture "Tefila" ("Prayer") is on exhibition in the Sculpture Court, after which it will be permanently installed at Tel Aviv University in Israel. (Open daily except Saturdays and Thursday and Friday, Oct. 11-12. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 8; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Watercolors and drawings primarily by European artists, including Raphael and Picasso, in a selection from the National Gallery of Ireland. Also, Irish manuscripts from the library's collection—"The Picture of Dorian Gray" and a page of "Ulysses," for example. . . . ¶ "William Morris: The 150th Anniversary of His Birth"—autograph manuscripts, illuminated manuscripts, photographs, pamphlets, and rare printed editions from his private library, as well as works published by him, including a copy of the Kelmscott "Chaucer." . . . ¶ Landscape etchings by Rembrandt. All shows through Nov. 25. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 125 W. 55th St.—"The World of Grandma Moses": more than fifty paintings, plus source materials, in an exhibit that points up her stylistic and technical development. Through Oct. 28. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—The centennial of the American Academy of Dramatic Arts is being observed here in a display that relates the academy's success story through photographs of its celebrated students—among them Cecil B. De Mille, Jason Robards, Dina Merrill, Cleavon Little—who are pictured as young graduates, performers, and, when possible, award winners. Through Oct. 28. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Monday, Oct. 8, from 1 to 5.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway, between Hous-

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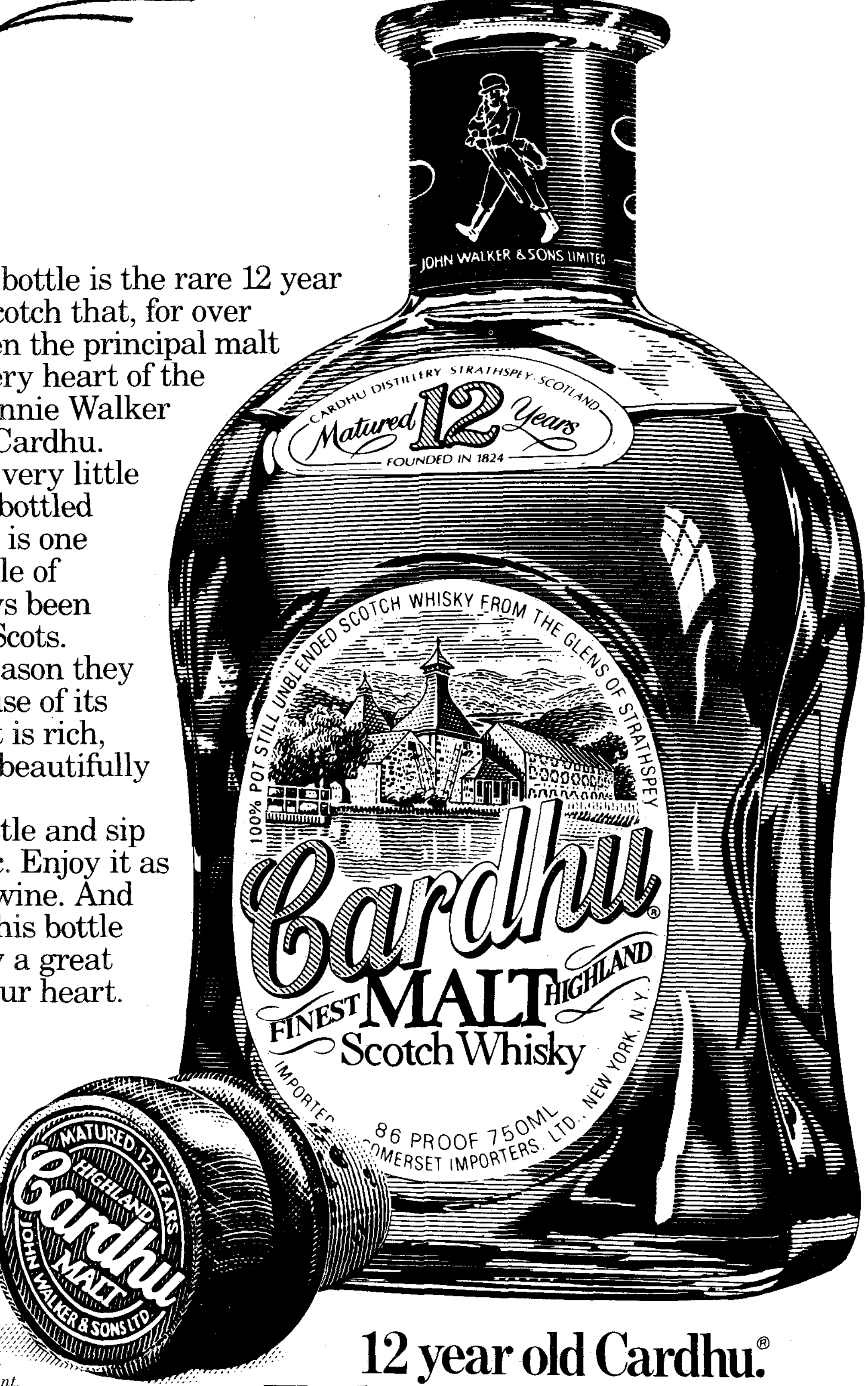
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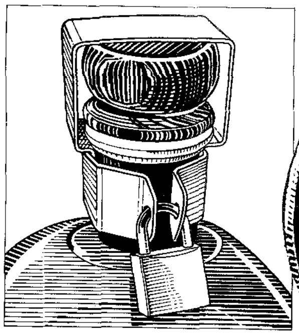

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ton and Prince Sts.—Forty-one paintings by Leon Golub, spanning nearly as many years of his career, including early works depicting heroic figures, the "Vietnam" series, and his more recent paintings of mercenaries. Through Nov. 25. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, noon to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 8, when there is no admission fee after 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—An exhibit that centers on the period in New York history when the city became the national metropolis and, not coincidentally, when the society was founded, a hundred and eighty years ago. City views, portraits of leaders of the time by Gilbert Stuart and John Trumbull, artifacts, and manuscripts. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Censorship: 500 Years of Conflict," an exhibit whose materials include Calvin's "Religious Institutes," Daumier's "Liberty of the Press . . . ," Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin," Sanger's "The Woman Rebel," and Orwell's "1984"—each of them once anathema to somebody. First editions, autograph copies, original manuscripts, prints. Through Nov. 5. (Open daily except Sundays and Monday, Oct. 8, from 10 to 6.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

Artists Space, 223 West Broadway. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—Five artists showing various paintings and drawings that can be described as abstractions with references to architecture. Through Oct. 27.

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Joe Lowery (performance), Thursday, Oct. 4, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Spider Webb (performance), Thursday, Oct. 11, at 8:30. . . . ¶ An installation by Kendall Buster. Through Oct. 27. . . . ¶ A group show of works in several mediums, all incorporating a text. Through Oct. 27.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7800; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; and for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd St. Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, Oct. 3, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Mariella Devia, Barbara Conrad, Dano Raffanti, and Piero Cappuccilli; conducted by Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 4, at 8: "Eugene Onegin," with Ileana Cotrubas, Cleopatra Ciurca, Vladimir Popov, and Leo Nucci; Neeme Järvi. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 5, at 8: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Gwendolyn Bradley, Ariel Bybee, William Lewis, and James Morris; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 6, at 1:30: "Lohengrin," with Anna Tomowa-Sintow, Eva Marton, Placido Domingo, and Franz-Ferdinand Nentwig; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 6, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Mariella Devia, Barbara Conrad, Dano Raffanti, and Piero Cappuccilli; Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Monday, Oct. 8, at 8: "Eugene Onegin," with Ileana Cotrubas, Cleopatra Ciurca, Vladimir Popov, and Leo Nucci; Neeme Järvi. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 9, at 8: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Gwendolyn Bradley, Ariel Bybee, William Lewis, and James Morris; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 10, at 7, "Lohengrin," with Anna Tomowa-Sintow, Eva Marton, Placido Domingo, and Morley Meredith; James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 11, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Mariella Devia, Barbara Conrad, Dano Raffanti, and Piero Cappuccilli; Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 12, at 8: "Eugene Onegin," with Ileana Cotrubas, Cleopatra Ciurca, Vladimir Popov, and Leo Nucci; Neeme Järvi. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 13, at 1:30: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Catherine Malfitano, Ariel Bybee, Neil Shicoff, and Richard Fredricks; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 13, at 7: "Lohengrin," with Anna Tomowa-Sintow, Eva Marton, Placido Domingo, and Franz-Ferdinand Nentwig; James Levine.

New York City Opera—Friday, Oct. 5, at 8: "La Rondine," with Elizabeth Knighton, Claudette Peterson, Barry McCauley, and Stanley Wexler; conducted by Alessandro Siciliani. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 6, at 2: "Rigoletto," with Joyce Guber, Susanne Marsee, Jerry Hadley, and Frederick Burchinal; Mark Flint. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 6, at 8: "Carmen," with Marianna Christos, Victoria Vergara, Jacque Trussel, and Robert McFarland; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 7, at 1: "Lakmé," with Gianna Rolandi, Susanne Marsee, Barry McCauley, and Harry Dworchak; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 7, at 7: "La Traviata," with Catherine Lamy, Richard Leech, and Adib Fazah; Mark Flint. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 11, at 7, and Saturday, Oct. 13, at 8: The company's première of Sondheim's "Sweeney Todd," with Leigh Munro, Rosalind Elias, Cris Groenendaal, and Timothy Nolen; Paul Gemignani. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 12, at 8: "Sweeney Todd," with Sheryl Woods, Joyce Castle, Cris Groenendaal, and Stanley Wexler; Paul Gemignani. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 13, at 2: "Sweeney Todd," with Leigh Munro, Joyce Castle, Cris Groenendaal, and Timothy Nolen; Paul Gemignani. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Through Sunday, Nov. 18.)

Amato Opera Company—Presenting "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci." (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. Saturdays at 7:30 and Sundays at 2:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—Zubin Mehta conducting a varied program on Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 3-4, and Saturday, Oct. 6, at 8 (all with Pinchas Zukerman, violin and viola). . . . ¶ Myung-Whun Chung conducting a Bartók-Chopin-Dvořák program on Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 10-11, at 8; Friday, Oct. 12, at 2; Saturday, Oct. 13, at 8; and Tuesday, Oct. 16, at 7:30 (all with Emanuel Ax, piano).

Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields—Iona Brown conducting this English chamber orchestra and acting as violin soloist. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Oct. 7, at 3.)

Manhattan Symphony—George Manahan conducting a Stravinsky-Schumann program. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Tuesday, Oct. 9, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Orpheus—With Gidon Kremer, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Oct. 13, at 8.)

New England Bach Festival—Blanche Moyse directing a performance of "The St. Matthew Passion," by this chorus and orchestra making its first appearance here. With Arleen Auger, soprano; Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano; Ian Partridge and Jon Humphrey, tenors; the Singing Boys of Pennsylvania; and others. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Monday, Oct. 8, at 7:30.)

Musica Sacra "Basically Bach" Festival—The first two in a series of five concerts honoring the tercentennial of the composer's birth. Wednesday, Oct. 10: Richard Westenburg directing the Musica Sacra chorus and orchestra in an all-J. S. Bach program. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 13: The Ensemble for Early Music performing a program of music by J. S. Bach and his sons. (Central Presbyterian Church, Park Ave. at 64th St. Evenings at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 873-9546.)

RECITALS

Mozartean Players—The first in a series of three concerts. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, Oct. 4, at 8.)

Abbey Simon—Piano, in a benefit program. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Sunday, Oct. 7, at 3.)

Robert Routch—Horn, with assisting artists. (St. Michael's Church Recital Hall, 225 W. 99th St. Sunday, Oct. 7, at 3. For information about tickets, call 222-2700.)

Music Before 1800—The first in a series of recitals, this one performed by the Musicians of Swanne Alley. (Corpus Christi Church, 529 W. 121st St. Sunday, Oct. 7, at 3. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

New York Cornet and Sacbut Ensemble—With Peter Becker, baritone and countertenor. (Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, Madison Ave. at 73rd St. Sunday, Oct. 7, at 4. For tickets, call 799-5877.)

Montserrat Caballé and José Carreras—Soprano and tenor, with José Collado conducting the Gala Festival Orchestra. (Metropolitan Opera House. Sunday, Oct. 7, at 7.)

American Brass Quintet—Chamber music. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Monday, Oct. 8, at 7. No tickets necessary.)

Garrick Ohlsson—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 9, at 8.)

Orin Grossman—Piano, in a program part classical and part jazz. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Tuesday, Oct. 9, at 8.)

Drew Minter and Wendy Young—Countertenor and harpsichord. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Tuesday, Oct. 9, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Muir String Quartet—Chamber music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd St. Y. Tuesday, Oct. 9, at 8.)

Rosalyn Tureck—Piano, in the first in a series of six all-Bach concerts celebrating the three-hundredth anniversary of the composer's birth. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Oct. 11, at 8.)

Young Uck Kim and Peter Serkin—The first in a series of five concerts presenting music by Mozart for violin and piano, this one a program of sonatas. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, Oct. 11, at 8.)

Linda Kobler—Harpsichord, with Sharon Isbin, classical guitarist. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Oct. 11, at 8.)

Eugene Fodor—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Oct. 12, at 8.)

Youri Egorov—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Oct. 12, at 8.)

Roberta Rust—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Oct. 12, at 8.)

Kaija Saarikettu—Violin. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Oct. 13, at 2.)

Horacio Gutiérrez—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 13, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Santiago Rodriguez—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Oct. 13, at 8.)

Danielle Woerner—Soprano, with the Laurentian String Quartet and instrumental soloists. (St. Michael's Church Recital Hall, 225 W. 99th St. Saturday, Oct. 13, at 8. For information about tickets, call 222-2700.)

Bobbie Glover—Tenor. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Saturday, Oct. 13, at 9.)

MISCELLANY

Next Wave Festival—At the Brooklyn Academy of Music, the second annual presentation of a series of programs of contemporary works of dance, music, theatre, and visual effects that will run through Sunday, Dec. 23. The initial offering is the American première of **THE GAMES,** a music-theatre piece written by Meredith Monk and Ping Chong, with music by Mr. Monk. (30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Tuesday, Oct. 9, at 7; Wednesday through Saturday, Oct. 10-13, at 8; and Sunday, Oct. 14, at 2 and 7.)

OPERAWORKS—David C. Leighton conducting a two-week series of staged operas and other events. Wednesday, Oct. 3; Tuesday, Oct. 9; and Thursday, Oct. 11: The New York première of "The Martyrdom of St. Magnus," by Peter Maxwell Davies. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 4, and Friday, Oct. 12: Three staged musical works by George Crumb—"Ancient Voices of Children," "Voice of the Whale," and "Night of Four Moons" —plus a performance of Genet's play "The Maids.". . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 5; Monday, Oct. 8; Wednesday, Oct. 10; and Saturday, Oct. 13: Mozart's "Le Nozze di Figaro." . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 6: A benefit concert by such performers as Guiliano Ciannella, David Eisler, Carol Vaness, Lucine Amara, Muriel Costa-Greenspon, and others. (Larry Richardson's Dance Gallery, 242 E. 14th St. 254-4881. Evenings at 8; on Saturday, Oct. 6, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—The World Series starts Tuesday, Oct. 9, in the home park of the National League champion.

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—Nets vs. Knicks, in an exhibition game. (Byrne Meadowlands Arena. 1-201 935-8888. Sunday, Oct. 7, at 7:30.)

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—**SATURDAY, OCT. 6:** Army vs. Harvard, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Georgetown, at Fordham, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Holy Cross vs. Dartmouth, at Worcester, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Columbia, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Brown, at Princeton, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Williams vs. Trinity, at Williamstown, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Morgan State, at New Haven, at 1:30. . . . **SATURDAY, OCT. 13:** Army vs. Rutgers, at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, at 2. . . . ¶ Brown vs. Pennsylvania, at Providence, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Colgate vs. Holy Cross, at Hamilton, at 1. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Princeton, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Worcester Polytechnic Institute, at Fordham, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Cornell, at Cambridge, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Dartmouth, at New Haven, at 1:30.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Jets vs. Kansas City Chiefs. (Kansas City. Sunday, Oct. 7.) . . . ¶ Giants vs. San Francisco Forty-Niners. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Monday, Oct. 8, at 9.)

HOCKEY—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN** (564-4400): Rangers vs. Hartford Whalers, Thursday, Oct. 11, at 7:35. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM:** Islanders vs. Philadelphia Flyers (exhibition game), Wednesday, Oct. 3, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Buffalo Sabres (exhibition game), Sunday, Oct. 7, at 7:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Chicago Black Hawks, Saturday, Oct. 13, at 7:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.) . . . **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA** (1-201 935-3900): Devils vs. Pittsburgh Penguins (exhibition game), Wednesday, Oct. 3, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Islanders, Friday, Oct. 12, at 7:35.

RACING—At **BELMONT:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, Oct. 22. The Cowdin, Saturday, Oct. 6; the Jamaica Handicap, Monday, Oct. 8; the Temple Gwathmey Steeplechase, Friday, Oct. 12; and the Lawrence Realization, Saturday, Oct. 13. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1:10, and Saturdays and Sundays between 11 and 1:19.) . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Monday, Oct. 8, at 1:30; through Monday, Dec. 31. The Ballantine's Scotch Classic, Saturday, Oct. 13.

ET ALIA

AUCTIONS—At Sotheby's, York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)—Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 10-11, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century American decorative prints.

ELECTION REGISTRATION—The registration dates for the Nov. 6 elections will be Tuesday, Oct. 9, and Saturday, Oct. 13, from 1 to 9.

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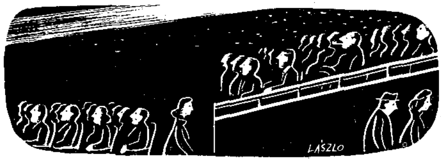
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 28.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
"Scarface" (*1932 †*).

R.K.O. Century Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"Irreconcilable Differences" (directed by Charles Shyer), with Ryan O'Neal, Shelley Long, and Drew Barrymore.

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Oct. 4: "Ghostbusters" (†); and "Moscow on the Hudson" (Paul Mazursky), with Robin Williams.
Oct. 5: "El Norte" (1983; Gregory Nava; in Spanish); and "Alsino and the Condor" (1983; Miguel Littin; a Nicaraguan film, in Spanish), with Dean Stockwell and Alan Esquivel.
Oct. 6: "Missing" (1982; Costa-Gavras), with Jack Lemmon, Sissy Spacek, Melanie Mayron, and John Shea; and "Chile, I Don't Take Your Name in Vain" (1984; a Chilean film), a documentary.
Oct. 7: "Burn!" (†); and "Manos a la Obra: The Story of Operation Bootstrap" (Pedro Rivera and Susan Zeig), a documentary.
Oct. 8: "Hearts and Minds" (†); "Selling of the Pentagon" (1971; Peter Davis); and two short films.
Oct. 9: "Bitter Cane" (1983; Jacques Arcelin); and "Sugar Cane Alley" (Euzhan Palcy; in French).
Oct. 10: "In the Year of the Pig" (†); "El Salvador: Another Vietnam" (1981; Glenn Silber and Tete Vasconcellos); and "In the Name of Democracy" (Pamela Cohen and José Ponce).
Oct. 11: "Under Fire" (†); and "The Uprising" (1981; Peter Lilienthal; in Spanish).
From Oct. 12: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through Oct. 4: "The Evil That Men Do" (J. Lee Thompson), with Charles Bronson and José Ferrer.
From Oct. 5: "Careful He Might Hear You" (Carl Schultz; an Australian film), with Wendy Hughes and Robyn Nevin.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through Oct. 4: "The Karate Kid" (John G. Avildsen), with Ralph Macchio and Noriyuki (Pat) Morita.
From Oct. 5: "A Soldier's Story" (Norman Jewison), with Howard E. Rollins, Jr., and Adolph Caesar.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through Oct. 4: "Tightrope" (†).
From Oct. 5: "The Adventures of Buckaroo Banzai" (†).

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 4: "Until September" (Richard Marquand), with Karen Allen and Thierry Lhermitte. From Oct. 5: "Teachers" (Arthur Hiller), with Nick Nolte, Judd Hirsch, and JoBeth Williams.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 4: "The Woman in Red" (Gene Wilder), with Wilder and Charles Grodin. From Oct. 5: To be announced.
Theatre 3: "All of Me" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through Oct. 4: "Careful He Might Hear You" (Carl Schultz; an Australian film), with Wendy Hughes and Robyn Nevin.
From Oct. 5: "Places in the Heart" (Robert Benton), with Sally Field and Lindsay Crouse.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Oct. 4: "The Wild Life" (Art Linson), with Christopher Penn and Lea Thompson.
From Oct. 5: To be announced.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Irreconcilable Differences" (Charles Shyer), with Ryan O'Neal, Shelley Long, and Drew Barrymore.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Impulse" (Graham Baker), with Tim Matheson, Meg Tilly, and Hume Cronyn.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
Through Oct. 9: "A Joke of Destiny" (Lina Wertmüller; in Italian), with Ugo Tognazzi.
From Oct. 10: "Comfort and Joy" (Bill Forsyth), with Bill Paterson and C. P. Grogan.

Manhattan 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "The Woman in Red" (Gene Wilder), with Wilder and Charles Grodin.
Theatre 2: "The Evil That Men Do" (J. Lee Thompson), with Charles Bronson and José Ferrer.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "A Soldier's Story" (Norman Jewison), with Howard E. Rollins, Jr., and Adolph Caesar.
Theatre 2: "Places in the Heart" (Robert Benton), with Sally Field and Lindsay Crouse.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through Oct. 4: "Another Country" (Marek Kanievska), with Rupert Everett.
From Oct. 5: "The Adventures of Buckaroo Banzai" (†).

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 4: "Greystoke: The Legend of Tarzan, Lord of the Apes" (Hugh Hudson), with Christopher Lambert and Ralph Richardson. From Oct. 5: "Cal" (Pat O'Connor), with Helen Mirren and John Lynch.
Theatre 2: "The Bostonians" (†).

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 4: "All of Me" (†). From Oct. 5: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 4: "Windy City" (Armyan Bernstein), with John Shea, Kate Capshaw, and Josh Mostel. From Oct. 5: To be announced.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Country" (†).

Loews New York Twin 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 4: "Until September" (Richard Marquand), with Karen Allen and Thierry Lhermitte. From Oct. 5: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 4: "Body Rock" (Marcelo Epstein), with Lorenzo Lamas and Vicki Frederick. From Oct. 5: To be announced.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The Gods Must Be Crazy" (Jamie Uys).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Amadeus" (Miloš Forman), with F. Murray Abraham and Tom Hulce.

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
"Careful He Might Hear You" (Carl Schultz; an Australian film), with Wendy Hughes and Robyn Nevin.

U. A. 85th St. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Oct. 4: "Impulse" (Graham Baker), with Tim Matheson, Meg Tilly, and Hume Cronyn.
From Oct. 5: To be announced.

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 4: "The Evil That Men Do" (J. Lee Thompson), with Charles Bronson and José Ferrer. From Oct. 5: "Teachers" (Arthur Hiller), with Nick Nolte, Judd Hirsch, and JoBeth Williams.
Theatre 2: "The Wild Life" (Art Linson), with Christopher Penn and Lea Thompson.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"The Karate Kid" (John G. Avildsen), with Ralph Macchio and Noriyuki (Pat) Morita.

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Irreconcilable Differences" (Charles Shyer), with Ryan O'Neal, Shelley Long, and Drew Barrymore.
Theatre 2: "All of Me" (†).

WEST SIDE

Film Forum 1 and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: "Far from Poland" (directed by Jill Godmilow).
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 11: "In the Realm of the Senses" (1977; Nagisa Oshima; in Japanese), with Eiko Matsuda and Tatsuya Fuji; and "Empire of Passion" (1980; Nagisa Oshima; in Japanese). From Oct. 12: To be announced.

Vandam, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)
Through Oct. 4: Theatre closed.
Oct. 5-11: A week-long program of documentaries, originally shown at the New York Film Festival, 1970-83.
Oct. 12-13: "And That Is Why the State Is to Blame" (Frank Diamond), "Guazapa: The Face of War in El Salvador" (Don North), and "Time of Daring."

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "The 4th Man" (†).
Theatre 2: "Another Country" (Marek Kanievska), with Rupert Everett.

Greenwich Playhouse 1 and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 4: "Until September" (Richard Marquand), with Karen Allen and Thierry Lhermitte. Oct. 5-11: "A Question of Silence" (Marleen Gorris; in Dutch). From Oct. 12: "Garbo Talks" (Sidney Lumet), with Anne Bancroft and Ron Silver.
Theatre 2: "The Bostonians" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 4: "Entre Nous" (†).
From Oct. 5: "Teachers" (Arthur Hiller), with Nick Nolte, Judd Hirsch, and JoBeth Williams.
Theatre 2: "All of Me" (†).
Theatre 3: "All of Me" (†).
Theatre 4: Through Oct. 4: "Utu" (Geoff Murphy; a New Zealand film), with Anzac Wallace and Bruno Lawrence. From Oct. 5: "Teachers."

Guild, *33 W. 50th. (757-2406)*
"A Soldier's Story" (Norman Jewison), with Howard E. Rollins, Jr., and Adolph Caesar.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"The Ballad of Narayama" (Shohei Imamura; in Japanese).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Metropolis" (†).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Swann in Love" (†).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
Through Oct. 9: "The Return of Martin Guerre" (1983; Daniel Vigne; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Nathalie Baye.
From Oct. 10: A program called "Independent Feature Film Market."

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Amadeus" (Miloš Forman), with F. Murray Abraham and Tom Hulce.

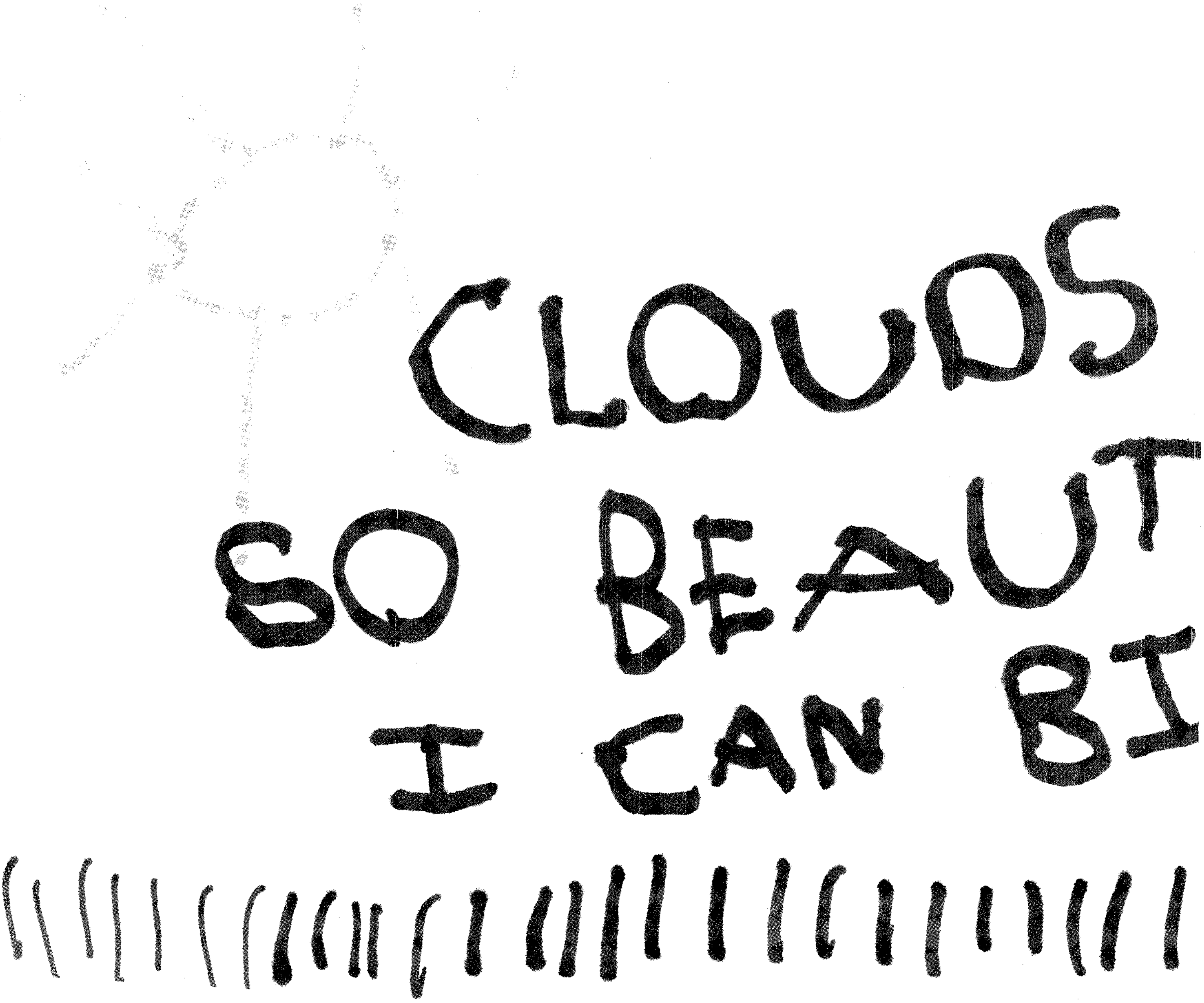
Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Full Moon in Paris" (Eric Rohmer; in French).
Theatre 2: "First Name: Carmen" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Family Game" (Yoshimitsu Morita; in Japanese).

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Bizet's Carmen" (Francesco Rosi; in French), with Placido Domingo and Julia Migenes-Johnson.
Theatre 2: "Stranger Than Paradise" (Jim Jarmusch), with John Lurie, Richard Edson, and Eszter Balint.

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "The Brother from Another Planet" (John Sayles), with Joe Morton, Dee Dee Bridgewater, and Sayles.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 4: "Old Enough" (Marisa Silver). From Oct. 5: "A Bigger Splash" (Jack Hazan), with David Hockney.

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Irreconcilable Differences"

ESP
bloomingdale's



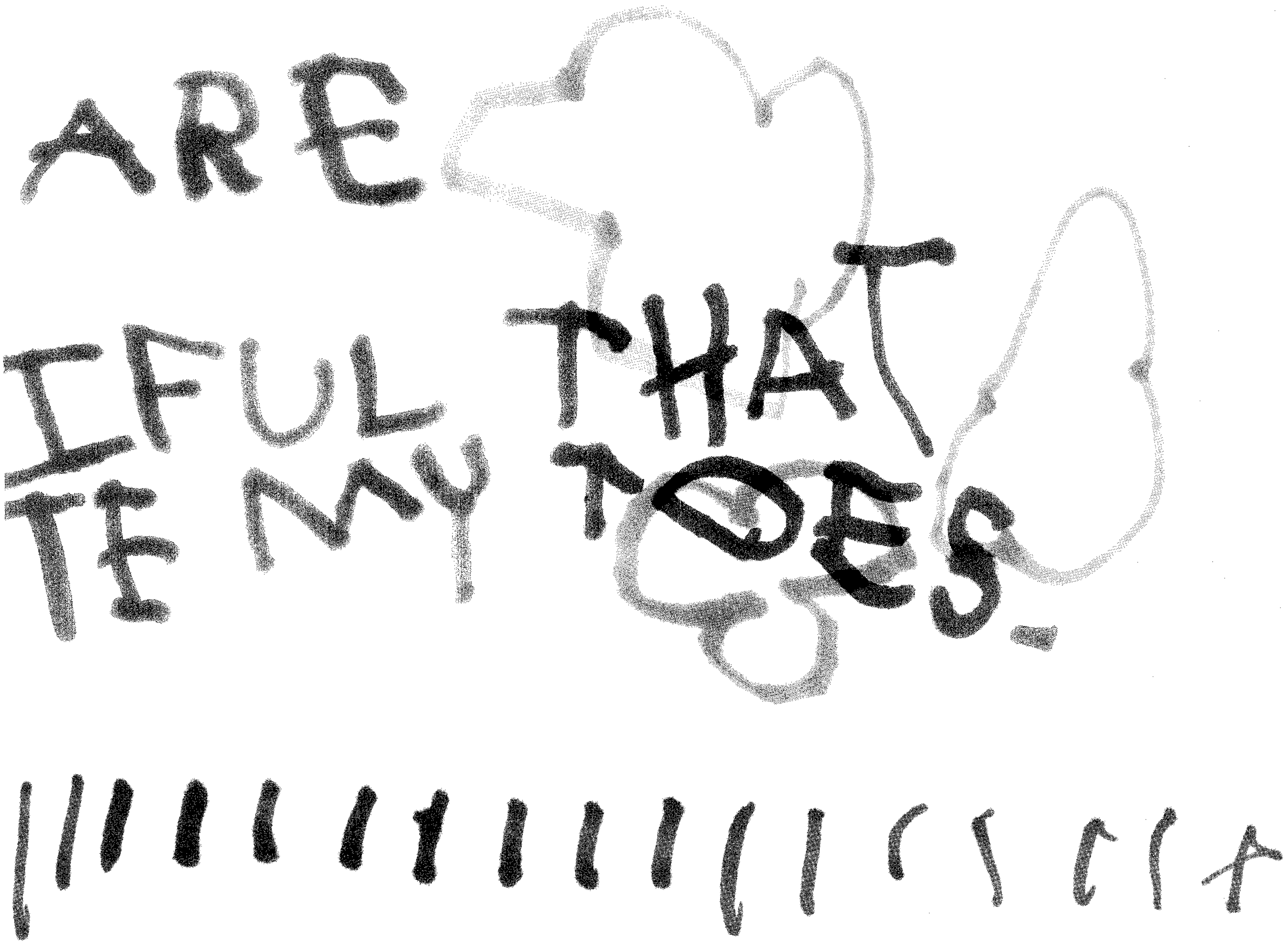
The writer quoted above is a recent kindergarten graduate.

And the words are only a few of many he could read and write for you.

The future laureate, Matthew Howse, was part of a unique educational project. A two-year study of that project, sponsored by IBM, has led to an important new IBM product called the Writing to Read System.

It simply teaches children how to convert sounds they can already say into sounds they can write.

At first, there's little emphasis on spelling and punctuation. (Matthew, for instance, needed help with the word "beautiful.")



The important thing is, children learn to express their own feelings and ideas.

Thousands of kindergartners took part in the project. After one year, their reading ability as a group was significantly higher than the national norm.

What's more, seven out of ten could write words, sentences, even stories. Skills not expected of beginning readers.

To help develop Writing to Read, IBM provided personal computers, Selectric™ typewriters, workbooks and tape recorders. As well as money to train teachers and underwrite the project.

We think the idea is so beautiful that, well, ask Matthew Howse.

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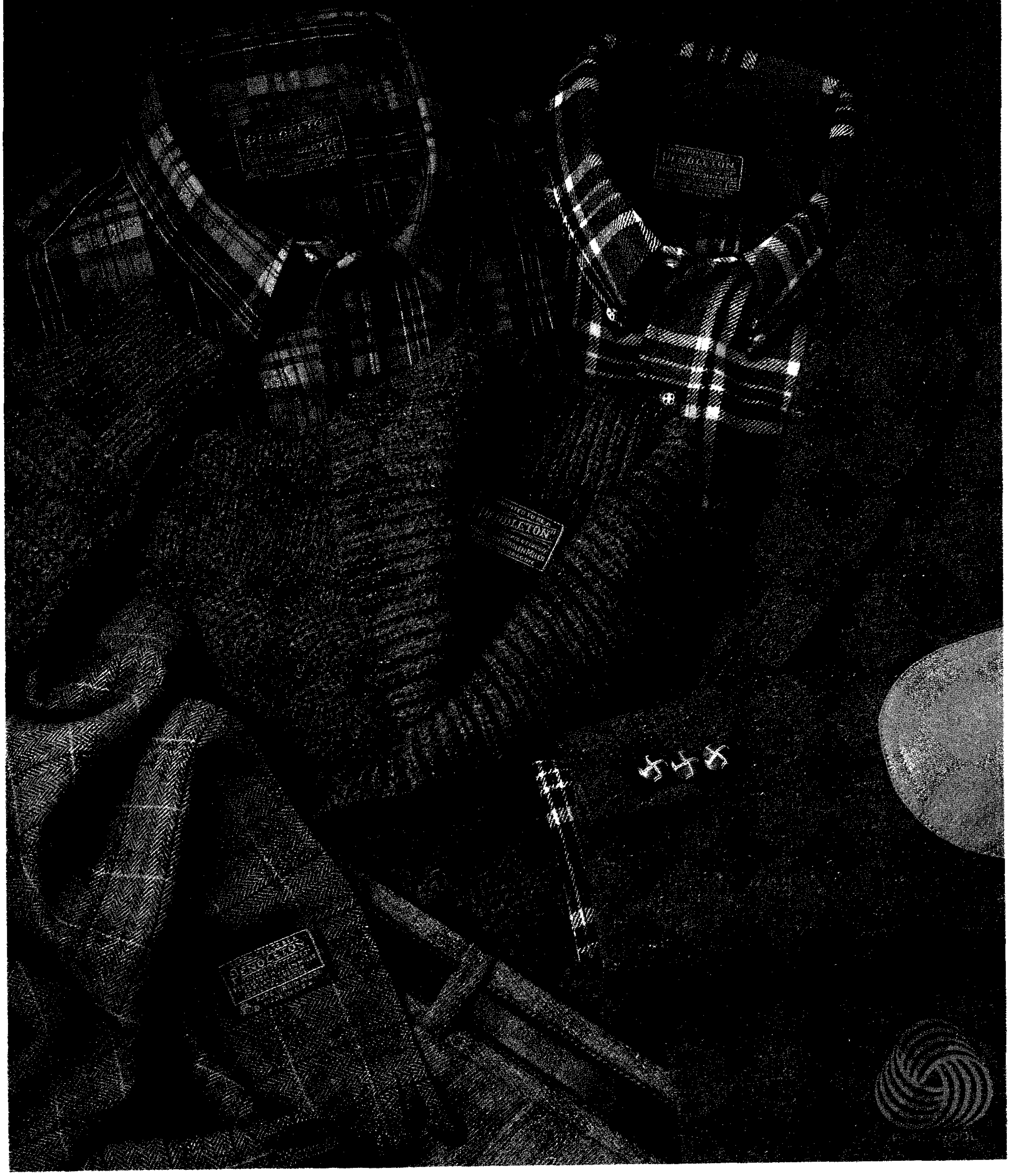

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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(Charles Shyer), with Ryan O'Neal, Shelley Long, and Drew Barrymore.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 4: "Until September" (Richard Marquand), with Karen Allen and Thierry Lhermitte. From Oct. 5: "Teachers" (Arthur Hiller), with Nick Nolte, Judd Hirsch, and JoBeth Williams.
Theatre 3: "Purple Rain" (†).
Theatre 4: "Ghostbusters" (†).

New Yorker 1 and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: "All of Me" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Bostonians" (†).

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "The Evil That Men Do" (J. Lee Thompson), with Charles Bronson and José Ferrer.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 4: "Utu" (Geoff Murphy; a New Zealand film), with Anzac Wallace and Bruno Lawrence. From Oct. 5: "The Karate Kid" (John G. Avildsen), with Ralph Macchio and Noriyuki (Pat) Morita.
Theatre 3: Through Oct. 4: "The Woman in Red" (Gene Wilder), with Wilder and Charles Grodin. From Oct. 5: "Savage Streets."
Theatre 4: Through Oct. 4: "Body Rock" (Marcelo Epstein), with Lorenzo Lamas and Vicki Frederick. From Oct. 5: "Ninja III: The Domination" (Sam Firstenberg), with Sho Kosugi and Lucinda Dickey.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Impulse" (directed by Graham Baker), with Tim Matheson, Meg Tilly, and Hume Cronyn.
Theatre 2: "Purple Rain" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Oct. 4: "Bachelor Party" (Neal Israel), with Tom Hanks and Adrian Zmed. From Oct. 5: "Gremlins" (†).
Theatre 4: "Revenge of the Nerds" (Jeff Kanew), with Robert Carradine and Anthony Edwards.
Theatre 5: "The Woman in Red" (Gene Wilder), with Wilder and Charles Grodin.
Theatre 6: "Tightrope" (†).

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Ghostbusters" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 4: "The Karate Kid" (John G. Avildsen), with Ralph Macchio and Noriyuki (Pat) Morita. From Oct. 5: "Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Oct. 4: "C.H.U.D." (Douglas Cheek), with John Heard and Daniel Stern. From Oct. 5: "The Karate Kid."
Theatre 4: Through Oct. 4: "Utu" (Geoff Murphy; a New Zealand film), with Anzac Wallace and Bruno Lawrence. From Oct. 5: "Lawrence of Arabia" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
Through Oct. 4: "Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom" (†).
From Oct. 5: "Teachers" (Arthur Hiller), with Nick Nolte, Judd Hirsch, and JoBeth Williams.

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (575-5060)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 4: "Body Rock" (Marcelo Epstein), with Lorenzo Lamas and Vicki Frederick. From Oct. 5: To be announced.
Theatre 2: "All of Me" (†).

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Irreconcilable Differences" (Charles Shyer), with Ryan O'Neal, Shelley Long, and Drew Barrymore.

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
"The Jungle Book" (1967), a Walt Disney full-length cartoon.

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 4: "Dreamscape" (†). From Oct. 5: "Places in the Heart" (Robert Benton), with Sally Field and Lindsay Crouse.
Theatre 2: "The Evil That Men Do" (J. Lee Thompson), with Charles Bronson and José Ferrer.

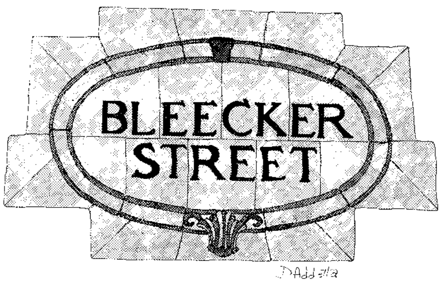
R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Theatre 1: "The Wild Life" (Art Linson), with Christopher Penn and Lea Thompson.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 4: "Night Shadows." From Oct. 5: "Savage Streets."

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema 1, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Thursdays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Oct. 3: "Up!" (1976; directed by Russ Meyer); and "Lorna" (1964; Russ Meyer).
Oct. 4: "Beneath the Valley of the Ultravixens" (1979; Russ Meyer); and "Mudhoney" (1965; Russ Meyer).
Oct. 5-7: "Tibet: A Buddhist Trilogy" (1980; Graham Coleman).
Oct. 8-9: "Kagemusha" ("The Shadow Warrior;" 1980; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Tatsuya Nakadai.
Oct. 10-11: "Rashomon" (1951; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune, Machiko Kyo, Masayuki Mori, and Takashi Shimura; and "Ugetsu" (1953; Kenji Mizoguchi; in Japanese), with Masayuki Mori and Machiko Kyo.
From Oct. 12: "Brother Sun, Sister Moon" (1973; Franco Zeffirelli), with Graham Faulkner as Francis of Assisi; and "Romeo and Juliet" (1968; Franco Zeffirelli), with Leonard Whiting, Olivia Hussey, John McEnery, Michael York, Pat Heywood, and Milo O'Shea.

Bleecker St. Cinema 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Faster, Pussycat! Kill! Kill!" (1966; Russ Meyer).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Oct. 3: "The Big Chill" (1983; Lawrence Kasdan), with Jeff Goldblum, William Hurt, Kevin Kline, and Glenn Close; and "Educating Rita" (1983; Lewis Gilbert), with Michael Caine and Julie Walters.
Oct. 4: "Gandhi" (1982; Richard Attenborough), with Ben Kingsley.
Oct. 5: "It Happened One Night" (1934; Frank Capra), with Claudette Colbert, Clark Gable, Walter Connolly, Roscoe Karns, and Alan Hale; and "The Awful Truth" (1937; Leo McCarey), with Irene Dunne, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy.
Oct. 6: "Born Yesterday" (1950; George Cukor), with Judy Holliday, William Holden, and Broderick Crawford; and "It Should Happen to You" (1954; George Cukor), with Judy Holliday, Peter Lawford, and Jack Lemmon.
Oct. 7: "The Big Heat" (1953; Fritz Lang), with Glenn Ford, Gloria Grahame, Alexander Scourby, and Lee Marvin; and "Gilda" (1946; Charles Vidor), with Rita Hayworth, Glenn Ford, and George Macready.
Oct. 8: "From Here to Eternity" (1953; Fred Zinnemann), with Burt Lancaster, Montgomery Clift, Frank Sinatra, and Deborah Kerr; and "The Member of the Wedding" (†).
Oct. 9: "Traffic" (†) and "Such a Gorgeous Kid Like Me" (†).
Oct. 10-11: "Dr. Strangelove" (1964; Stanley Kubrick), with Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden; and "Beat the Devil" (1954; John Huston), with Humphrey Bogart, Jennifer Jones, Gina Lollobrigida, Robert Morley, and Peter Lorre.



From Oct. 12: "Without Witness" (1984; Nikita Mikhalkov; in Russian).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Oct. 4: "Trading Places" (1983; John Landis), with Dan Aykroyd, Eddie Murphy, Ralph Bellamy, Don Ameche, Denholm Elliott, and Jamie Lee Curtis; and "48 Hrs." (1982; Walter Hill), with Nick Nolte and Eddie Murphy.
Oct. 5-6: "Star 80" (1983; Bob Fosse), with Mariel Hemingway and Eric Roberts; and "Frances" (1982; Graeme Clifford), with Jessica Lange and Sam Shepard.
Oct. 7-9: "Animal Crackers" (1930; Victor Heerman), "Duck Soup" (1933; Leo McCarey), and "Horse Feathers" (1932; Norman McLeod), all films with the Marx Brothers.
Oct. 10-11: "Angel" (1984; Robert Vincent O'Neil), with Cliff Gorman and Susan Tyrrell; and "Staircase" (1969; Stanley Donen), with Richard Burton and Rex Harrison.
Oct. 12-13: "Days of Heaven" (1978; Terrence Malick), with Richard Gere, Brooke Adams, Sam Shepard, Linda Manz, and Robert Wilke; and "Badlands" (1973; Terrence Malick), with Martin Sheen and Sissy Spacek.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Repo Man" (†).

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Oct. 3: "The Bachelor Party" (1957; Delbert Mann), with Don Murray, E. G. Marshall, and Jack Warden; "Bus Stop" (1956; Joshua Logan), with Marilyn Monroe, Don Murray, Arthur O'Connell, Betty Field, and Eileen Heckart; and "A Hatful of Rain" (1957; Fred Zinnemann), with Eva Marie Saint, Don Murray, and Anthony Franciosa.
Oct. 4-6: "You Only Live Twice" (1967; Lewis Gilbert), with Sean Connery as James Bond; and "On Her Majesty's Secret Service" (1969; Peter Hunt), with George Lazenby as Bond.
Oct. 7-8: "Major Dundee" (1965; Sam Peckinpah), with Charlton Heston and Richard Harris; and "The Wild Bunch" (1969; Sam Peckinpah), with William Holden, Ernest Borgnine, and Robert Ryan.
Oct. 9-10: "Marie Antoinette" (†) and "Romeo and Juliet" (1936 †).
Oct. 11-13: "Casablanca" (1942; Michael Curtiz), with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains; and "Key Largo" (1948; John Huston), with Humphrey Bogart, Edward G. Robinson, and Lauren Bacall.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through Oct. 4: "Up in Smoke" (1978; Lou Adler), with Tommy Chong and Cheech Marin; "The Kentucky Fried Movie" (1977; John Landis), with David Zucker, Jim Abrahams, and Jerry Zucker; and "Airplane!" (1980; Jerry Zucker, David Zucker, and Jim Abrahams), with Robert Hays, Julie Hagerty, Robert Stack, and Lloyd Bridges.
Oct. 5-6: "Rebel Without a Cause" (1955; Nicholas Ray), with James Dean, Natalie Wood, Sal Mineo, Corey Allen, and Nick Adams; and "East of Eden" (1955; Elia Kazan), with Julie Harris, James Dean, Raymond Massey, and Richard Davalos.
Oct. 7: "It Should Happen to You" (1954; George Cukor), with Judy Holliday, Peter Lawford, and Jack Lemmon; "Born Yesterday" (1950; George Cukor), with Judy Holliday, William Holden, and Broderick Crawford; and "The Solid Gold Cadillac" (1956; Richard Quine), with Judy Holliday, Paul Douglas, Fred Clark, Hiram Sherman, and John Williams.
Oct 8-9: "Enter the Dragon" (†); and "Return of the Dragon" (1974; Bruce Lee), with Lee.
Oct. 10-11: "Missing" (1982; Costa-Gavras), with Jack Lemmon, Sissy Spacek, Melanie Mayron, and John Shea; and "Merry Christmas, Mr. Lawrence" (1983; Nagisa Oshima), with David Bowie.
Oct. 12-13: "The Dead Zone" (1983; David

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Cronenberg), with Christopher Walken and Brooke Adams; and "Brainstorm" (1983; Douglas Trumbull), with Christopher Walken, Natalie Wood, Louise Fletcher, and Cliff Robertson.

Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)

Oct. 3: "Sunday Bloody Sunday" (1971; John Schlesinger), with Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch, and Murray Head; and "Women in Love" (1970; Ken Russell), with Alan Bates, Oliver Reed, Glenda Jackson, and Jennie Linden.

Oct. 4: "The Goalie's Anxiety at the Penalty Kick" (1972; Wim Wenders; in German); and "The Scarlet Letter" (1973; Wim Wenders; in German), with Senta Berger.

Oct. 5: "El Norte" (1983; Gregory Nava; in Spanish); and "Under Fire" (†).

Oct. 6: "Aguirre, the Wrath of God" (1972; Werner Herzog; in German); and "Nosferatu, the Vampyre" (1979; Werner Herzog; in German), with Klaus Kinski, Isabelle Adjani, and Bruno Ganz.

Oct. 7: "Greystoke: The Legend of Tarzan, Lord of the Apes" (1984; Hugh Hudson), with Christopher Lambert and Ralph Richardson; and "Quest for Fire" (1982; Jean-Jacques Anaud), with Everett McGill.

Oct. 8: "The Decameron" (1971; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian), with Franco Citti, Ninetto Davoli, and Pasolini himself; and "The Canterbury Tales" (1972; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian), with Hugh Griffith, Alan Webb, and Jenny Runacre.

Oct. 9: "Blue Collar" (1978; Paul Schrader), with Richard Pryor, Harvey Keitel, Yaphet Kotto, and Cliff De Young; and "Thief" (†).

Oct. 10: "Midnight Express" (1978; Alan Parker), with Brad Davis, Randy Quaid, John Hurt, and Mike Kellin; and "Yol" (1982; Yilmaz Güney; in Turkish).

Oct. 11: "Alice in the Cities" (1974; Wim Wenders; in German), with Rudiger Vogeler; and "The Wrong Move" (1975; Wim Wenders; in German), with Rudiger Vogeler and Peter Kern.

From Oct. 12: "The Conformist" (1970; Bernardo Bertolucci; in Italian), with Jean-Louis Trintignant, Stefania Sandrelli, and Dominique Sanda; and "The Stranger" (1967; Luchino Visconti; in French), with Marcello Mastroianni and Anna Karina.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Oct. 3: "Marathon Man" (1976; John Schlesinger), with Dustin Hoffman, Laurence Olivier, Roy Scheider, and Marthe Keller; and "The Day of the Locust" (1975; John Schlesinger), with Donald Sutherland, Karen Black, Burgess Meredith, and William Atherton.

Oct. 4-6: "Tootsie" (1982; Sydney Pollack), with Dustin Hoffman, Jessica Lange, Teri Garr, and Bill Murray; and "My Favorite Year" (1982; Richard Benjamin), with Peter O'Toole, Mark Linn-Baker, Jessica Harper, and Joseph Bologna.

Oct. 7: "12 Angry Men" (†); and "The Pawnbroker" (1965; Sidney Lumet), with Rod Steiger, Geraldine Fitzgerald, and Brock Peters. Mr. Lumet will be present at 7:20.

Oct. 8: "The Group" (†).

Oct. 9: "Network" (†) and "Daniel" (†).

Oct. 10: "Prince of the City" (1981; Sidney Lumet), with Treat Williams, Lindsay Crouse, and Jerry Orbach.

Oct. 11: "Just Tell Me What You Want" (†); and "The Anderson Tapes" (1971; Sidney Lumet), with Sean Connery and Dyan Cannon.

Oct. 12-13: "Dog Day Afternoon" (†) and "Serpico" (†).

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Oct. 3: "El Bruto" (1952; Luis Buñuel; a Mexican film, in Spanish), with Pedro Armendariz and Katy Jurado; and "The Criminal Life of Archibaldo de la Cruz" (1955; Luis Buñuel; a Mexican film, in Spanish), with Ernesto Alonso.

Oct. 4: "The Enforcer" (1950; Bretaigne Windust), with Humphrey Bogart, Everett Sloane and Zero Mostel; "Kiss Tomorrow Goodbye" (1950; Gordon Douglas), with James Cagney, Barbara Payton, Luther Adler, and Ward Bond; and "Crack-Up" (1946; Irving Reis), with Pat O'Brien, Claire Trevor, and Herbert Marshall.

Oct. 5: "Days of Heaven" (1978; Terrence Malick), with Richard Gere, Brooke Adams, Sam Shepard, Linda Manz, and Robert Wilke; and "Wise Blood" (1980; John Huston), with Brad Dourif, Ned Beatty, Harry Dean Stanton, and Amy Wright.

Oct. 6: "Barbarella" (1968; Roger Vadim), with Jane Fonda, John Phillip Law, and David Hemmings; and "Galaxina" (1981; William Sachs), with Stephen Macht and Dorothy R. Stratten.

Oct. 7: "Steamboat Bill, Jr." (1927; Charles Riesner; a silent film) and "College" (1927; James Horne; a silent film), both films with Buster Keaton.

Oct. 8: "Berlin Alexanderplatz" (1980; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German). Parts 11 and 12 will be shown.

Oct. 9: "Deep End" (1971; Jerzy Skolimowski), with Jane Asher and John Moulder-Brown; and "Le Départ" (1967; Jerzy Skolimowski; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud.

Oct. 10: "Boat People" (1983; Ann Hui; in Chinese), with Lam; and "China Gate" (1957; Samuel Fuller), with Nat King Cole, Gene Barry, and Angie Dickinson.

Oct. 11: "Where Danger Lives" (1950; John Farrow), with Robert Mitchum, Faith Domergue, Claude Rains, and Maureen O'Sullivan; "The Big Steal" (1949; Donald Siegel), with Robert Mitchum, Jane Greer, and William Bendix; and "His Kind of Woman" (1951; John Farrow), with Robert Mitchum, Jane Russell, and Vincent Price.

Oct. 12: "Get Out Your Handkerchiefs" (1978; Bertrand Blier; in French), with Gérard Depardieu, Patrick Dewaere, Carole Laure, Michel Serrault, and Riton; and "Femmes Fatales" (†).

Oct. 13: "Broadway Danny Rose" (1984; Woody Allen), with Allen, Mia Farrow, and Nick Apollo Forte; and "Play It Again, Sam" (1972; Herbert Ross), with Woody Allen.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Oct. 3: "The Lady from Shanghai" (1948; Orson Welles), with Rita Hayworth, Everett Sloane, and Welles; and "Gilda" (1946; Charles Vidor), with Rita Hayworth, Glenn Ford, and George Macready.

Oct. 4: "The Bicycle Thief" (1949; Vittorio De Sica; in Italian); and "Two Women" (1961; Vittorio De Sica; in Italian), with Sophia Loren, Eleanora Brown, and Jean-Paul Belmondo.

Oct. 5-6: "This Gun for Hire" (1942; Frank Tuttle), with Veronica Lake, Alan Ladd, Laird Cregar, and Robert Preston; and "The Glass Key" (1942; Stuart Heisler), with Brian Donlevy, Veronica Lake, and Alan Ladd.

Oct. 7: "Camille" (1937; George Cukor), with Greta Garbo and Robert Taylor; and "Grand Hotel" (1932; Edmund Goulding), with Greta Garbo, John Barrymore, Joan Crawford, and Wallace Beery.

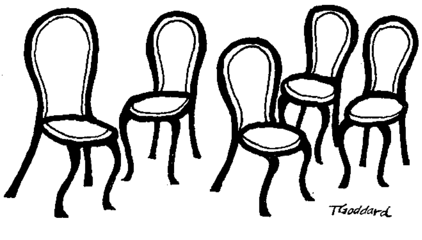
Oct. 8: "Beauty and the Beast" (1946; Jean Cocteau; in French), with Jean Marais, Josette Day, Marcel André, and Michel Auclair; and "Black Orpheus" (1959; Marcel Camus; in Portuguese), with Marpessa Dawn.

Oct. 9: "Laura" (1944; Otto Preminger), with Gene Tierney, Clifton Webb, Vincent Price, Dana Andrews, and Judith Anderson; and "Night and the City" (1950; Jules Dassin), with Richard Widmark and Gene Tierney.

Oct. 10: "The Country Girl" (1954; George Seaton), with Bing Crosby, Grace Kelly, and William Holden; and "To Catch a Thief" (1955; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Grace Kelly, Jessie Royce Landis, Charles Vanel, and Brigitte Auber.

Oct. 11: "Sabrina" (1954; Billy Wilder), with Humphrey Bogart, Audrey Hepburn, William Holden, and John Williams; and "How to Steal a Million" (†).

Oct. 12-13: "North by Northwest" (1959; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Eva Marie Saint, James Mason, Leo G. Carroll, and Martin Landau; and "The Paradine Case" (1948; Alfred Hitchcock), with Alida Valli, Gregory Peck, Charles Laughton, and Ann Todd.



FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium 2, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490)—Oct. 4 at 2:30: "Mail Early" (1941; directed by Norman McLaren), "V for Victory" (1941; Norman McLaren), "Warclouds Over the Pacific" (1941; Stuart Legg), "Battle Is Their Birthright" (1943; Stuart Legg), and "When Asia Speaks" (1944; Norman McLaren). . . . ¶ Oct. 4 at 6: "Broken Blossoms" (1919; D. W. Griffith; a silent film), *with Lillian Gish, Richard Barthelmess, and* Donald Crisp; and "An Unseen Enemy" (1912; D. W. Griffith; a silent film), with Lillian and Dorothy Gish. . . . ¶ Oct. 5 at 2:30: "All My Babies" (1952; George Stoney), a documentary. . . . ¶ Oct. 5 at 6: "Ballad of Love" (1965; Mikhail Bogin; in Russian, with English subtitles), "A Boring Afternoon" (1965; Ivan Passer; in Czech, with English subtitles), and "A Private Life" (1980; Mikhail Bogin). . . . ¶ Oct. 6 at 2:30: "Daniel Boone, or, Pioneer Days in America" (1907; Edwin S. Porter), with Florence Lawrence; "His Mother's Scarf" (1911; D. W. Griffith), with Charles West, Dorothy West, and Wilfred Lucas; and "The Martyrs of the Alamo" (1915; William Christy Cabanne), with Sam de Grasse and Walter Long. All silent films. . . . ¶ Oct. 6 at 5: "Pathé Newsreels, 1917-31," "Kino Pravda" (1922; Dziga Vertov), and "Berlin: Symphony of a Great City" (1927; Walter Ruttmann). . . . ¶ Oct. 7 at 2:30: "L'Ultima Diva: Francesca Bertini" (1983; Gianfranco Mingozzi; in Italian, with English subtitles), a documentary. . . . ¶ Oct. 7 at 5 and Oct. 8 at 2:30: "Assunta Spina" (1915; Gustavo Serena; an Italian silent film), with Francesca Bertini and Gustavo Serena. . . . ¶ Oct. 8 at 6: "L'Ultima Diva: Francesca Bertini." . . . ¶ Oct. 9 at 2:30: "Daniel Boone, or, Pioneer Days in America," "His Mother's Scarf," and "The Martyrs of the Alamo." . . . ¶ Oct. 9 at 6: "Mail Early," "V for Victory," "Warclouds Over the Pacific," "Battle Is Their Birthright," and "When Asia Speaks." . . . ¶ Oct. 11 at 2:30 and 6: "The Eleanor Roosevelt Story" (1965; Richard Kaplan), a documentary. . . . ¶ Oct. 12 at 2:30: "Ninotchka" (1939; Ernst Lubitsch), with Greta Garbo, Melvyn Douglas, and Ina Claire. . . . ¶ Oct. 12 at 6: "Camille" (1936; George Cukor), with Greta Garbo and Robert Taylor. . . . ¶ Oct. 13 at 2:30: "Sounds from the Mountain" (1954; Mikio Naruse; in Japanese, with English subtitles), with Setsuko Hara, So Yamamura, and Ken Uehara. . . . ¶ Oct. 13 at 5: "Repast" (1951; Mikio Naruse; in Japanese, with English subtitles), with Setsuko Hara and Ken Uehara. (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—A survey of American independent films, 1958-64. Oct. 3 at noon: "Homage to Jean Tinguely's 'Homage to New York' " (1960; Robert Breer), "Lifelines" (1960; Ed Emshwiller), "Primary" (1960; Robert Drew, Ricky Leacock, Al Maysles, Donn Pennebaker, and Terence MaCartney-Filgate), and "No. 12 (Heaven and Earth Magic, The Magic Feature)" (1958-61; Harry Smith). . . . ¶ Oct. 3 at 3: "Prelude: Dog Star Man" (1961; Stan Brakhage), "Arabesque for Kenneth Anger" (1961; Marie Menken), "The Death of P'town" (1961; Ken Jacobs), and "The Sin of Jesus" (1961; Robert Frank). . . . ¶ Oct. 4-6 at noon: "Scorpio Rising" (1963; Kenneth Anger), "To Parsifal" (1963; Bruce

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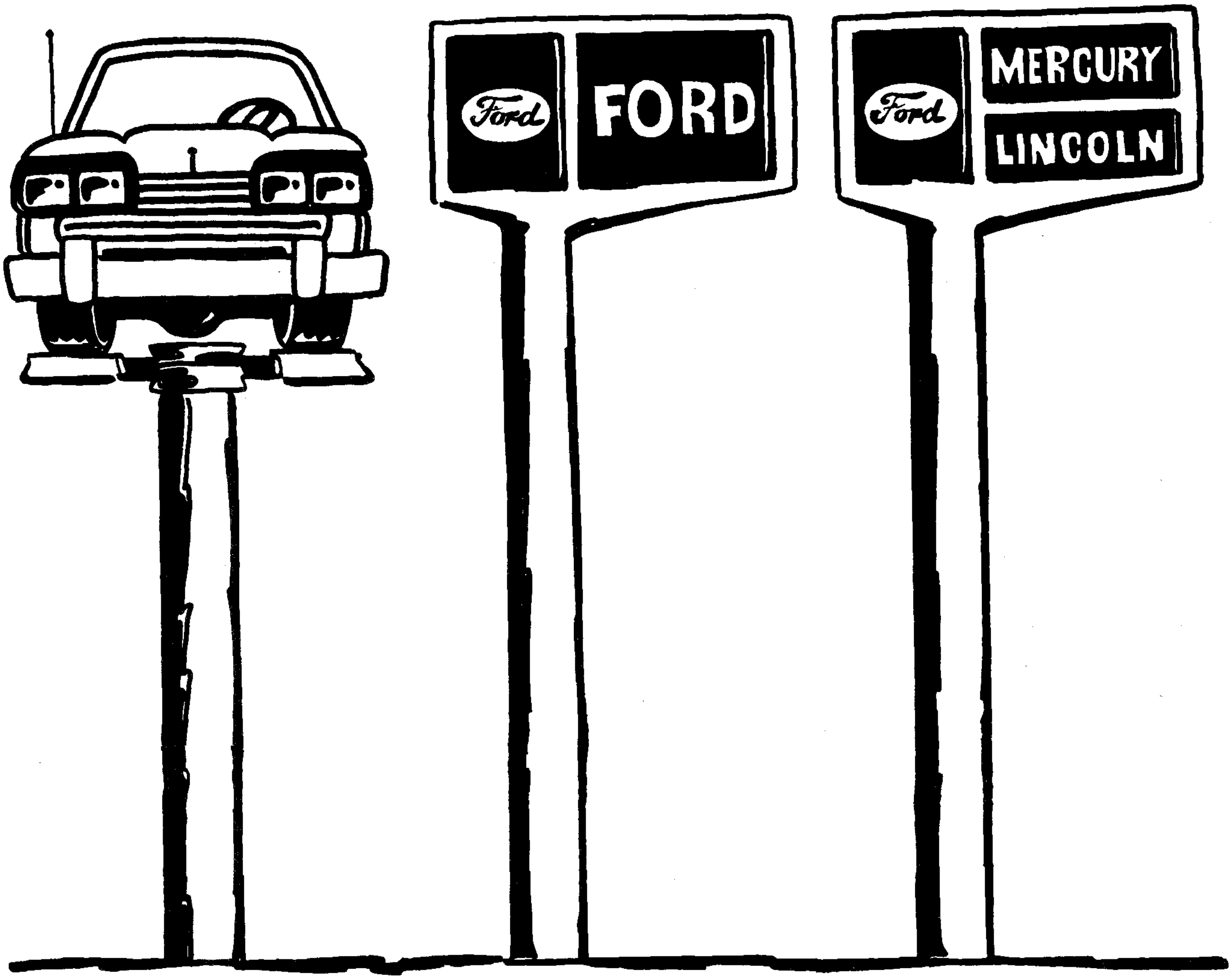

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Baillie), "Dog Star Man: Part I" (1962; Stan Brakhage), "Dog Star Man: Part II" (1963; Stan Brakhage), "Little Stabs at Happiness" (1963; Ken Jacobs), "Notebook" (1963; Marie Menken), and "Report" (1963; Bruce Conner). . . . ¶ Oct. 4-6 at 2:30: "Guns of the Trees" (1961; Jonas Mekas), "Senseless" (1961; Ron Rice), and "Cosmic Ray" (1961; Bruce Conner). . . . ¶ Oct. 7 at 12:30, Oct. 9 at 2, and Oct. 10 at 11:30: "Hallelujah the Hills" (1963; Adolfas Mekas) and "The Queen of Sheba Meets the Atom Man" (1963; Ron Rice). . . . ¶ Oct. 7 at 3:30, Oct. 9 at 5:45, and Oct. 10 at 2:30: "The Connection" (1961; Shirley Clarke) and "Catalog" (1961; John Whitney). . . . ¶ Oct. 11-13 at noon: "Dog Star Man: Part III" (1964; Stan Brakhage), "Dog Star Man: Part IV" (1964; Stan Brakhage), "Songs 1-7" (1964; Stan Brakhage), "Duo Concertantes" (1964; Larry Jordan), "Newsreel of Dreams, Part I" (1964; Stan VanDerBeek), and "Fist Fight" (1964; Robert Breer). . . . ¶ Oct. 11-13 at 2: "Mass for the Dakota Sioux" (1964; Bruce Baillie) and "New York Eye and Ear Control (A Walking Woman World)" (1964; Michael Snow). Closed Mondays.

New York Film Festival—A series of international films at Alice Tully Hall—Oct. 3 at 6:15: "A Sunday in the Country" (Bertrand Tavernier; France). . . . ¶ Oct. 3 at 9:30: "A Love in Germany" (Andrzej Wajda; West Germany/France). . . . ¶ Oct. 4 at 6:15: "Shivers" (Wojciech Marczewski; Poland). . . . ¶ Oct. 4 at 9: "Cammina Cammina" (Ermanno Olmi; Italy). . . . ¶ Oct. 5 at 6:15: "Three Crowns of the Sailor" (Raul Ruiz; France). . . . ¶ Oct. 5 at 9:30: "A Flash of Green" (Victor Nuñez; United States). . . . ¶ Oct. 6 at 11: "Cammina Cammina." . . . ¶ Oct. 6 at 3: "Love on the Ground" (Jacques Rivette; France). . . . ¶ Oct. 6 at 6: "Strikebound" (Richard Lowenstein; Australia). . . . ¶ Oct. 6 at 9: "Love on the Ground." . . . ¶ Oct. 6 at 11:30: "Shivers." . . . ¶ Oct. 7 at 2: "Class Relations" (Jean-Marie Straub/Danièle Huillet; West Germany). . . . ¶ Oct. 7 at 4:30: "Strikebound." . . . ¶ Oct. 7 at 7:30: "The Times of Harvey Milk" (Robert Epstein/Richard Schmiechen; United States). . . . ¶ Oct. 7 at 9:45: "Tokyo Olympiad" (1965; Kon Ichikawa; Japan). . . . ¶ Oct. 8 at 6:15: "Three Crowns of the Sailor." . . . ¶ Oct. 8 at 9:30: "Class Relations." . . . ¶ Oct. 9 at 6:15: "Memoirs of Prison" (Nelson Pereira dos Santos; Brazil). . . . ¶ Oct. 9 at 9:30 and Oct. 10 at 6:15: "Man of Flowers" (Paul Cox; Australia). . . . ¶ Oct. 10 at 9: "Memoirs of Prison." . . . ¶ Oct. 11 at 6:15: "A Flash of Green." . . . ¶ Oct. 11 at 9:30: "A Nos Amours" (Maurice Pialet; France). . . . ¶ Oct. 12 at 6:15: "Blood Simple" (Joel Coen; United States). . . . ¶ Oct. 12 at 8:30 and Oct. 13 at 11:30: "Once Upon a Time in America" (Sergio Leone; Italy). The full three-hour-and-forty-seven-minute version. . . . ¶ Oct. 13 at 4: "Two English Girls and the Continent" (1971; François Truffaut; France). The complete version. . . . ¶ Oct. 13 at 7: "A Nos Amours." . . . ¶ Oct. 13 at 9:30: "Blood Simple." (For information about tickets, call 362-1911.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

The Adventures of Buckaroo Banzai—Making his début as a director, W. D. (Rick) Richter doesn't bring out the baroque lunacy of the material—a kind of fermented parody of "M*A*S*H," "Star Wars," "Raiders of the Lost Ark," and the TV series "The A-Team"—but though the characters don't develop and the laughs don't build or come together, the film's uninflected deadpan tone is somehow likable. Dr. Buckaroo Banzai (Peter Weller), the half-Japanese, half-American hero, is a neurosurgeon, a physicist, a jet-car racer (who goes right through a mountain), and the leader of the Team Banzai—seven dapper whiz-bang Renaissance men. For relaxation, Buckaroo and a few of the others have formed their own rock group, the Hong Kong Cavaliers, and it's at a Cavaliers' performance in a New Jersey night spot that the hypersensitive Buckaroo picks up the disturbed vibes of someone in the audience; that's how he meets the heroine, Penny Priddy (Ellen Barkin). Richter and the scriptwriter Earl Mac Rauch don't seem to have an angle of vision on the interplanetary fantasy world they present; what they've got are an unmoored hipsterism and a lot of inventiveness. As Dr. Lizardo, the mad-genius villain (a comic-strip mixture of Eisenstein, Klaus Kinski, and a Wagnerian tenor), John Lithgow gives the movie the anchor it needs. White-faced, with bloodshot eyes, dark, greenish teeth, and a wild foreign accent, Lithgow's Dr. Lizardo can make you crazy with happiness. With Jeff Goldblum, Matt Clark as the Secretary of Defense, Carl Lumbly as the friendly alien who disguises himself as a Rastafarian, Christopher Lloyd, Vincent Schiavelli, Rosalind Cash, Ronald Lacey, and the platinum-blond Lewis Smith. The picture's visual style helps to compensate for the absence of directorial style; the production designer was J. Michael Riva. (Reviewed in our issue of 8/20/84.) (Murray Hill, and D. W. Griffith; starting Oct. 5.)

All of Me—Steve Martin is Roger, who hates his job as a lawyer, and Lily Tomlin is Edwina, a rich spinster who has been bedridden since infancy and has never really had a life. Now she is about to die, and Roger's boss has sent him to revise her will. Edwina has imported a Tibetan swami (Richard Libertini), who at the moment of her death is supposed to capture her spiritual substance in a bronze pot and transfer it into the curvy body of the lovely Terry (Victoria Tennant), who has agreed to vacate it. Edwina instructs Roger to arrange for Terry to inherit everything she has, but he thinks she's crazy and refuses. The argument precipitates her demise, and in the confusion her spirit pops into Roger's body, and enters into joint occupancy with him. This is the nifty premise of a romantic comedy about how two antagonists in the same body fall in love and find happiness, and parts of it give viewers the kind of giddy pleasure that is often what we most want from the movies. The director, Carl Reiner, seems to have an intuitive rapport with his funny performers. Reiner's weakness is that the gags aren't thought out visually in terms of the L.A. locations; the camera setups are often klunky, especially in Edwina's mansion, and the film has the bland ugliness of sitcoms. The ingenious script, by Phil Alden Robinson, was adapted from an unpublished novel, "Me Two," by Ed Davis. With Jason Bernard, Madolyn Smith, and Dana Elcar. (9/17/84) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Quad Cinema, New Yorker, and Loews State. . . . ¶ Gemini; through Oct. 4.)

The Bostonians—Another of the film adaptations of great novels that fail to communicate what's great about the book—in this case, Henry James's liveliest novel, which is set in the period after the Civil War. It must certainly be the best novel in the language about the cold anger that the issue of equal rights for women can stir in a man, but you wouldn't know that from the movie, which was produced by Ismail Merchant and directed by James Ivory, from a script by Ruth Prawer Jhabvala. Although it's not as limp as some of their other collaborations, they don't dramatize the material, and Ivory doesn't shape the performances. As Basil Ransom, who thinks women essentially inferior to men, Christopher Reeve has such a likable, wholesomely romantic presence that he takes the sting out of his lines. And as Verena, the sparkling, flirtatious young girl who has been trained by her mesmerist father to surrender her mind, Madeleine Potter is odd and overcontrolled. The only good reason to see the insignificant, washed-out film is Vanessa Redgrave's performance as the repressed lesbian Olive Chancellor, who grooms Verena to be a spokesperson for the suffragettes. With Jessica Tandy, Linda Hunt, Nancy Marchand, and Wesley Addy in the role of Verena's father. (8/6/84) (Cinema II, Greenwich Playhouse, and New Yorker.)

Burn! (1970)—Gillo Pontecorvo's luxuriant, ecstatic epic about a mid-nineteenth-century slave uprising on a fictitious Spanish-speaking Caribbean island is told from a neo-Marxist, Frantz Fanonian point of view. It is an attempt to plant an insurrectionary fuse within a swashbuckler—to use a popular costume-adventure form to arouse black revolutionary passions. Marlon Brando plays a British agent provocateur who instigates the revolt and then cynically crushes it; he personifies colonial manipulative policies as well as, by implication, the American involvement in Vietnam. As Pontecorvo demonstrated in "The Battle of Algiers," he has a true gift for epic filmmaking: he can keep masses of people in movement in a way that makes us care about them. And here, in his feeling for crowds and battles, for color and images, and for visual rhythms, he's a sensuous, intoxicating director. When blacks ride white horses that prance to what sounds like a syncopated Gregorian chant, the sequence is so shimmering and showy that one knows Pontecorvo and his cinematographer, Marcello Gatti, and his composer, Ennio Morricone, couldn't resist it. This film is deeply flawed—it's politically schematic, and almost every line of dialogue jogs us to fit it into a deterministic theory of history—yet it's large-spirited, and it might have reached a much wider audience if the Spanish government, sensitive about Spaniards being cast as heavies, hadn't applied economic pressure against the producing company, United Artists. Executives at U.A. remembered the huge losses suffered by Columbia when the Spanish government boycotted Columbia pictures because of its displeasure over "Behold a Pale Horse," so parts of this picture were deleted and others reshot, and the Spaniards, who had traditionally dominated the Antilles, were replaced by the Portuguese, who hadn't but aren't a big movie market. After these delays, the picture was given a nervous, half-hearted release. From a script by Pontecorvo, Franco Solinas, and Georgio Arlorio. With Evaristo Marquez as the black leader, and Renato Salvatori as the mulatto puppet. Shot partly in the Colombian seaport Cartagena. (St. Marks Cinema; Oct. 7.)

Country—This film, which stars Jessica Lange, who conceived it and had a hand in producing it, is trying to be a feminist "The Grapes of Wrath," and doesn't succeed at it—awful as that would be. Lange isn't playing a character—she's playing a set of virtues that she associates with her idea of an "ordinary" luminous Midwestern woman, a contemporary Ma Joad. When the Farmers Home Administration moves to foreclose on the hundred-and-eighty-acre farm that has been in her family for over a hundred years, and her husband (Sam Shepard) and her father (Wilford Brimley) fall apart, she's firm in her resolve and she holds on to the land. Working from a script by William D. Witliff, the director, Richard Pearce, gives us standard hokey melodrama, but he doles it out as if it were full of integrity. "Country" isn't a serious treatment of its subject. It's a morally uplifting treatment of its subject: every frame is planned to be a work of American art. Essentially, this is a movie about Jessica Lange's spirit-of-the-prairie face. With Levi L. Knebel, who gives a fresh, affecting performance as Lange and Shepard's teen-age son. (10/1/84) (Beekman.)

Daniel (1983)—Sidney Lumet directed, from E. L. Doctorow's script, based on his 1971 novel, "The Book of Daniel." The quasi-modernist novel is a personal fantasy that plugs into the persecution fears that the Rosenberg case stirred up. Doctorow went right for the torn, bleeding heart of the matter: the emotions of the two young children orphaned by the electric chair. It's a mussy, mixed-up, passionate book—demagogic and harrowing. The movie is all those things, too, except it's not passionate, and so it doesn't carry you along. When Lumet gets into one of his chronicles of agonized morality, it seems as if his normally high energy level sinks, and the melodramatic materials he's working with thicken and become clotted. The action here jumps back and forth among four decades shot in slightly different color ranges, and nothing takes hold now or then or in between. Timothy Hutton is Daniel, the son of the "Isaacsons," who is searching for the

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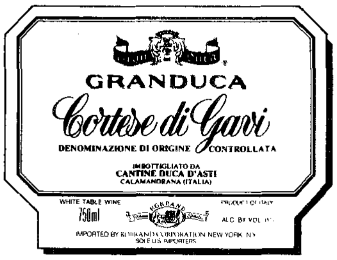
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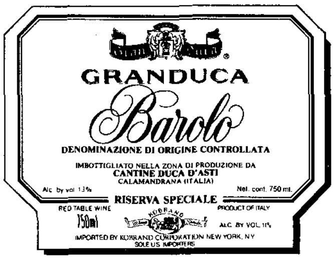
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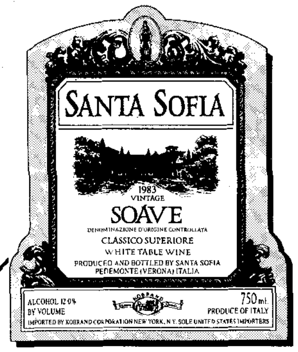
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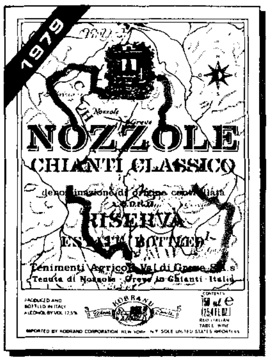
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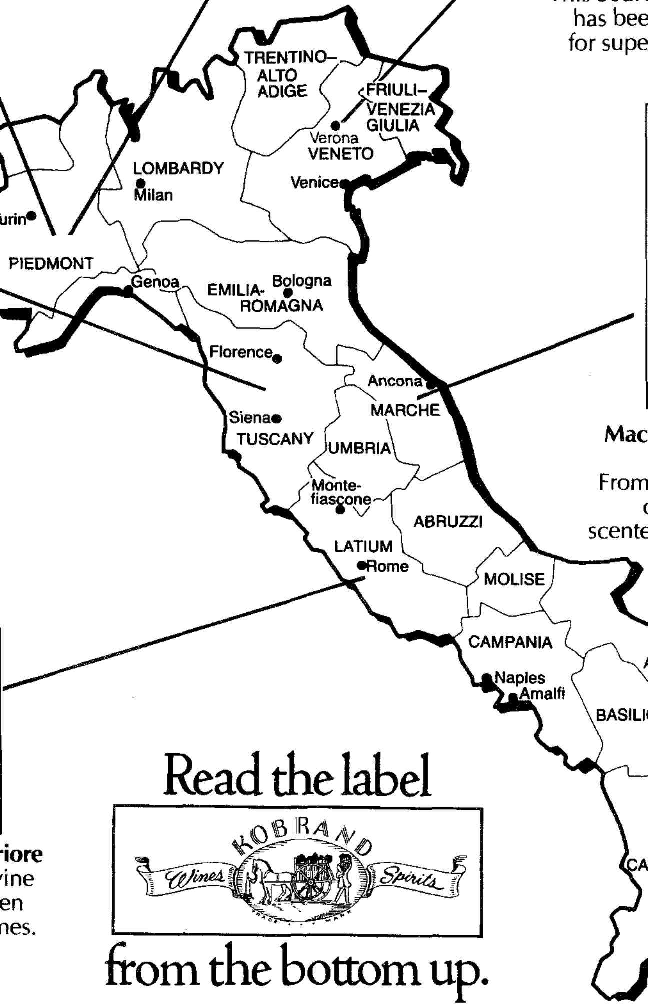
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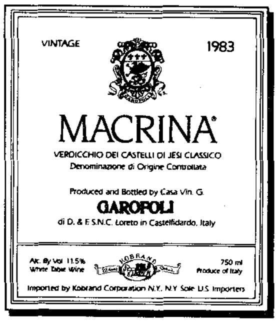
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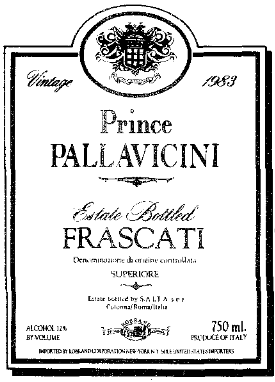
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meaning of his dead parents' lives, and Amanda Plummer is the driven-mad younger sister; Lindsay Crouse and Mandy Patinkin are the parents. The cast includes Ellen Barkin, Ed Asner, Carmen Matthews, John Rubinstein, Maria Tucci, Julie Bovasso, Tovah Feldshuh, and many other well-known players; some of them must have flinched when they saw their performances here. Paul Robeson's voice rolls across the soundtrack during perhaps a half a dozen sequences. (9/5/83) (Regency; Oct. 9.)

Dog Day Afternoon (1975)—Sidney Lumet directed this fictional re-creation of an unusual bank robbery on a 97-degree day in August, 1972, working from Frank Pierson's very fine script. Sonny (Al Pacino), who is trapped in the middle of robbing a bank, with a crowd gathering in the street outside, is a married working-class man; he got into this robbery mess by trying to raise money so that his lover, Leon (Chris Sarandon), could have a sex-change operation. The most touching element in the film is Sonny's inability to handle all the responsibilities he has assumed. Though he is half crazed by his situation, he is trying to do the right thing by everybody—his wife and children, the suicidal Leon, the hostages in the bank. In a sequence in which Sonny dictates his will, we can see that inside this bungling robber there's a complicatedly unhappy man, operating out of a sense of noblesse oblige. Lumet keeps so much low comedy and crazy melodrama going on—in the bank, on the street, among the police—that he can risk long, quiet scenes that draw us in. (He doesn't even use a musical track.) Pacino's Sonny, grandstanding to the crowds who cheer him on, brings just the right urban craziness to the situation. And Sarandon gives one of the finest homosexual performances ever seen in a movie; he's true to Leon's anguish in a remarkably pure way—he makes no appeal for sympathy. There are also surprising, wonderful things from such actors as John Cazale, who plays Sonny's partner in the robbery, and Charles Durning as a police detective. The cast, which is huge and of highly variable quality, includes Penny Allen, Carol Kane, Gary Springer, James Broderick, Judith Malina, Susan Peretz, and Sully Boyar. (Sonny is based on John Wojtowicz, who was serving a twenty-year sentence when the film was released.) (Regency; Oct. 12-13.)

Dreamscape—Joseph Ruben, the young director of this tight, clever thriller, starts off with a cocky swagger and he can sustain it, because he has the bedrock of a script, by David Loughery, Chuck Russell, and himself, that has real development and structure. Dennis Quaid plays a young psychic who has been having a fine time hanging out at the race track picking winners and making out with girls; then Max von Sydow, a research scientist working for the government, sends for him, and pretty soon he's involved in some of the funniest, most audacious dream sequences since the 1962 "The Manchurian Candidate." Quaid's slightly mocking free-and-easy manner makes it possible for him to hold his own against David Patrick Kelly, who might otherwise have walked away with the picture—his performance as a psycho psychic gives the political assassination plot the primal terror it needs. Ruben has a light, happy touch with the actors, who include Kate Capshaw, Christopher Plummer, George Wendt, and Eddie Albert as the President—tan and fit-looking but racked by nightmares. (10/1/84) (R.K.O. Century National Twin; through Oct. 4.)

Enter the Dragon (1973)—Bruce Lee and John Saxon in a kung-fu movie that's a good-natured example of the pleasures of schlock art. There's so much going on that the whole history of movies seems to be recapitulated in scrambled form. It could be billed as the movie with a thousand climaxes. But it's not all schlock: the slender, swift Bruce Lee was the Fred Astaire of martial arts, and many of the fights that could be merely brutal come across as lightning-fast choreography. With Jim Kelly as Williams, Ahna Capri as Tania, Bob Wall as Oharra, Shih Ken as Han, Angela Mao Ying as Su-Lin, Yang Sze as Bolo, Betty Chung as Mei Ling, the secret agent, Geoffrey Weeks as Braithwaite, and Peter Archer as the New Zealander, Parsons. Directed by Robert Clouse; written by Michael Allin; music by Lalo Schifrin. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Oct. 8-9.)

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Entre Nous—The French actress-turned-filmmaker Diane Kurys tells the story of two young married women (Isabelle Huppert and Miou-Miou) who don't recognize how unfulfilled they have been in their marriages until they meet each other. The women are romanticized and politicized as soul mates; they're turned into feminist precursors, while the husbands (Guy Marchand and Jean-Pierre Bacri), who always seem to need a shave, are treated as lumps. Kurys tells us that the characters played by Huppert and Marchand are her parents, and Marchand, who plays his role superbly, is the only one a viewer is likely to have any feeling for. But Kurys has made a very peculiar kind of memory film: its psychology goes in one direction; its sexual politics take it in another. The picture keeps teetering on the verge of a seduction scene, and that teasing possibility gives many of the scenes their only tension. This is a movie about two women not having a lesbian affair. The only thing that's distinctive about it is its veneer of post-feminism. In French. (3/5/84) (Quad Cinema; through Oct. 4.)

Femmes Fatales (1976; the original French title is "Calmos")—The first half hour of this sexual extravaganza by the highly original French writer-director Bertrand Blier is a peerless dirty-boy romp. The heroes (Jean-Pierre Marielle and Jean Rochefort) are two forty-year-old Parisian boulevardiers who look like wax grooms on a stale wedding cake. Marielle is a gynecologist who can't bear to inspect women's genitals anymore, and Rochefort is a baby-blue-eyed pimp who is exhausted by women's sexual demands. They run away to the countryside, to a village where they eat and drink and wear old clothes and begin to stink. Calm, that's what they want. Up to this point, the film is an inspired exploitation-porno fantasy, with Claude Renoir's Panavision images and Georges Delerue's music providing a feeling of grandeur and folly. But then the story takes a science-fiction turn. It shifts from the lunacy and regressions of these two men to the sexual revulsion felt by men en masse, and Blier and his co-scriptwriter (Philippe Dumarcay) lose the flavor and the characters. Yet no one but Blier has matched such raunchiness with such beauty; you have to have a true respect for raunchiness to do that. With Brigitte Fossey, who's like sensual porcelain, as the doctor's blond cat of a wife. In French. (Thalia; Oct. 12.)

First Name: Carmen—In this modern-day version of the Carmen story, the director, Jean-Luc Godard, looks at the performers with the eyes of an apathetic stranger. From the way the movie is put together, it appears that he is resigned to having to tell some sort of story, but he feels it's an imposition on him—an irritation, or worse. Godard keeps all his sets of images in motion: he's the rare case of an artist whose command of his medium becomes more assured as his interests dry up. Working with Raoul Coutard as cinematographer, he gives you the feeling that he can do almost anything and you'll keep watching it, mesmerized by the rhythms of sound and image. Godard himself plays Uncle Jean, a dotty, broken-down filmmaker who mutters spacey epigrams and whacks himself in the face; his slapstick self-parody makes more connection with the audience than anything else in the shallow, withdrawn movie. The basic feel of this "Carmen" is "What's the use?" Uncle Jean's niece, Carmen, is played by a very pretty young Dutch actress, Maruschka Detmers; Joseph is played by Jacques Bonaffi. In French. (9/17/84) (Lincoln Plaza.)

The 4th Man—The Dutch director Paul Verhoeven and his usual scenarist, Gerard Soeteman, are out to give us a shockingly good time in this thriller about a homosexual writer (Jeroen Krabbé) who allows himself to be pampered by a rich blond widow (Renée Soutendijk) because he has a passionate yen for her longtime lover. The film's comic tone depends on our being tickled by the writer's arrogance and mean-spiritedness. What keeps the movie from being any more than a tongue-in-cheek homoerotic fantasy is that the widow, who needs to be a teasingly ambiguous figure—so that we can't tell if the writer is deluding himself that she's a killer who has already dispatched three husbands, or if his hyperactive imagination is alerting him to the truth—is disappointingly placid, a blank. But the film is amusing, and the talented Jeroen Krabbé plays worminess exuberantly. Adapted from a novel by the Netherlands writer Gerard Reve, who lends the writer-protagonist his own name. In Dutch. (7/9/84) (Waverly.)

Ghostbusters—Bill Murray, Dan Aykroyd, and Harold Ramis as parapsychologists who try to save New York City from an influx of spooks. Murray is the film's comic mechanism: the more supernatural the situation, the more jaded his reaction. But nobody else has much in the way of material, and since there's almost no give-and-take among the three men, Murray's lines fall on dead air. Playing opposite Murray, Sigourney Weaver is a living zinger; when she stands talking to Murray, she's eye to eye with him and she looks vivid and indestructible. The cast includes Annie Potts, who uses her wonderful self-enclosed quality, and Rick Moranis, Ernie Hudson, William Atherton, and David Margulies. The script is by Aykroyd and Ramis; the cinematography is by Laszlo Kovacs. Produced and directed by Ivan Reitman. (6/25/84) (Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy 1. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; through Oct. 4.)

Gremlins—The director Joe Dante has the sensibility of a freaked-out greeting-card poet. This whimsical pop shocker is set in a sleepy small town at Christmastime. The hero, Billy (Zach Galligan), a young bank teller, is given a mogwai—a tiny creature who nests in a box and makes gentle cooing sounds; when the instructions that Billy is given for its care are inadvertently disobeyed, the mogwai multiplies, and its progeny turn into greedy, demonic little gargoyles. The picture is a black humorist's parody of Steven Spielberg's "E.T." Billy's mogwai is a good child; the other mogwai are its aggressively vulgar, beer-guzzling bothers—children of the night. With Frances Lee McCain as Billy's mother, Polly Holliday as the town's Wicked Witch–Scrooge, Dick Miller as the town drunk, and Phoebe Cates, Hoyt Axton, Keye Luke, Glynn Turman, Judge Reinhold, Edward Andrews, and Chuck Jones as Mr. Jones. Written by Chris Columbus; the critters were designed by Chris Walas. (6/25/84) (Criterion Theatres; starting Oct. 5.)

The Group (1966)—Sidney Lumet turns Mary McCarthy's novel about the Vassar girls of '33 into a carelessly busy, likable, energetic film. In the big cast are Joan Hackett, Shirley Knight, Joanna Pettet, Elizabeth Hartman, Candice Bergen, Kathleen Widdoes, Mary-Robin Redd, Carrie Nye, James Broderick, Larry Hagman, Richard Mulligan, Robert Emhardt, and Hal Holbrook. The script is by Sidney Buchman; cinematography by Boris Kaufman. (Regency; Oct. 8.)

Hearts and Minds (1975)—This documentary on the war in Vietnam, directed by Peter Davis (of "The Selling of the Pentagon") and finished in 1974, is a film of poise and amplitude. It is really a reflection on Americans' changing view of themselves, and it is done with even temper and a heed for justice. (St. Marks Cinema; Oct. 8.)

How to Steal a Million (1966)—An expensive cast in an anemic suspense comedy-romance. Audrey Hepburn is the devoted daughter of a vain, roguish art forger (Hugh Griffith); in order to save him from jail she persuades a detective (Peter O'Toole) to help her steal a bogus Cellini "Venus" that her father has exhibited in a Paris museum. William Wyler directed, from a rather tired screenplay by Harry Kurnitz. The picture isn't offensive, and it's handsome enough, but it's just blah. With Charles Boyer, Eli Wallach, Marcel Dalio, and Fernand Gravey. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 11.)

Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom—This film directed by Steven Spielberg stands in relation to the previous Indiana Jones picture, "Raiders of the Lost Ark," as "The Godfather, Part II" stands to "The Godfather." Spielberg creates an atmosphere of happy disbelief: the more breathtaking and exhilarating the stunts are, the funnier they are. Nobody has ever fused thrills and laughter in quite the way that he does here. Spielberg starts off at full charge in the opening sequence and just keeps going. There isn't a letdown anywhere in it. Harrison Ford is the adventurer-archeologist hero, Ke Huy Quan plays his child sidekick, Short Round, and Kate Capshaw is the gold-digger heroine. The plot involves them with an odious boy maharajah and Mola Ram (an anagram for Malomar), the high priest of a cult of Kali worshippers—they come right out of the 1939 adventure comedy "Gunga Din." It's one of the most sheerly pleasurable physical comedies ever made. A Lucasfilm Production, from a story idea by George Lucas, and a script by Willard Huyck and Gloria Katz. The score, by John Williams, is too heavy for the tone of the film, and it's too loud. (6/11/84) (Loews Astor Plaza; through Oct. 4. . . . ¶ Embassy; starting Oct. 5.)

In the Year of the Pig (1969)—Emile de Antonio gathered news footage from many sources for this overview of the background and issues of the Vietnam War. There are some almost forgotten faces, like Emperor Bao Dai's and Madame Nhu's, and some American speeches we might like to forget. (St. Marks Cinema; Oct. 10.)

Just Tell Me What You Want (1980)—Alan King, the television and night-club comedian, comes up with a considerable performance as the shouting, self-pitying Max Herschel, a millionaire conglomerate wheeler-dealer who compulsively bullies, seduces, or swindles everyone in his life, but the movie, which was directed by Sidney Lumet, is so ugly and cold-blooded that it defeats its own cynical intentions. Ali MacGraw is Max's shrill, victimized longtime mistress, who gets even by beating him up in Bergdorf Goodman; the inevitable reunion of the lovers is like sharks mating. With Myrna Loy, Keenan Wynn, Tony Roberts, Peter Weller, and Dina Merrill. (Regency; Oct. 11.)

Lawrence of Arabia (1962)—If you went to see it under the delusion that it was going to be about T. E. Lawrence, you probably stayed to enjoy the vastness of the desert and the pleasures of the senses that a huge movie epic can provide. Directed by David Lean, from a script by Robert Bolt, loosely based on Lawrence's "Seven Pillars of Wisdom," this picture fails to give an acceptable interpretation of Lawrence, or to keep its action intelligible, but it is one of the most literate and tasteful and exciting of expensive spectacles. The central figure is played quite stunningly by Peter O'Toole, though he seem to be doing Lord Jim. Bolt and Lean turn the hero into such a flamboyant poetic enigma that he is displaced in the film by a simpler hero—Omar Sharif's Ali, a handsome sheikh with liquid brown eyes and conventionally sympathetic lines to speak. With Alec Guinness, José Ferrer, Anthony Quinn, Arthur Kennedy, Jack Hawkins, Claude Rains, Anthony Quayle, and Donald Wolfit. Cinematography by Freddie Young; music by Maurice Jarre. (221 minutes.) (Embassy; starting Oct. 5.)

Marie Antoinette (1938)—A resplendent bore. M-G-M built a grand ballroom that was several feet longer than the original at Versailles, and Adrian designed twelve hundred and fifty gowns, as well as costumes for two poodles. The effort to create a sympathetic interpretation of Marie that would be suitable for Norma Shearer—M-G-M's "first lady" and, as Irving Thalberg's widow, a large stockholder—resulted in a lugubriously noble central character. Since King Louis XVI (Robert Morley) wasn't much of a love interest, Shearer was given Tyrone Power (as a Swedish count) for a bit of romance; meant for leavening, this doomed affair only adds to the sodden weight. W. S. Van Dyke directed; with John Barrymore, Gladys George, Anita Louise, and Joseph Schildkraut. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Oct. 9-10.)

The Member of the Wedding (1952)—The Carson McCullers dialogue is one of the high points of literacy in American films: sharp and full of wit, yet lyrical. Scrawny, cracked-voiced Julie Harris (she was twenty-six at the time) plays Frankie, the motherless, fiercely lonely twelve-year-old tomboy, caught between childhood and adolescence, and fighting them both. Ethel Waters plays Berenice, the cook who looks after her, and Brandon deWilde is Frankie's owlish little playmate and whipping boy. The setting is a small Georgia town; the time is the summer when these three characters, who have been clinging to each other, are torn apart. Adapted from McCullers' 1950 stage success (with the same cast), the film is weak when it tries to open up the material, but fortunately Fred Zinnemann's direction respects Carson McCullers' intensity and humor. This remarkable film failed commercially, perhaps for want of a conventional "story;" it is said that in some towns viewers didn't understand the material and, for most of the film, thought that Frankie was a boy. The movie company then cut a crucial twenty-minute segment (which included Ethel Waters' finest scene) and tossed the film into the lower half of double bills. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 8.)

Metropolis (1926)—H. G. Wells called this German silent movie, directed by Fritz Lang, "quite the silliest film;" Hitler was so impressed by the conception that many years later he tried (unsuccessfully) to persuade Lang to make Nazi movies. Lang's prophetic city of the twenty-first century (suggested by his first view of New York) has two levels: one for the rich and pleasure-loving, the other—labyrinthine, underground—for the slave workers who tend the machines. The industrialist tyrant who runs Metropolis plots to incite riots so that he can crush the workers' rebelliousness. His son has gone down to the workers and fallen in love with the saintly firebrand Maria (Brigitte Helm). The tyrant plots with an inventor, Rotwang, who creates a steel double for Maria—the false Maria, who leads the masses to revolt. One of the last examples of the imaginative—but often monstrous—grandeur of the Golden Period of German film, "Metropolis" is a spectacular instance of Expressionist design, with moments of almost incredible beauty and power, absurd ineptitudes, and oddities that defy analysis. It's a wonderful, stupefying folly. With Alfred Abel, Gustav Frölich, Rudolf Klein-Rogge, Fritz Rasp, and Heinrich George. Script by Thea von Harbou; cinematography by Karl Freund and Günther Rittau, with Eugen Schüfftan shooting the special effects. Note: The version showing now was reconstructed by Giorgio Moroder, with tinting that attempts to follow Lang's original specifications, and with a modern pop score—it includes contributions by Loverboy, Pat Benatar, Adam Ant, Billy Squier, and Bonnie Tyler. (57th St. Playhouse.)

Network (1976)—Television, Paddy Chayefsky says, is turning us into morons and humanoids; people have lost the ability to love. Who has—him? Oh, no, the blacks, the revolutionaries, and a power-hungry executive named Diana Christensen (Faye Dunaway), at the fictional UBS network. The cast of this messianic farce includes William Holden, Peter Finch, Robert Duvall, Beatrice Straight, and Ned Beatty, and they all take turns yelling at us soulless masses. Sidney Lumet directed. Academy Awards: Best Actor (Finch), Actress (Dunaway), Supporting Actress (Straight), Screenplay (Chayefsky). (Regency; Oct. 9.)

Purple Rain—In this fictional bio, Prince, the twenty-six-year-old pansexual rock star, appears as the Kid, a vulnerable loner and struggling musician. It's not difficult to see the attraction that the picture has for adolescents: Prince's songs are a cry for the free expression of sexual energy, and his suffering is a supercharged version of what made James Dean the idol of young moviegoers—this Kid is "hurting." And this picture knows no restraint. It was directed by Albert Magnoli (who also wrote the final script and was the co-editor), but Prince is in

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charge, and he knows how he wants to appear—like Dionysus crossed with a convent girl on her first bender. It's pretty terrible (there are no real scenes—just flashy, fractured rock-video moments), but those willing to accept Prince as a sexual messiah aren't likely to mind. The film introduces a full-fledged young comedian, Morris Day, the lead singer of The Time, who suggests a Richard Pryor without the genius and the complications. With Patty Apollonia Kotero, Jerome Benton, and Clarence Williams III as the Kid's father. Cinematography by Donald Thorin; shot in Minneapolis. (8/20/84) (Loews 83rd Quad, and Criterion Theatres.)

Repo Man—The L.A. of freeways and off ramps and squarish, pastel-colored buildings is the perfect setting for a movie about men who take out their frustrations by repossessing other people's cars. The film takes off from Godard's "Weekend," with (probably) some help from Aldrich's "Kiss Me Deadly" and Zemeckis and Gale's "Used Cars," but its catatonic, shoo-fly humor is all its own. The young English writer-director Alex Cox keeps his dazed sociopaths speeding around—always on the periphery. There's nothing at the center. But the whole comic atmosphere of druggy burnout gets to you, and Cox never once slips—he never lets things get sentimentalized or organized. With Harry Dean Stanton, Emilio Estevez, Tracey Walter, Vonetta McGee, and Fox Harris. Robby Müller's cinematography sustains the flat grunginess of the conception; so does a song by the L.A. group The Circle Jerks. (8/6/84) (8th St. Playhouse.)

Romeo and Juliet (1936)—Expensively devotional, in the literal-minded and heavily overproduced Irving Thalberg manner, but the readings are often clear and sensible, and there is an audacious, controversial, florid performance by John Barrymore as Mercutio. Leslie Howard is an anemic, overage Romeo, while Norma Shearer, never much of an actress, makes a valiant effort at Juliet but never rises above conventional adequacy. With Basil Rathbone (Tybalt), Edna May Oliver (the Nurse), C. Aubrey Smith (Capulet), Ralph Forbes (Paris), Violet Kemble-Cooper (Lady Capulet), Reginald Denny (Benvolio), Katherine De Mille (Rosaline). Directed by George Cukor; the play was simplified by Talbot Jennings. Totally made in a studio Italy, it remains a chief example of the pasteboard M-G-M style in full decadence. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Oct. 9-10.)

Scarface (1932)—The gangster classic, with Paul Muni as the dangerous hood with the scar on his cheek, and dark, huge-eyed Ann Dvorak as his sister. The writer, Ben Hecht, and the director, Howard Hawks, said that they wrote the story by treating the Capone family "as if they were the Borgias set down in Chicago." The film's violence has the crazy, helter-skelter feeling of actual gun battles, and Paul Muni, with a machine gun in his arms, is brutal and grotesque, in a primal, childlike, fixating way. The cast includes George Raft, Osgood Perkins, Karen Morley, Boris Karloff, Vince Barnett, Edwin Maxwell, C. Henry Gordon, Tully Marshall, Henry Armetta, and Purnell Pratt. The story, based on a novel by Armitage Trail, is credited to Hecht, and the continuity and dialogue to Seton I. Miller, John Lee Mahin, and W. R. Burnett. The cinematography is by Lee Garmes and L. W. O'Connell. The film was ready for release in 1930, but was held up for two years by censorship problems. The title "Scarface" bore the subtitle "Shame of the Nation." (Little Theatre, Public Theatre.)

Serpico (1973)—Al Pacino as Frank Serpico, the New York City policeman whose incorruptibility alienated him from his fellow-officers and turned him into a messianic hippie freak. The theme is richly comic, and the film is great fun, even though it sacrifices Serpico's story—one of the rare hopeful stories of the time—for a cynical, downbeat finish. Norman Wexler (who wrote "Joe") is responsible for most of the hip humor; he writes virulent lowlife dialogue with a demented lift. The screenplay is by Waldo Salt and Wexler, based on the book by Peter Maas. Directed, sloppily but effectively, by Sidney Lumet—he sends the comic lines across. The picture has a cartoon stridency, and the laughter isn't deep or lasting, but it's good and rude, and there's lots of it. (Regency; Oct. 12-13.)

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Such a Gorgeous Kid Like Me (1973)—Truffaut, and by no means at his best. The heroine, played by Bernadette Lafont, capsizes the meagre possibilities of the original Henry Farrell book about an amoral nymphomaniac who seizes the love of an innocent sociologist by seeming as hard as nails, whereas the sociologist sees her as a victim of a rotten childhood. The theme of the too easily beguiled intellectual strikes one as rather overworked, though there are five or six wonderful Truffaut scenes. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 9.)

Swann in Love—Of all the imaginable material for the screen, Proust's writing requires the most subtle feeling for rhythms—the meaning is in his rhythms—and neither the director (Volker Schlöndorff) nor the scriptwriters (Peter Brook, Jean-Claude Carrière, Marie-Hélène Estienne) seem to do anything to draw us in. The movie doesn't even have the force of real desecration; it's easy to forget you've seen these stiff arrangements of people in ornate, cheerlessly lighted rooms that every instinct tells you they never lived in. Ornella Muti is a wily, plausible Odette, and Alain Delon is, at least, amusing as the Baron de Charlus. But as Swann Jeremy Irons doesn't suggest intelligence or feeling—he's a stick. Also with Fanny Ardant, Marie-Christine Barrault, and Jacques Boudet. In French. (10/1/84) (Paris.)

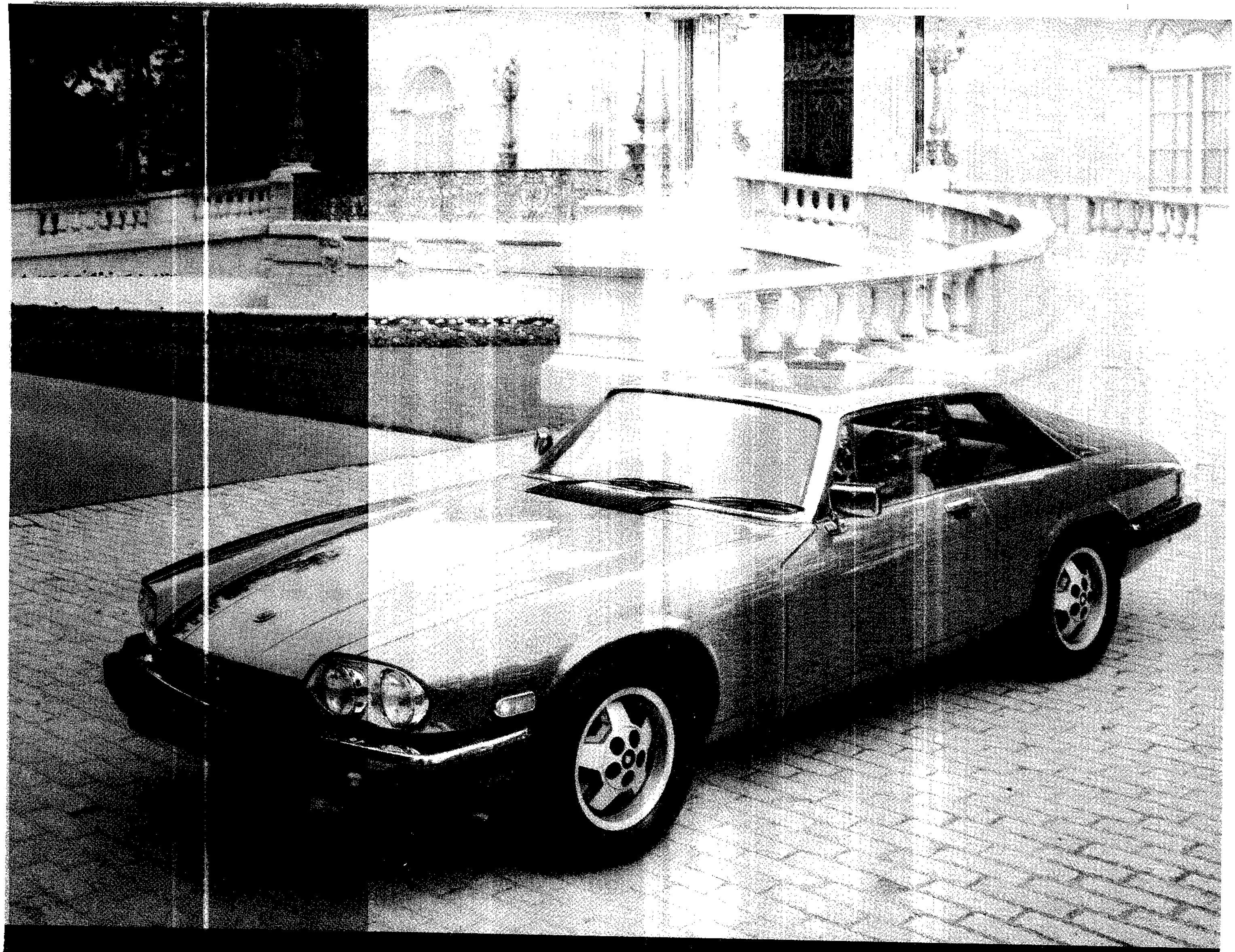
Thief (1981)—Grandiloquent masochism of the kind an adolescent boy might fantasize. With rain outside and smoke inside, this Chicago-set movie is almost a parody of *film noir:* it's the underworld movies of the forties and fifties made volcanic and abstract and existential. This is the first theatrical feature by the writer-director Michael Mann, and he has designed it like a choochoo train to the box office. James Caan is the big-time safecracker who wants to take his bundle and retire, marry, have a nice house, and raise a family. But the corrupt System won't let him. The film is hyperanimated by this conception of existential tragedy: the thief—a loner in pain, the embodiment of a macho mystique—must learn that he's free only when he doesn't care about life and has nothing to lose. The film sets up an improbable character in a series of rigged situations and then leaps to universal despairing conclusions. Mann belongs to the pressure-cooker school of filmmaking. Tangerine Dream's synthesized electronic music pulsates like mad, and the cinematography (by Donald Thorin) is so snazzy it overwhelms the action. (Maybe because of all this high-powered look-at-me filmmaking the picture was a box-office failure.) With Tuesday Weld as the dazed, burned-out woman whom Caan marries; Willie Nelson, oozing sincerity as Caan's only friend, who dies; and Robert Prosky and James Belushi. (Metro Cinema; Oct. 9.)

Tightrope—Clint Eastwood is Homicide Inspector Wes Block, of the New Orleans Police Department, who is investigating a series of murders: young prostitutes are being tortured, raped, and strangled. The gimmick is that Wes is struggling with dark, sexist impulses, and that the killer is his doppelgänger and carries out his sadistic fantasies. The writer-director Richard Tuggle keeps whomping us on the skull with good-evil symbolism, but the movie has no more depth than the usual exploitation film in which pretty girls are knocked off. (Their naked corpses are photographed more tenderly than their live bodies.) And the movie has a queasy (unexplored) aspect: Eastwood's own twelve-year-old daughter, Alison, who looks like him and acts like him, plays Wes's daughter Amanda, whom the doppelgänger means to rape. There's no progression in the plot—it's just one body after another—and the picture just grinds along. Eastwood seems to want to be fiery, but he doesn't have it in him—there's no vigor or puritan grandeur in Wes Block's character. And there's nothing in the psycho doppelgänger (played by Marco St. John)—he's just a bogeyman. The movie is like a sombre, pedestrian "Halloween." With Geneviève Bujold, Janet MacLachlan, and Jamie Rose. (10/1/84) (Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Murray Hill; through Oct. 4.)

Traffic (1971)—M. Hulot is a car designer on his maundering way to an international automobile exposition in Amsterdam. Jacques Tati's rather precious film is fuzzy and only vaguely comic. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 9.)

12 Angry Men (1957)—This ingenious melodrama set in a jury room generates more suspense than most thrillers; the battle begins with the jury eleven to one, and the spectator is keyed to watch for those points in the heat and frustration of argument when each juror will begin to seek the truth. Both Reginald Rose's script (a reworking of his teleplay) and Sidney Lumet's direction are so surefire that the movie has the crackle of a hit; it was, however, a commercial failure. The social psychology of the film is attuned to the educated audience. Henry Fonda, the one against the eleven, is its hero—a liberal, fair-minded architect. And the victim is its dream victim: he is a slum product who never had a chance; he's a member of some unspecified minority; and to clinch the case his father didn't love him. The eleven are a cunningly selected cross-section of humanity. With Lee J. Cobb, Jack Warden, E. G. Marshall, Ed Begley, Martin Balsam, Jack Klugman, Robert Webber, George Voskovec, Edward Binns, John Fiedler, and Joseph Sweeney. Cinematography by Boris Kaufman. (Regency; Oct. 7.)

Under Fire (1983)—A beautiful piece of new-style classical moviemaking. Everything is thought out and prepared, but it isn't explicit, it isn't labored, and it certainly isn't over-composed. Set in Nicaragua in 1979, during the last days of Somoza's dictatorship, the film is a little like Peter Weir's "The Year of Living Dangerously," but visually and in its romantic revolutionary spirit it's more like Pontecorvo's "The Battle of Algiers" and "Burn!" With his subdued, impassioned manner, the director, Roger Spottiswoode, brings the Nicaragua of countless news stories right to the center of our consciousness, by showing us how three grownup Americans react to the Sandinist revolution. The stars are the unostentatiously fine actor Nick Nolte as the photojournalist hero—part artist, part automaton; Joanna Cassidy, strong and stunning as a radio reporter; and Gene Hackman in one of his wonderfully expansive performances as a jaunty, professionally likable war correspondent. The characters around them include Jean-Louis Trintignant as a suave, sleazo Frenchman who works for the C.I.A., Ed Harris as a mercenary with the grin of a happy psychopath, René Enriquez as a Teddy-bear Somoza, and Richard Masur as Somoza's American publicity expert. The often edgy and maliciously smart script, by Ron Shelton (working from a first draft by Clayton Frohman), gives the actors some very knowing material. The cinematography is by John Alcott; the Jerry Goldsmith score, which features a bamboo flute from the Andes with a barely perceptible electronic shadow effect, is a beauty. Shot in Mexico. (10/31/83) (Metro Cinema; Oct. 5. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; Oct. 11.)



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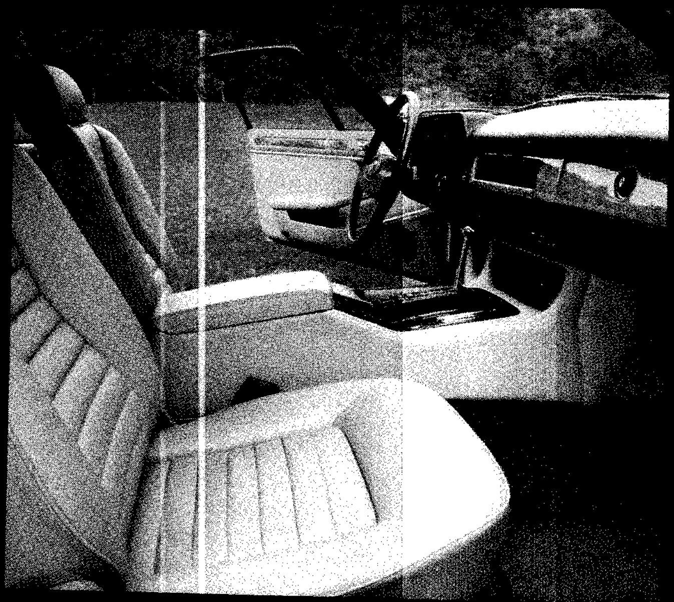

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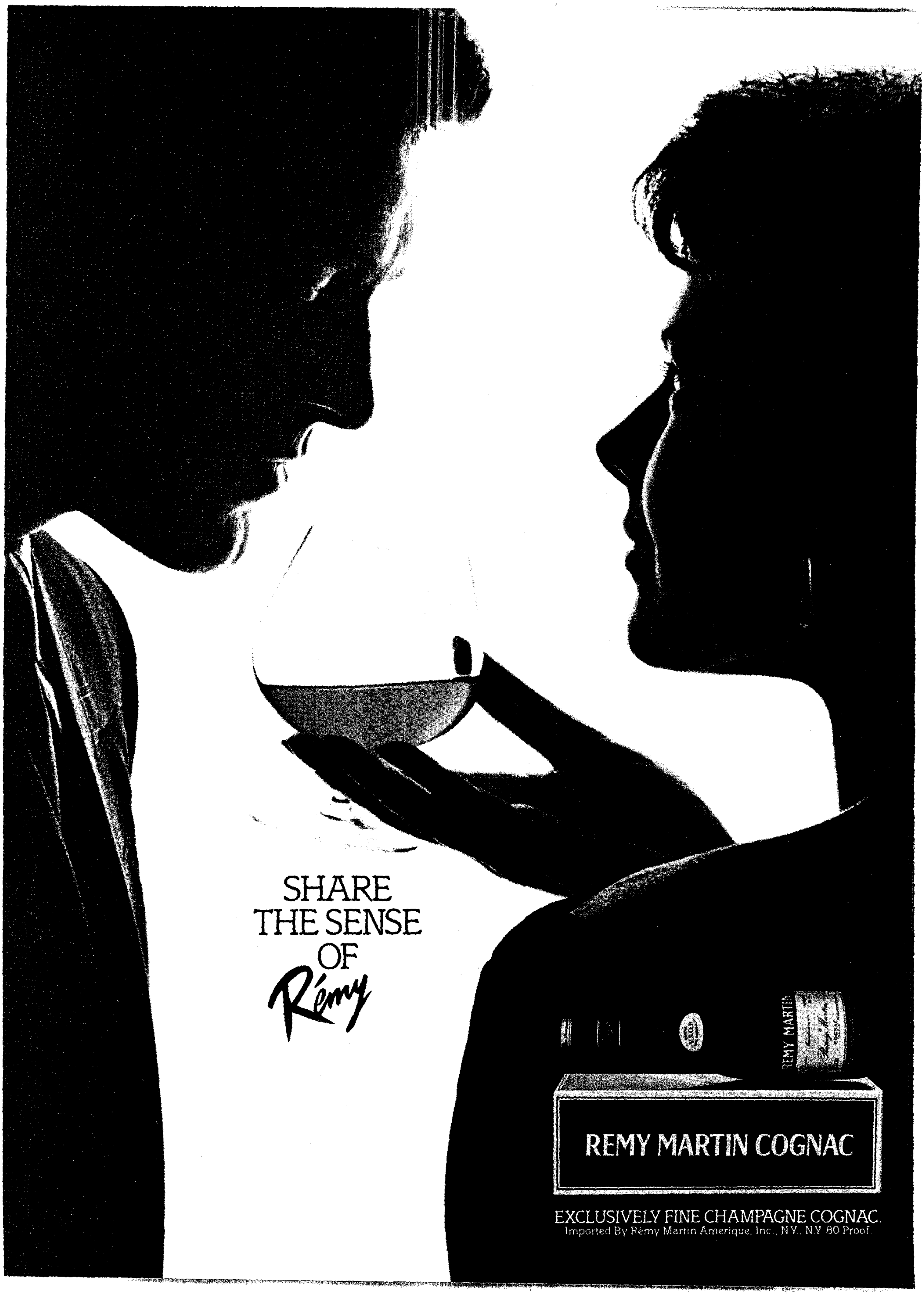
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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A WOMAN we know writes:

A few summers ago, I was trapped by circumstances into an extended period of waiting. I had become involved in moving an ancient house to some land I owned in the country, and had left my home in New York to oversee this folly. In preparation for the move, the roof had been taken off and the house proper cut in two, but the movers kept postponing the job, always at the last minute, and when they finally came they took the house only partway, leaving it in a field, in unprotected pieces, in a season of torrential rains. During this period, I stayed with my grandmother, and at night we would hear Walter Cronkite conclude the news with the number of days that the American hostages had been captive in the Embassy in Iran. This public state of paralysis formed an outer ring around my waiting for the house, while an inner ring was my grandmother's mood—her distance, her turned-away air. Looking into her eyes was like looking into an aquarium. Though her life was usually full of people, that summer a current of oblivion seemed to encircle her house. I, too, felt forgotten. All these rings of waiting were marked by futility, helplessness, and the depleting tempo of near-stasis, but at the center there was another kind of waiting. I was in an advanced state of pregnancy, and, because of the situation in which I was trapped, waiting for the baby was, in a way, all I was doing. Unable to escape the outer rings, I retreated into this center, and attended to waiting for the baby more closely than I might otherwise have done.

For relief from my great weight, I swam every day. Each day, the water had a different character, often an unexpected one: on a muggy day it might be clear and cold, on a crystal one murky and turbulent. This slightly contrapuntal marking of days became for me a silent pulse, which gave my waiting for birth its basic measure. Around this basic tempo other tempi arranged themselves: tiny ones, such as the tempo of the small waves nibbling the beach; longer ones, such as the turning of the sky from the azure of June to a milky blue as the trees became heavy and hazy and the wildflowers hung their heads down. After a while, I wasn't listening for measures of my own waiting so much as listening to time. One evening, in a jungly place near the beach I heard a woodpecker rapping a tree: rat-a-tat-tat. That was the present, and gone forever as soon as it was done. Then, while I swam, the sound of a hammer travelled over the water from a place where a new house was being built by the shore. It rang out sharp and lively with a quick little echo, and this seemed to me so pure and joyful as to be a classical announcement of the presence of people on earth.

Swimming at midday, I often heard the guttural, uneasy tempo of bulldozers slaughtering land in the same area from which the sound of the hammer had come. This tempo belonged with the alarmed shriek of the chain saw, the huffing and puffing and straining of gears of a Mack truck on a narrow road. Against these stood the old-time sounds of the Angelus ringing in a church across the fields, a train whistle, a faraway barking dog. And though these two sets of rhythms clashed in an immediate sense, when I listened to them in an accepting way I picked up the long tempo of changingness in a place that has been country and is slowly becoming a kind of city. I listened for the tempo of my own life within this long tempo of changingness, then for the tempi of my parents', my grandparents', my great-grandparents' lives, each tempo unfolding like a separate gesture within the historical tempo of this place where all of us had lived. I tried to listen for tempi of history in a broader sense, and fit lives into them, and this was much harder to do. This was a rough-and-tumble kind of listening, with no satisfaction in it, no smooth resolutions. But in a way I liked it best, because it was more than aesthetic, it was a kind of wrestling hard work that brought me directly into the world and time. It seemed to be the purpose for which listening to the other tempi was a preparation and a background.

I learned from listening in this way that tempo leads from the past into the future: it pierces the future just a little bit, not by revealing what the future holds but by exposing one nakedly to its unguessableness. From trying to listen to historical tempi, I learned that this leading cultivates not hope, exactly, but a kind of respectful yielding to the future. I learned that the leading by tempo is not suspenseful; even in the case of historical tempi, it cultivates patience and acceptance. The acceptance has nothing to do with faith or Providence; it is merely a recognition of not knowing—a recognition that is paradoxically illuminating and awakening. From listening to natural and historical rhythms, I was led to the tempi of evolution, geology, and the galaxies, and realized how different everything must have been when, only a short while ago, people thought that the world was six thousand years old. The score of nature within which we listen to our history is enormous and complex in a way completely beyond the imagination of our ancestors. Of the factual unguessableness of the future I thought that it has found its most receptive audience in the unbelieving modern mind. With us, you could say, time has been freed. I also learned that many of the tempi of daily modern life—machine tempi, relentlessly consistent, neither coming nor going—obliterate the future with a statement of utter predictability and induce a kind of temporal stupidity. Where a leading tempo lifts one out of the confining aspect of circumstances, an unleading one kills what is lively in the moment, and makes the present a prison. I learned that waiting is a tempo in itself—one that induces a reticent alertness to other tempi. I learned that listening in this way is a kind of thought.

The house was moved onto its new foundation while I was in the hospital, and shortly thereafter my grandmother sailed into the city with the merry grandeur of a clipper ship to see the baby. A few months after that, the hostages came home, and the awful, queer sense of paralysis that had gripped the nation lifted. The breeze of time began to blow again, and I felt, in a sense, resurrected. Now, four years later, on a warm fall day, I sit in my office in midtown Manhattan. Through the open window I hear the hum of innumerable air-conditioners, blind, unleading. Behind this I hear honking horns, an audible sign of the tempo of haste in which we live. This hastiness has nothing to do with punctuality or a busy life. It's a tempo of being that *cannot* wait. It's a ridding tempo, which instead of leading into the future seeks to get things over with and out of the way. Haste is a tempo of being which crowds out all other tempi. It's an anti-listening tempo, a tempo opposed to thought. Sitting here, I find that the very idea of waiting in the listening mode of four years ago seems perverse. Here the word "wait" can mean only wasted time. But "wait" is related through Old English to the word "wake." The root of "haste" is the Anglo-Saxon word for violence. Our haste does violence to our wakefulness.

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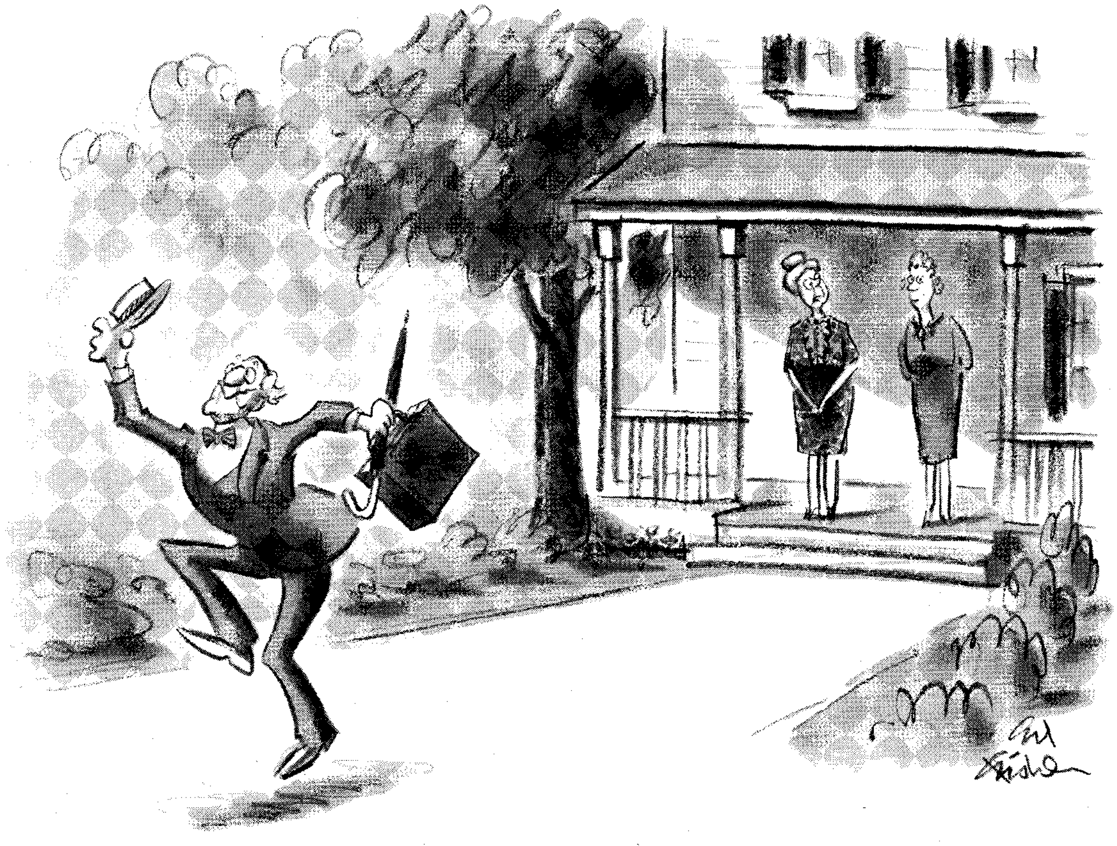
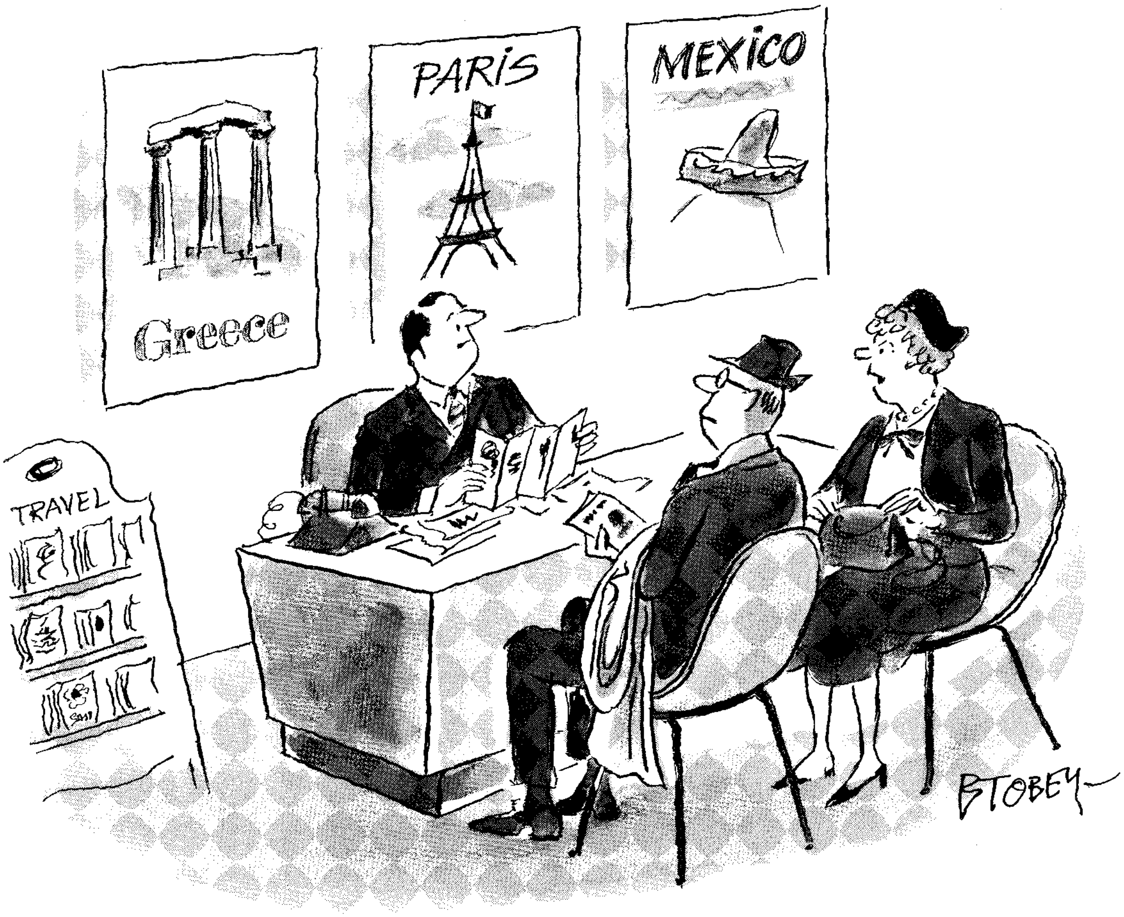
The Grand Harp Event

THEY walked out on John Cage up at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine last Saturday. The occasion was The Grand Harp Event, for which Wendy Chambers recruited thirty harpists to play music that she, John Cage, and Charlie Morrow had composed for thirty harps. When we went in, it was hard to figure out where to sit, because the harps were facing in several directions and so were the seats. The cathedral was filling up fast, so we simply sat as close to the front as we could, and when three conductors came out we got the picture. The harps were arranged in three groups of ten, each group facing its own conductor. Conductors and harpists wore gold kimonos, and the conductors, standing at the three points of a triangle, with Wendy Chambers, who was one of them, in the cathedral pulpit, looked like toy emperors waving their arms about. In the first piece, Wendy Chambers' "Pluck," the thirty harps filled the cathedral with a sound something like that of an organ. "Pluck" had in it buzzes and soundboard thumpings and pedal wheezings that old-fashioned ears are wary of, but no one walked out. It was the John Cage piece that drew the protests.

Before the Cage piece, "A Postcard from Heaven," an announcer warned the audience that it started off very quietly and finished very quietly. At the beginning, all we could hear was a sort of frequency, generated, we had been told, by something called an E-bow—an electromagnetic bow that makes a metallic harp string vibrate without touching it. The sound of the harps gradually rose in volume until at one point it resembled a distant howling of wolves. John Cage's heaven is far away and somewhat eerie, and the postcard from that region was appropriately ethereal. People were leaving in droves. Toward the end, the sound faded, and a woman in back of us whispered to her husband, "I can't hear anything. This is ridiculous." The young man in front of us could evidently hear fine, and he glanced over his shoulder at the woman to silence her. It *was* hard to tell when the piece was over. For the Cage piece the harps had been rearranged in an arc at the front of the cathedral, and it was only when the last harp was lowered out of playing position that we could tell that the music was over, though there had been silence for some time. Half the audi-



"Every four years at just about this time, he ups and hits the old campaign trail."



"We would like a no-disco, no-social-director, no-casino cruise."

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ence was gone by then, but some of the people who remained shouted "Bravo!"

For the last piece, Charlie Morrow's "Wave #7," the harps were rearranged again—carried down the aisles and set up in the side arches and along the back. We saw pass, carried by pairs of people or wheeled on small dollies, gold harps, natural-wood harps, polished-wood harps, a harp with an ornate Art Deco column. There were plenty of seats to choose from now, and we sat in the back near an arch where a woman harpist had set up. The harpists wore earphones to get their cues for "Wave #7," because they were too far apart to follow a conductor. Charlie Morrow explained that his piece was written to celebrate the fall equinox, which took place that afternoon, and that it had to do with balance. He also said that it had silence in the middle and that perhaps it would help "heal the rage which makes right-wing governments possible." The music came around in waves, starting up at the left-front corner of the cathedral, running from harp to harp down along the arches, across the back, and up the right. There was a moment of silence in the middle of the piece—the equinox, the moment of perfect balance.

"Those people who left missed such a pretty piece," someone said on the way out. We bought a T-shirt in the cathedral shop—black, with an elongated harp in gold on the front, and the words "The Grand Harp Event."

Tires

UP at the Whitney the other afternoon, people were chucking tires. Bridgestone, Firestone, Goodyear, Goodrich, Michelin were reaching toward the sky, a gigantic pile of fairly bald rubber in the museum's sculpture garden. From street level, twenty feet above the sunken courtyard, eighth graders from an art class at St. Bernard's School were tossing more tires off a truck and down onto the pile, which shook like a stack of white-walled licorice jello with each new *thunk*. Allan Kaprow, the artist, supervised, and when thirteen hundred tires had arrived he spread them out across the courtyard in a single layer and stacked some into towers. He had done this once before—twenty-three years ago, at a show at a New York gallery which had such impact that the Whitney was re-creating it, in the interest of history. "When I am done, it will look like those formal gardens, with the trimmed hedges and all, except made out of tires," Mr. Kaprow, who now teaches art at the University of California at San Diego, told us. "It's sort of modelled on a Zen temple in Kyoto, where there are fifteen black rocks in a field of carefully raked sand."

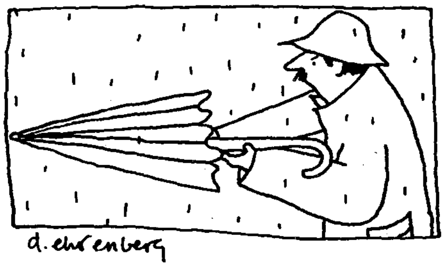
Kaprow's involvement with used tires began when, as a child, he often visited a pile of them and jumped on it. When he became an artist, used tires were a natural medium, because, being a drug on the market, they were cheap. "Old tires are like toxic waste, except not so virulent," he said. The 1961 New York show turned out to be a big deal. "Twenty-three years ago, people were hostile to this sort of thing—they were afraid to move out *into* art. People were not used to seeing things outside their normal context. I have photographs from that show, and everyone has this incredibly tentative look on his face. Another thing I realized, looking at those pictures, was that back in the sixties we all wore *suits* on the street. People would show up for a 'happening' wearing a jacket and tie. They'd walk out on my tires carrying a briefcase." Later, Kaprow built a fifty-metre-high tower of tires outside a German shopping mall, but some vandals poured gasoline on it and set it ablaze.

The St. Bernard's boys, grimy from the tires, asked Kaprow to autograph their shirts, and he did, and then they went back to school. Kaprow told us that in recent years he has avoided public art in favor of private experience "framed only by the gossip of the art world." One of the most complicated projects of this sort involved both Kaprow and the woman he has lived with for seven years. They planned to drive into the California desert and walk a quarter mile in opposite directions away from the highway. Then, a half mile apart but connected by walkie-talkie, they would both walk due south, unrolling behind them identical five-mile-long strings, in “a sort of Hansel-and-Gretel gesture.” Every time one came to an obstacle, he or she would radio the other with news of how he or she was avoiding it—“west twenty paces at forty-five degrees,” say—and the other would try to duplicate the maneuver so that when the string ran out they would have two parallel lines. “I saw this as a bizarre joke,” Kaprow told us. “A joke infinitely plumbed by the realities of relationships, the impossibility of parallel lines, the impossibility of forcing relationships through formal devices such as eating dinner at the same time.” What actually happened was that the walkie-talkies didn’t work and the two of them spent the whole day wandering around, lost in the sun, looking for each other, and getting scared. “It turned out to be very revealing about pretenses in relationships,” Kaprow said.

Thanks

OUR cup foams up, right to the rim. We walk hand in hand with gratitude, and open doors for it: we are grateful for the principled, forceful opposition to the Stamp Act, and for the gradual retreat of the great sheets of ice which left our land with its distinctive geographical features, and for the accounting firm of Price Waterhouse, which each year tallies the ballots that decide both the Emmys and the Oscars—tallies them fairly, and doesn’t leak the results. And now that we’ve met her we’re grateful for Edna Fuerth Lemle, a member of both the Pan Pacific South East League for the Rights of Man and the International Real Estate Club on Global Conservation. She is also the founder of World Gratitude Day, which saw its twentieth celebration late last month at ceremonies in the lobby of a midtown office building that Mrs. Lemle owns. World Gratitude Day, recognized by proclamation in thirty-eight states and two countries, falls each year at the time of the autumnal equinox and serves as a sort of secular, global Thanksgiving. In fact, Mrs. Lemle got the idea at a reception she attended at the United Nations in 1963 a few days before Thanksgiving. She asked the Ambassador from Ceylon, now Sri Lanka, if his countrymen would join in Thanksgiving, and he said he did not think his people would adopt an American holiday. Mrs. Lemle proposed the new celebration, with a different date but the same feeling. “Straight away, I told Eleanor Roosevelt about it and asked her to start it,” Mrs. Lemle said. “Eleanor said, ‘Edna, you start it.’ I said, ‘I don’t know how to start a holiday.’ ” But start it she did, and it has survived, and that is something. Mrs. Lemle seems to belong to a slightly old-fashioned breed that has managed somehow to steer clear of cynicism—that citrus canker of human affairs. “When you’re bothered, just stop and think of something to be grateful for—what it is doesn’t matter so much as the emotion,” she says, and she is correct. Because she likes copper, she had the floor of an elevator in her building coated with pennies—they are glued wall to wall, and over the years they have been worn shiny smooth, except around the edges of the elevator, where you can still see Lincoln’s face. The first time we rode in that elevator, we didn’t look down long enough to see them. The second time, we noticed, and were pleased, and from there it is only one stop on the local to gratitude.

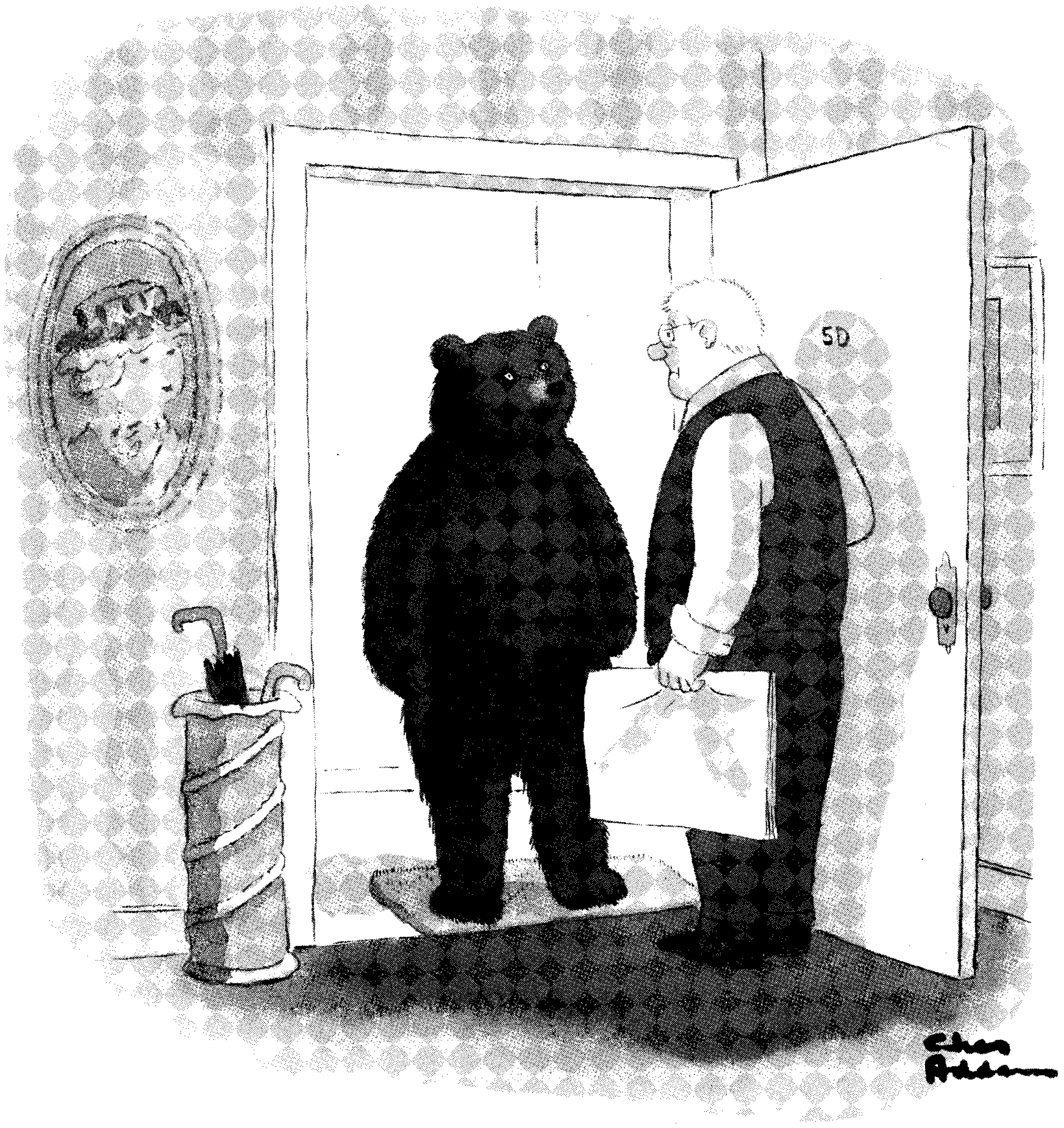
Who comes to World Gratitude Day? Some followers of Sri Chinmoy, who is a religious leader, and some friends of Edna Lemle, and Richard Roffman, who has been a radio figure for fifty years, who now also works in cable TV, and who said, “I go to one event a night. Last night, I went to something interesting. I can’t remember what it was. I remember it was a press event of some kind. I know what it was: it was a publishing party for a gal in from England to promote a book she had written about raw food—how it supplies you with energy. The day before, I interviewed forty-four people in two hours for my TV shows.” Mr. Roffman’s programs are “The Dick Roffman Show,” “Dick Roffman and Friends,” “Richard H. Roffman Presents,” “Roffman’s News Desk,” “Tales of Roffman,” and “Thisa and Thata with Richard Roffman,” which used to be called “Disa and Data with Richard Roffman,” until he got scared people would think he is illiterate. He is not. In 1934, a professor found him on the steps of Grant’s Tomb reading a book about Andrew Jackson and got him a job with the *Journal-American*, and there for many years he covered almost every banquet that convened at the Waldorf-Astoria and interviewed many of the literary and entertainment figures who stayed at the Algonquin Hotel. Like Mrs. Lemle, Roffman seemed a little sane and therefore slightly out of sync with the times. “I am grateful for the life I have lived,” he told us, “and I hope very much, though I don’t fully expect, that the world will make it through to the year 2000.”



Feeling Good (Continued)

LAST week, it was Buffet Butler that made us feel Prouder, Straighter, Better about who and what we are. This week, it’s the manufacturers of Prince tennis racquets who are giving us a vision of Leadership You Can Trust. Prince has been owned since 1982 by the conglomerate Chesebrough-Pond’s, Inc. (Ragú, Pond’s, Vaseline, Cutex, Q-tips, Intensive Care, Health-tex, Bass Weejuns, Prince Matchabelli, and Rave, among other brand names, with worldwide sales for 1983 of $1,685,417,000). We have attended a breakfast thrown by them at Tavern-on-the-Green, where they introduced us to several new smaller *and* bigger Prince racquet models coming out this fall and to a nifty collection of luxurious tennis wear for men coming out next year. We looked at and touched all the new stuff, which made us feel burdenless and full of grins. First, though, with several dozen other sleepy-eyed observers, we were guided by Chesebrough or Prince officials to a super-buffet, which offered freshly squeezed orange juice, scrambled eggs, bacon, sausages, French toast, croissants, honey buns, fresh exotic fruits, and the coffee-est kind of coffee, and which made us feel much better off than we felt at any buffet four years ago.

We sat at a table with solid economy-oriented reporters from other publications, including *New Body*, *Sport-Style*, *Sportswise*, *Fortune*, and *Diversion* (the last subtitled *For Physicians at Leisure*), and returned with them to the buffet for seconds and thirds of exquisite sausages and elegant croissants. No sweat, then, to sit through the



“You advertised a winter rental?”

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obligatory slide show, overlaid with jumpy rock music, that pushed Prince products at us with the classic repetition of marvellous slogans like “Professionally Playable” and “The Advantage Continues.” Some facts were slipped in: Prince started out, in 1970, making practice-ball machines. Five years later, the ski manufacturer Howard Head came to Prince with his new invention—the first oversized racquet, which “revolutionized the geometry of the head.” Its incarnation, the Prince Series 110 (meaning square inches), includes the Prince Pro, which is the top-selling premium racquet in the world today, sold in fifty-four countries. While other companies were selling fewer racquets, and their manufacturers were full of gloom and doom, Prince cheerfully boasts, its retail sales were over eighty million dollars last year. Prince. The Industry Leader. Prince. The Advantage Continues. Superior selling. Snappier than “President Reagan. Bringing America Back.” Hard facts about the economy: Tennis-racquet retail sales annually amount to two hundred and thirty-eight million dollars, so Prince is copping about one-third of the pie. The new Prince series, the 90, has a “sweet spot” (definition: the most efficient hitting area) that Prince says is thirty-eight per cent larger than the sweet spot of the leading midsize racquet. And Prince says that the Series 125 has the largest sweet spot ever. Older folks (thirty-five and over, like John Newcombe and Fred Stolle) state that this racquet “can make a great volley game even better.”

Brief, jovially delivered remarks by John Sullivan, the president of Prince, were next in order. Bios were passed out informing us that Mr. Sullivan had moved along from Squibb–Beech Nut to E. & J. Gallo and on to Loews-Lorillard and then to Lego on his way up to Prince. Mr. Sullivan praised “the Prince Management Team,” gave the assemblage a magnificent smile, and introduced a Prince vice-president (of marketing), who said, “We’re just country boys trying to get by.” The line won hearty laughter at our table. Way up there as a laugh-getter with George Bush jokes. The laughs dissolved under a peppy fashion show featuring three young men and two young women, all smiling deliriously—members of the Gus Giordano Dancers, the famous Chicago-based jazz-dance group. As the dancers modelled the new Prince clothes with choreographed dancing, a crisply efficient young woman, also imported from Chicago, did the voice-over, interspersed with appropriately loud music, including Deodato playing music from “2001” (over classic shirt and shorts) and “Reach Out” on the Official Olympic album (over polypropylene-lined warmup suit). The clothes said taste and affluence, and the commentator’s voice told us about “highest-grade pima cotton,” “the finest tailoring,” “total freedom of movement,” “the utmost in playability and comfort,” and, of course, “winning big.” The windup of the show brought a very brassy rendition of “Anchors Aweigh,” with the young women wearing non-Prince sailor suits and non-Prince sailor hats and, together with the Prince-clad young men, giving us a lot of excellent salutes. Highly effective touch. Highly effective selling. “Anchors Aweigh” was *really* Bringing America Back. This was *Leadership That’s Working.*

SEPARATE PLANES

IN the Mexico City airport, in the upstairs bar adjacent to the waiting room for planes to various Mexican cities—Oaxaca, Ixtapa, Mérida—three highly conspicuous Americans are having a drink together, attracting considerable attention from other, mostly Mexican travellers. They are a young man and a somewhat older married couple; in some indefinable way the couple look long married, which they are. The young man, who is actually in early middle age, still appreciably younger than the other two—this man is the most conventionally dressed of the three: khaki pants, navy blazer, white shirt. Sheer physical beauty is what draws so many looks to him, especially in Mexico, among dark people: his sleek flat blond hair shines, even in this ill-lit room; his narrow eyes are intensely blue, his teeth of a dazzling whiteness. He is a tennis instructor at a small college in Southern California, and he is going from Oaxaca, where all three of these people just have been, on to Ixtapa, where there is to be a tournament at the Club Med. His name is Hugh Cornelisen.

Of the older two, who are headed for Mérida, the man is the more flamboyant, as to costume. Tall, excessively thin, with thinning, grayish hair and a reddish face, he is wearing a pink linen suit, an ascot of darker pink silk. His gestures are slightly overanimated. Behind heavy horn-rimmed glasses his dark eyes blink a lot. His face is deeply furrowed; deep lines run down his cheeks and across his forehead—perhaps from a lifetime of serious thought, deep contemplation, and possibly more than his share of conflicts, sharp torments of the heart. He is Allen Rodgers, a lawyer, from New Haven.

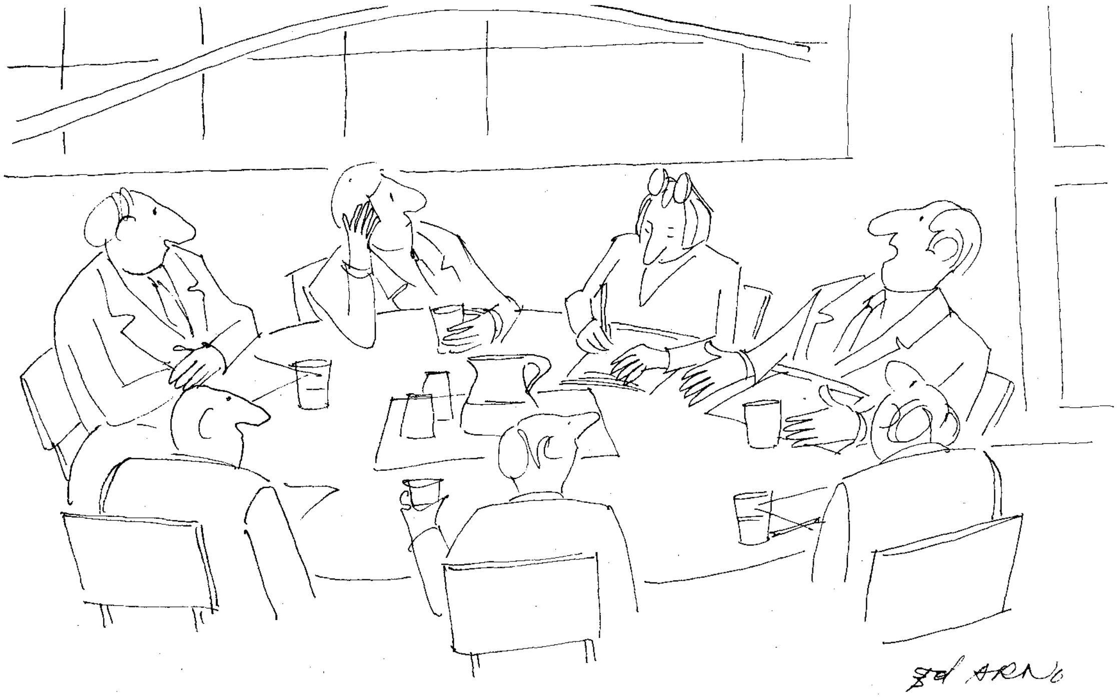
His wife, Alexandra, is a woman of considerable size—a wonderful size, actually; her height and her general massiveness convey strength and power. She is unaware, though, of the impression she makes—she wishes she were smaller. She has great dark, golden eyes, and black, gray-streaked hair pulled into a knot. A long time ago, in the forties, she was studying Greek literature at Yale; she and Allen met at various New Haven parties—an older (ten years) man, a tall, uneasy girl. And actually she looks better now than she did as a very young woman; then she was awkward with her size, shy, and overeager in her mania for knowledge, her greed for love. Now, especially in her brown, loosely woven dress, with her big purple beads, big gold earrings, Alexandra looks majestic—but at this moment she is thinking that she would give everything she has if she could be young again, even for just a couple of days; then, just possibly, she would be going off to Ixtapa with Hugh, instead of to Mérida with Allen. At this moment she does not see how she can bear the rest of her life with Hugh's face absent from it.

On second thought, though, she does not really wish that she could go to Ixtapa with Hugh—complications, embarrassments. She would only like him to kiss her, preferably in the dark, where she is invisible.

ALEXANDRA's quest for love did not end after her marriage to Allen, although she had hoped (they both hoped) that she would change. At first there were just a few excited flurries, kitchen kisses, some passionate gropings in cars, after summer parties in Vermont, where they and many of their friends had lakeside cottages. Then there was a serious, real affair with a younger colleague of Allen's, cautiously, rather guardedly begun as a summer romance but continued with frenzied meetings in New York hotels, in motels along the turnpike. This left everyone involved raw and shaken (Alexandra had been forced or felt herself forced to tell Allen almost all about it). After that she "drifted into," as she put it to herself, a couple of not very serious dalliances; she found the very contrast between these connections and the high seriousness of her first affair depressing, and she resolved not to do that again. But then she did. All of which was at least suspected by Allen, if unclearly.

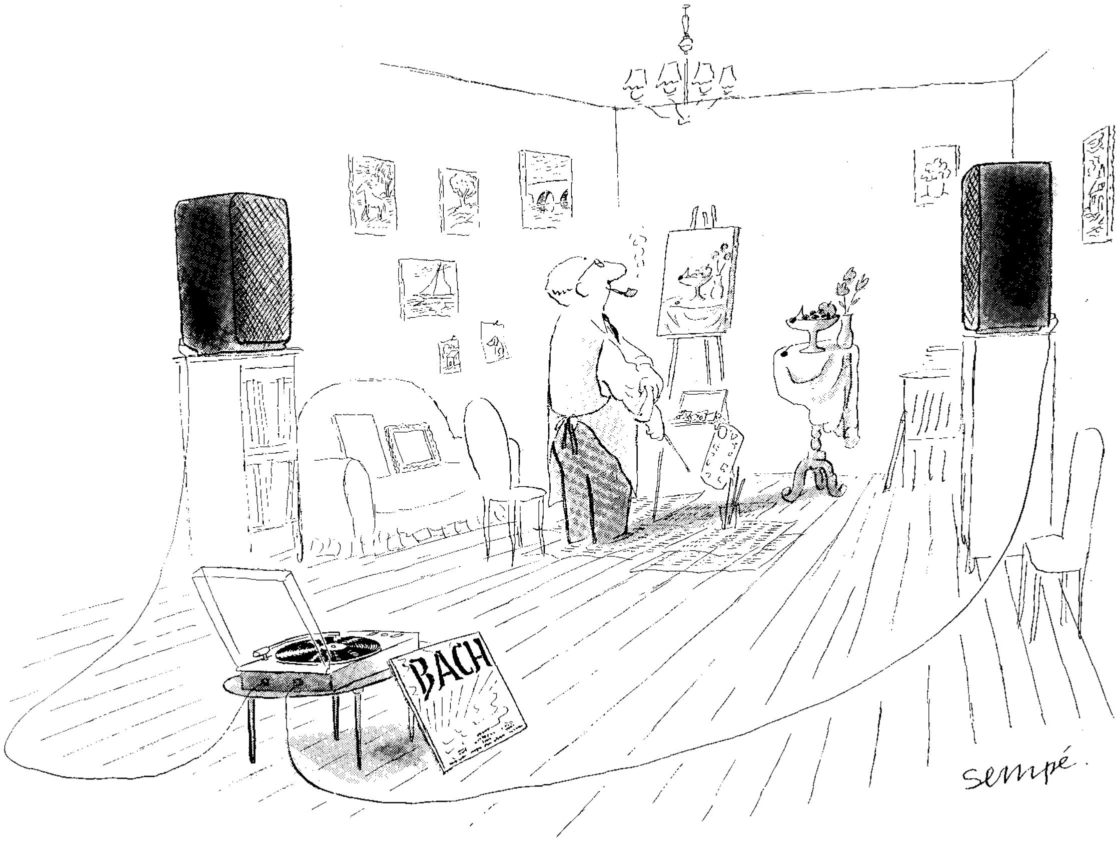
Her Greek studies have more or less lapsed, although she still tries an occasional translation; some of her translated poems have been published in literary journals.

In what Allen describes as his own "declining years" he has experienced a series of critically painful "crushes" on young women, usually students, always beautiful. Analysis of these feelings has been a



"The question before the board is this: Do we believe Milton Friedman, Alan Greenspan, or Jimmy the Greek?"

source of further pain, a scalpel applied to a wound, but he has achieved a certain understanding of his feelings: he has come to understand that all he wants of these young women is sometimes to *see* them, but "want" is an imprecise word for his wild craving, his need.



The most recent object of this "surely most unwanted affection," as Allen might say, were he able to talk about it—the most recent "crush" has been on a tall, pale red-haired girl, Mona, from Colorado. Mona, with milk-white, unfreckled skin, wide light-blue eyes, and endless legs, which she carelessly, restlessly crossed and recrossed, all summer long, in her white tennis shorts. Mona was in New Haven visiting the daughter of friends, making everything worse, more "social." A feminist, she planned to go to law school, and she liked to talk to Allen about law. "I think she has a sort of crush on you," Alexandra imperceptively remarked, at the start of summer. "Well, feminists get crushes too," he limply countered.

Later, seeming to catch some hint of his actual feelings, Alexandra stopped mentioning Mona altogether.

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ALEXANDRA and Allen met Hugh because they were all staying in the same hotel in Oaxaca—a beautiful converted convent, with open courtyards full of flowers, lovely long cloisters, and everywhere birds. Arriving there on an early-morning plane from Mexico City, registering at the desk, as they were led toward their room, Alexandra and Allen exchanged smiles of pure pleasure at the beauty of it all, the sweet freshness of the air, such a contrast to Mexico City or New Haven. They liked their room, which was white-plastered, very clean, with a low slant ceiling, a window looking out to an ancient well, of soft gray stone. As they stood there just within the doorway, taking everything in, a young blond American in khaki walking shorts passed by; he looked in, smiled quickly in their direction.

After a little unpacking Alexandra and Allen walked up to the neighboring church, whose annex was a museum of costumes and artifacts, and there was the blond young man again, before a display of ferocious armaments, feathered headdresses. Seeing them, he gave another smile; they all smiled, acknowledging the coincidence.

At lunch, in the sunny, vine-hung courtyard, a haven for butterflies and hummingbirds, there he was again, but at a table some distance from theirs. More smiles.

And late in the afternoon, after more walking about, a little shopping, sightseeing, the blond young man was just across the pool, sunning himself, as he glanced through a magazine. He waved in their direction; they returned the gesture.

"Odd that he's alone," Alexandra murmured. "He's really quite *beau*."

"Oh, he's probably saving himself for something. He looks athletic."

"I wonder what."

Allen speculated. "Well, something graceful. Something not, as the kids say, gross. Golf? Maybe tennis?"

That night, after a fairly long siesta—though they were both troubled sleepers, often restless—Alexandra and Allen came into the bar rather late to find almost all the tables occupied, and there *he* was, standing up at the sight of them, saying, "Well, we seem to be on the same schedule, don't we? Won't you folks join me for a drink?"

Close up, even in that darkish bar, Hugh turned out to be somewhat less young than they at first had thought; still, he was considerably younger than they were, and his general air was boyish—to Alexandra, privately, he remained "the young blond." As they exchanged names and certain identifying facts—home bases, previous trips to Mexico, next destinations—professions were brought out last, and Hugh seemed impressed by theirs: a lawyer and a scholar, of Greek! He was very pleased at Allen's guess as to tennis for himself.

"Allen's terrifically intuitive," explained Alexandra.

"Oh, I believe you!" A flash of teeth.

"Mostly I'm very observant." Dry Allen.

They passed a pleasant, noncommit-

"Armbruster is famous for his laugh."

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tal evening together, going off early to their separate rooms.

And, the next morning, there was Hugh, arriving for breakfast at the exact moment of their arrival.

Unlike either Allen or Alexandra, Hugh was an intensely physical person, a man much at home in his body, exuding animal energy. He even looked at things in a total, physical way, as animals do, all his muscles at attention, along with his depthless, clear blue eyes. On their one planned excursion together, in a rented car, out to the ruins at Monte Albán, the ancient pyramids, instead of looking at the stones Alexandra mostly watched Hugh, as he paced and bent and stopped to look, turned and bent down again. (And Allen watched Alexandra, watching.)

And their odd synchroneity continued. Even when Allen and Alexandra slept somewhat late and were late coming in to breakfast, there would be Hugh, saying ruefully that he had overslept. They laughed about it, this coincidence of inner timing, but even as they did so Alexandra felt a tiny chill of fear: suppose they should come into a room, as they surely would, sooner or later, and not find Hugh? Coming into the bar and finding him there at night, smiling and standing up at the sight of them, saying, "This is my first Margarita, honest"—coming on Hugh in that way became for Alexandra like finding a sudden brilliant light, in anticipated darkness.

NOW they are drinking what are probably their last Margaritas, in this huge, dingy, crowded area, among their own and other people's piles of luggage, these somewhat unlikely, not quite friends (although not unlikely to the mostly shabby Mexicans who are with them in the waiting room, who stare and find it perfectly reasonable that these three Hollywood-looking Americans should be together).

In a summing-up way Hugh says, "Well, it certainly was lucky for me, running into you folks down there."

"Oh, lucky for us!" Allen responds very quickly, with a lively smile.

"Oh, lucky!" Alexandra echoes, her own smile a little uncertain.

Hugh's face is bright as, having covered that topic, he moves on to more urgent matters. "I guess planes are always late getting out of here?" he questions. "No counting on schedules?"

Allen answers, "Probably not. Schedules are, uh, almost irrelevant."

Hugh's plane for Ixtapa was originally scheduled to leave an hour after that of Allen and Alexandra for Mérida; however, both schedules have continuously changed, so that now the question of who leaves when is quite "up in the air," as Allen has put it, to a dutiful smile from Alexandra, a brief but appreciative chuckle from Hugh.

Now, though, as they regard the shifting numbers on the elevated blackboard, it appears that Hugh will leave first. (Alexandra has all along known that this would be the case.)

And, finally, his plane is announced. Boarding time.

In a suddenly awkward cluster the three of them stand up, not quite facing each other.

Allen, as he always uncontrollably does when ill at ease, begins to talk. "Well, I hope your tournament—this short flight—not too late," he says, almost unheard in the general mounting confusion of people moving toward a just forming, straggling line, Spanish voices raised in prolonged farewells, bodies momentarily clutched in parting embraces.

Hugh grasps Allen's hand, and presses it for an instant. What he indistinctly says is "*Swell.*"

Turning to Alexandra, so large and helpless, Hugh seems to see or simply to feel some nuance that moves him, somehow. Quickly bending toward her, he kisses her lightly on each cheek (a most un-Hugh-like gesture, Allen thinks) as he says, "Like the French! Well, Alexandra, so long!" and he turns and walks quickly, jauntily, into the crowd, toward the now moving line, in the huge and dingy, barely illuminated room.

Leaving them there.

—ALICE ADAMS

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The faculty members said they were concerned that negativity dominates discussions on FJC, while the college's accomplishments have been ignored.

"On the campus level, we feel stifled and almost frozen from the news that started in December," said Maryanna McDonald, a counselor at the Kent Campus. "It's very hard to progress forward."—*Jacksonville (Fla.) Florida Times-Union.*

Just put one foot behind the other.

THE IMAGE

THE women came to talking about divorces, broken marriage agreements, and rejected brides-to-be, and my Aunt Yentl said, "One is not allowed to shame a Jewish daughter. There is a saying, 'It is better to cut parchment than to tear paper.' You probably know what this means. Marriage agreements are written on paper, but divorces are written on parchment. It's less a sin to divorce than to break a marriage agreement."

My mother was present, and she said, "Forgive me, Yentl, but divorce, too, is written on paper, not parchment. It's a strong kind of paper and it's written on with a goose quill and an ink called *galish*."

"This I hear for the first time," Aunt Yentl said.

"I know. In our courtroom many divorce papers have been written," my mother said.

"If you say so, it must be so, Bathsheba."

There was a neighbor woman present, Chaya Riva, and she asked, "Why is it less a sin to divorce than to break a marriage agreement?"

"Really, I don't know," Aunt Yentl said. "You tell her, Bathsheba."

My mother pondered for a while and then said, "When a couple decide to divorce they know one another—they've had many quarrels, learned about each other's faults—and it may very well be they've both made up their minds that they can't live together. But an engaged couple don't know one another. The party who wants to break the engagement does so because of money or because of gossip about the other, and this is why the one who wants to break the agreement must pay a fine of half the dowry."

"Yes, yes, yes, where there's Torah there's wisdom," Aunt Yentl said.

"Weren't you about to tell a story?" Chaya Riva asked.

Aunt Yentl rubbed her forehead, as if she had forgotten that she had a story in mind. "What? Yes. This happened in Krasnik. We lived there for a time. My grandfather was the court Jew of the local squire, and my parents were still boarding in his house. They were boarders so long that my mother managed to have five children there. I was the oldest, and I must have been about seven years when this event happened. Today children remain children for a long time—boys until thirteen, when they begin to put on phylacteries, and girls until twelve, when they are required to fast on Yom Kippur. In those times children ripened early. My mother, peace be with her, used to call me Old Spirit. I wanted to know everything. I listened when the adults spoke and I swallowed each word. We had a maid my age, and we could completely rely on her with soaking and salting meat, cooking, and even baking. She took care of my little brothers and sisters like a devoted mother and all she got for it was two guldens a half year. When she turned fourteen she married a shoemaker—a widower, a father of six motherless children—but this is a story in itself.

"At that time there was a small yeshiva in Krasnik—not more than a dozen students, mostly poor boys from other villages. As a rule, the head of a yeshiva is the rabbi, but our rabbi served as a judge in many litigations out of town and was often employed as an advocate for a rich businessman in Lublin. The head of the yeshiva was a Talmudic scholar, Reb Pinchos. He had one son, who was already married, and two daughters. He was exceedingly poor. Reb Pinchos's wife, Greena Chasha, used to bake pretzels, and the boys would buy them from her, a groschen apiece. She also went to wealthy houses to knead dough, and sometimes even to wash linen, because to support a husband, a scholar, is a good deed and in those days Jews were still eager for good deeds. The two girls were separated by seven years. Probably some other children had died in between. The older one, Zylka, was a beauty—dark and charming, like Queen Esther. She had large black eyes and chiselled features. If one has daughters, one wants to marry them off, but girls must be given a dowry, and where could a pauper like Reb Pinchos get money for a dowry? But a miracle happened. There came from Lublin a young man, a son of a rich house, named Yakir. Why should a rich young man from a big city like Lublin be willing to study in little Krasnik? There was talk that he had developed a passion for card games when he was very young. Cards can be a passion like any passion. It's the custom to allow children to play dreidel, and even cards, on Chanukkah. For most of the youngsters it's nothing but a diversion, but in some cases it becomes an addiction. This Yakir became so involved in cards that he began to gamble with squires and Russian officers, and they play for big money. I know of a case where a squire lost all his fortune in card games, and his wife to boot, but this is another story. Yakir caused his parents great embarrassment, and they sent him to Krasnik, where there were no

Cogitations

A DAY ON THE CONNECTICUT RIVER

The billionth-or-so dawn,
And still how primitive
The little factory looks, upstream,
Its brickwork that of "early man"

Launched and paddling through creation's
At-a-stroke-venerable inventory
Baked into clay banks, bedded onto stone,
The day meanwhile our own.

Tire after scuttled tire
Glides under the canoe,
Manholes of a twilit avenue.
Better admire

The tannin-tinted clarity
—An opal freckle? A bug's wing—
Dimpled, asway, working
Cures for singularity,

Each view, to its least defect,
Flawlessly duplicated, healed . . .
Or was that last cornfield
Greener in reflection than in fact?

Duck! Museum
Skylight lowers
Like a boom. Through bowers
Of the no-see-um

One broad-bowed solo
Chord subtending, now,
Brindled cow,
Barn and silo,

Carries the Ur-
Conceptualist further
Into mimesis:
Life ever truer

To life, begun
Afresh with a few like-minded species,
While the rest of *ours* whizzes
Down Route 91,

Whose traffic drone
(Or falls ahead?
Stay, reconnoitre
This white water—)

Yields to the eternal
Drumming of bees
In a noon tree's
Bleached bone.

Ah, but, our zenith passed, my friend,
Two galley slaves retracing a dead end
Of scum-glaze, lily pad, Atari dragonfly,
We're cuffed alert by headwind—empty sky,

Miles from a landing, every pulse a mean
Swipe of the palette knife, painstaking sheen
In jeopardy, the master's touch lost, sun
Cross-questioned, mutely reddening—damage done:

What good's "eternity" if it won't get
Us anywhere in time to build a fire
And pitch the tent and heat our stew before
Night falls, and share a final cigarette

Whereby new-smelted leads of the moonrise
Nonplus the prowling far-off headlight eyes,
And twin dreams fumble—ember and earth-chill,
Shadow and cave—for one another? Still

Once more in the event
All came to pass.
First light. Then, piece by piece,
Exact scales weigh the fortune lent

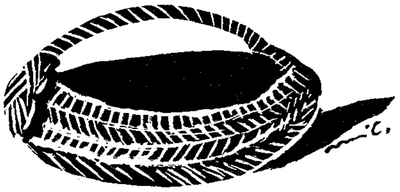
On such fair terms. From clay,
Cuneiform cliff swallows whistling dart—
Transaction noted here, in part—
Up and away.

—James Merrill

• •

Russian officers. Besides, Reb Pinchos had a reputation as a scholar and a saint. He not only taught Talmud but he preached morality sermons every day.

"Yakir did not come to Krasnik like some wandering orphan. He came into the village in a carriage, like a count. There was one hotel in Krasnik, where mostly Gentiles stayed, but Yakir engaged for himself the most spacious room. He brought with him many precious possessions—for example, a music box that played 'I Thank Thee,' a magnifying glass that could light a cigarette, and cufflinks made from gold coins—and fancy clothes. Everybody went to look at this guest from Lublin. I'm an old woman now but, God forgive me, I've never seen in my life such a good-looking man—slim, tall, dressed like a prince. I was still a child, but when the older girls saw him they were stunned. He was clever, too. He stood in the marketplace and made jokes with everybody—men, matrons, girls, even cheder boys. There was no lack of beggars in Krasnik and he dispensed alms right and left. The yeshiva students had heard about him and they came to meet him. He was not much of a scholar, but he quoted here and there from the Bible and the Gemara. They asked him why he happened to come to Krasnik and he said, 'I owe a general ten thousand rubles and he is threatening me with a revolver.' He laughed, as if he had told a joke.



"From the market Yakir went straight to the house of Reb Pinchos and there he saw Zylka. Such men do everything grandly. He looked at the girl and immediately fell in love—as they say, head over heels. She gave one look at him and it seemed the same thing happened to her. My dear

Don't say "BEER" Say "SCHLOSSEL"
BEER!!

people, it was an instant match. Zylka's mother, Greena Chasha, became so overwhelmed that she lost her tongue.

"Yakir asked not more and not less than that there should be a wedding right away, but Reb Pinchos would not allow this kind of nonsense. First, he began to examine the young man, and it turned out that he didn't know enough to become a yeshiva student. What he needed was a tutor. Reb Pinchos taught his pupils from large volumes with small letters. One had to be prepared for these scholarly lessons. He also told the young man that this world was not a place where everyone did as he pleased. There is a God in Heaven and he gave us the Torah.

"When Yakir demanded an engagement date, Reb Pinchos said, 'You don't do such things without a matchmaker and without the knowledge of your parents.' He told the fellow in strict language never to visit his house unless he was invited. Greena Chasha was frightened that everything would be spoiled between the young pair, but she knew quite well her husband was right. Zylka became white as chalk. A great fortune had fallen into her hands and her father had plucked it out. I was not there, but there were no secrets in Krasnik. People peered into keyholes and listened behind doors. If a woman burned her grits, they spoke about it in the butcher shop. Yakir became so enamored of the girl that he hired a tutor to prepare him for the yeshiva. He paid attention and he turned out to be a diligent pupil. Neither Reb Pinchos nor his wife would allow their daughter to speak more than a few words to the young man or take a walk with him, as young people do nowadays, but Reb Pinchos invited Yakir to eat in his house on the Sabbath and on holidays, and before long it became clear that his parents would come from Lublin and an engagement agreement would be signed.

"I remember Zylka from that time. It was summer and we children used to go to the forest to pick mushrooms and blueberries. We often saw her walking along on the way to the forest and sometimes in the woods. She strolled around as if she were in a dream. We had heard about love. When a tailor and a seamstress got married without a matchmaker people said, 'Love was the matchmaker.' Among better people this kind of marriage was considered a disgrace.

"His parents soon arrived. They were not just rich—they acted like Jewish squires. They came in two carriages and took over the whole hotel. Reb Pinchos had a small house but still the engagement ceremony took place there, in the house of the bride-to-be, as was the custom. The dinner was served in the synagogue yard, and this was nothing less than a royal repast, paid for by Yakir's father."

AUNT YENTL began to cough and clear her throat. She went to the kitchen and came back with a glass of water. "Yes," she said, "the engagement party took place late in the summer, and the wedding was arranged for a Sabbath in Chanukkah. As a rule, they write into the engagement papers how much the bride will give as a dowry, but in this case the bridegroom was supposed to provide the dowry. All the time one could hear Zylka's mother murmuring, 'May no evil eye strike us, Father in Heaven. People are envious. They eat us with their eyes. Such luck, such good fortune—it should not be spoiled.' The day after the engagement Yakir's parents went home. One could see that this match was a blow for them. But what can parents do when a son is stubborn? He threatened to commit suicide if he didn't get his Zylka.

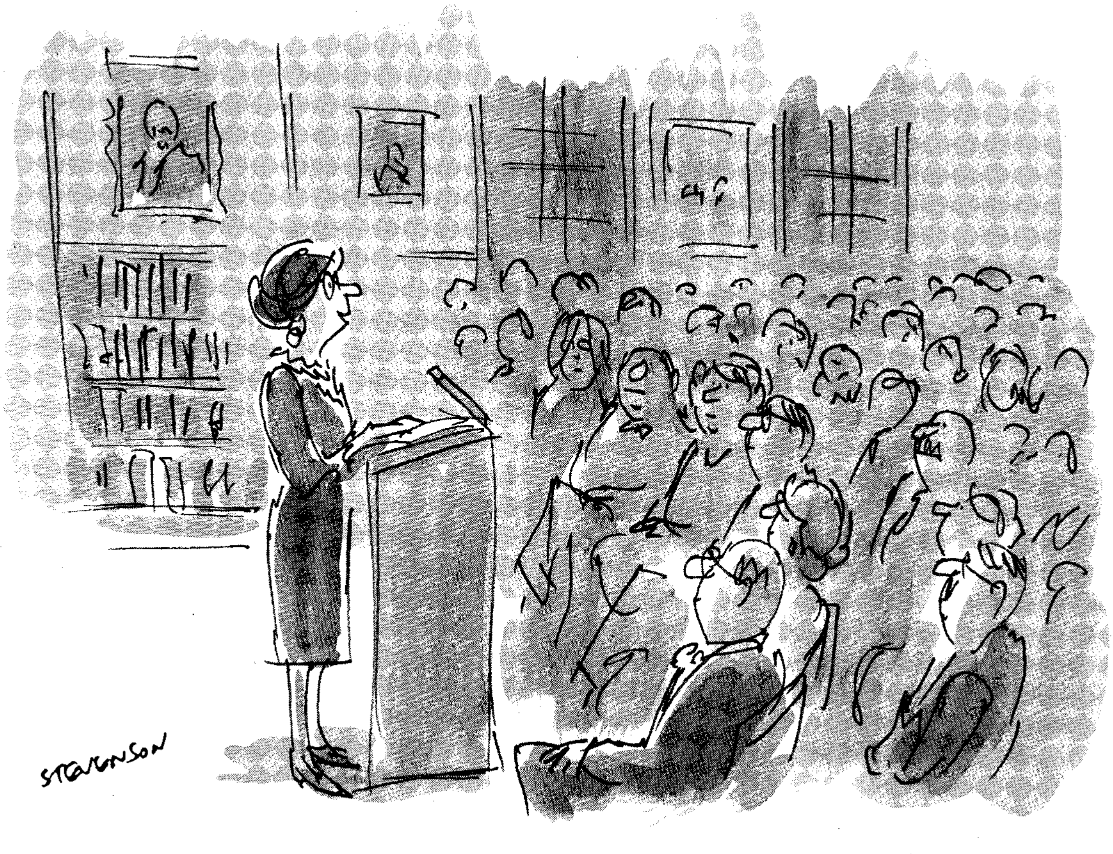
"After his parents left, Yakir returned to the yeshiva, but the other boys saw that his mind was not on learning. Yakir was allowed to see Zylka only on the Sabbath. He complained it was too long until Chanukkah. One day he let his future in-laws know that he had to go to Lublin for a week or two. My dear friends, it took him longer than a week, longer than a month, two months. He didn't even write a letter. Zylka used to go to the post office every day. They told her that if a letter came they would send it to her. Waiting for letters is a terrible ordeal. My mother once said that the wicked in Gehenna lie on their beds of nails and wait for mail.

"The summer passed, and the rain and snow began. Chanukkah was approaching, but not a word from Yakir. What Zylka went through you can't imagine. She was a solitary person by nature. She didn't have a single girlfriend. People said she read her father's books. Sometimes when the yeshiva boys came to Reb Pinchos's home and discussed the Talmud, Zylka listened. She was supposed to have taught herself Hebrew. She had signed the engagement papers with a scholarly flourish. Someone in Krasnik joked that when she married she would not know how to bake a kugel.

"One winter day—outside the snow was deep—a sleigh came to Krasnik and from it emerged a lady in a sable coat. The lady was none other than Yakir's mother. She went to the rabbi and told him that her son wanted to annul the match—he was asking for a written forgiveness paper from Zylka. His parents were ready to pay to Zylka the agreed-upon fine of half the dowry. Half the dowry in this case was a sum of thousands of rubles. The rabbi sent for Reb Pinchos and gave him the bad tidings. Reb Pinchos listened, and replied, 'We don't intend to drag an unwilling man to the wedding canopy. If he changed his mind, it is his privilege. A Jewish daughter should forgive when she is shamed, and we are not going to take any reward for forgiveness, God forbid.'

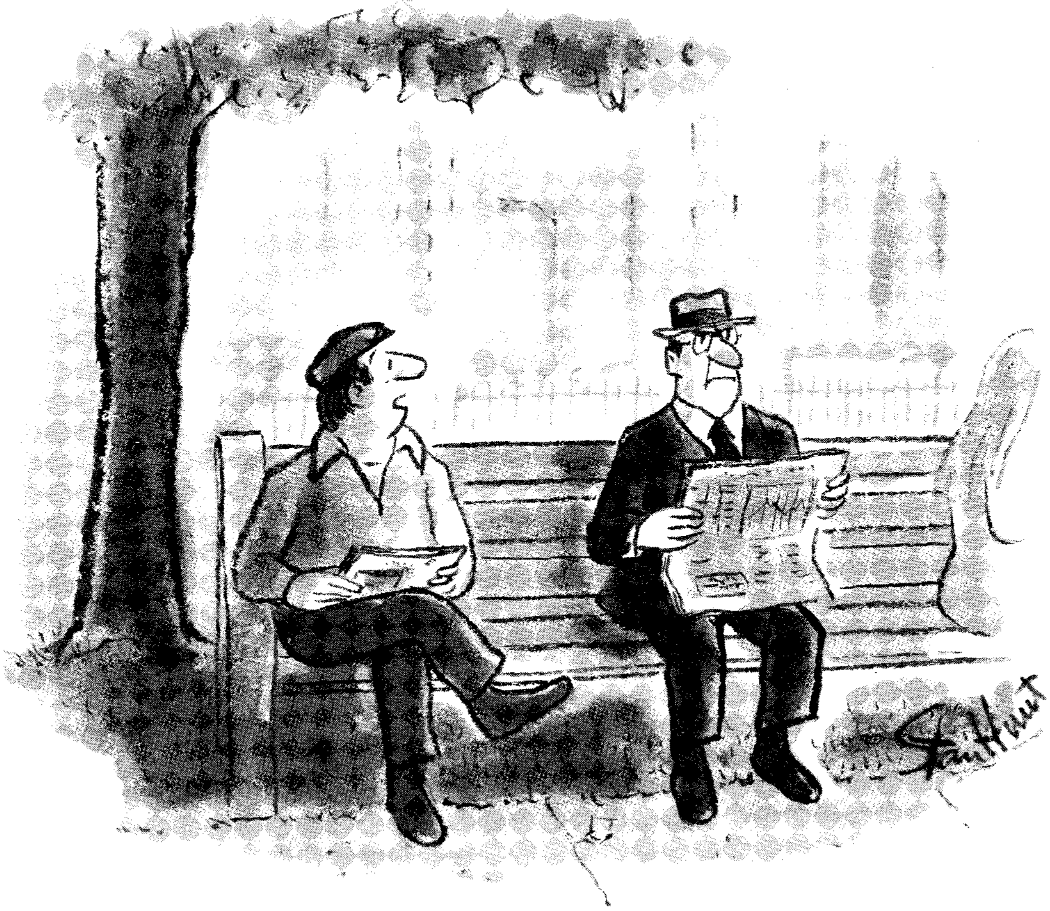
"The rabbi reminded Reb Pinchos that the fine had been written in black-and-white on the engagement papers, but Reb Pinchos said, 'There is no law that we must accept the fine. Since the young man is cancelling the match, this means it was not destined. Probably the Angel decided on someone else.'

"When Greena Chasha heard the dismal news she fainted away, but Zylka took the same position as her father: if Yakir didn't want her it was unfortunate, but she would accept no payment. Yakir's mother went to Reb Pinchos and there she stopped acting like a fancy lady, and wept and bemoaned the lot of her son. He was a charlatan and had humiliated the family. He had fallen in love with the daughter of a doctor, an unbeliever who shaved his beard and didn't go to the synagogue even on Yom Kippur. The wench ran around with Russian officers. Yakir's mother pleaded with Zylka to accept the fine. She could have a large dowry and be able to find the kind of husband she deserved. Yakir's mother foresaw that her son's new madness would ruin him and them. She asked again for written forgiveness and Zylka said, 'I will give it to him but with one condition—that you take back the ring you gave me for signing the engagement agreement.' The woman did not believe her own ears. 'I gave it to you,' she said, 'and I'm not going to take it back. This is a slap in my face.' Zylka said, 'I can't keep it.' She took the ring out of a pocket in her apron. It had a huge diamond, worth a fortune.



"Before I introduce tonight's author, I thought perhaps I'd read something of my own."

"To make it short, the woman was forced to take back her gift, and Zylka wrote the for-



"Tell me, sir, is there any such thing as just a plain Republican, or are they all staunch?"

giveness paper herself in Hebrew. Those who looked in through the keyhole maintained that the woman fell on her knees and begged Zylka not to return the ring, but to no avail. Zylka was supposed to have said, 'I cannot keep it. I cannot sleep at night if this ring remains in our house.' "

"A haughty princess," Chaya Riva said.

My mother remarked, "Some people are ready to disgrace themselves for a few pennies. They cheat, beg, swindle, they go bankrupt, they are always greedy to grab something for nothing. Others are so gentle they will refuse even what belongs to them. Well, she was the daughter of a scholar."

"If I were she, I would have taken everything—half the dowry and the ring. With such a treasure she could have got the best fiancé," Chaya Riva said.

"Yes, every person has her calculations," Aunt Yentl said. "She didn't want anyone else."

"What *did* she want?" Chaya Riva asked.

"Who knows? The lady from Lublin climbed into her sleigh and left—a little sleigh, with two large horses. The coachman covered her feet with the fur of a bear or some other animal. He cracked his whip and the sleigh shot off like an arrow from a bow. Krasnik had plenty to talk about. Chanukkah came and there were other weddings. Zylka's mother, Greena Chasha, had become ill. Her face was yellow. The neighbors said they heard her crying at night. It is not a small matter. First, a stroke of fortune, then such a misfortune. She kept insisting that enemies had given her the evil eye. As for Zylka, she did not thrust her sorrow on anyone. To whom could she talk? She walked a lot and always alone. In winter, in the deepest snows, one saw her walk into the forest or toward the road that led to the water mill. People said that she could not be in her right mind. She didn't want any company. When she was spoken to she didn't answer.

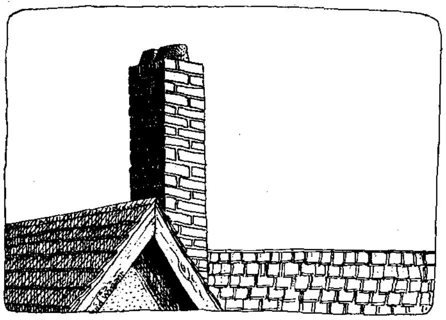
"Now, here's something. In her father's yeshiva there was a student whose name was Illish. He was supposed to have been a prodigy. He came from the town of Kielce. He was an orphan. Why he went to a yeshiva so far from his home I don't know. Since no one told him what to do, probably he had taken to the road on foot and on the way learned about the yeshiva in Krasnik. All he brought was his phylacteries. He immediately went to the yeshiva, and when Reb Pinchos examined him he saw that the boy had the brain of a genius. He took him into the yeshiva and arranged for six patrons to feed him—each for one day of the week. On the Sabbath he ate all his meals in Reb Pinchos's house, and I think on Saturday night the valedictory meal as well.

"He was a good-looking boy, blond, with long sidelocks and blue eyes. I remember him because he ate at our house every Tuesday. The other yeshiva students were not shy. If they didn't get enough to eat they asked for more. They transacted all sorts of business among themselves: 'I give you my Thursday, you give me your Wednesday.' They knew who prepared a fat soup—a soup with gold coins, as they called it—and who prepared a lean soup. They knew which matron was stingy and which was lavish. Some women liked to question them and find out about everyone's private affairs, but my mother disliked gossip. Tuesday was a holiday for her. She cooked a sumptuous meal for Illish, but he was a small eater. He nibbled—gave a whiff and a lick and he was finished. He always carried a book with him, and while he ate he looked at it. He never forgot to say 'thank you.' A quiet boy, and bashful. When a female spoke to him he dropped his eyes. We girls loved him as if he were a brother. The matchmakers tried to arrange a match for him. Why should I deny it? My oldest sister, Zyvia, liked him. But in those days a girl would rather burst than let fall an affectionate word to a man. I was the youngest and I, too, liked him in my childish way. My sisters fought about who should serve him the meat, who the soup, and who the dessert. Yes, my mother prepared dessert for him, even though it was a weekday. She would say, 'Who knows what he gets in other houses? Let him have one good meal in the week.'

"Suddenly we heard the strange news that Illish had gone to Getzl, the matchmaker, and had sent him to Reb Pinchos with the message that he wanted to marry Zylka. He did it all secretly, but there were no secrets in Krasnik. There was an uproar in town. Our rabbi had a daughter and also two sons, but the sons had no desire to study and there was talk that Illish might marry the rabbi's daughter, Feigele, and after the rabbi's demise inherit his position. Who could have expected a quiet person like Illish to send a matchmaker to Reb Pinchos and ask for his daughter's pledge? Zylka was older than Illish. Besides, when an engagement contract is cancelled the girl is considered damaged goods. However, since Illish had no parents to take care of such matters he had to decide for himself. I remember all this as if it happened yesterday. When the news arrived at our house all three girls cried. My mother said, 'Why are you howling? It's not Yom Kippur,' and my sister Zyvia cried out, 'If Illish marries he'll stop eating in our house on Tuesdays.' 'Nothing is forever,' my mother said. 'A boy is not born to eat at other people's tables for the rest of his life.'

"We all thought that from this dough there would be no bread. A poor boy needs his bride to bring a dowry and Zylka didn't have a penny. In the other houses where Illish ate, the women tried to dissuade him from marrying Zylka. Reb Pinchos was a pauper, his wife was sick, and Zylka was unbalanced. Why put a healthy head into a sickbed? They tried to match Illish up with other girls. He listened to everyone and answered no one. Everybody was sure that Zylka would reject him. They didn't suit each other at all. She was taller than he, and more mature. But no one really knows how a match comes to be.

"When Reb Pinchos heard that his best student, Illish, wanted his daughter he was more than willing. He later admitted that he had wanted him for a son-in-law from the very beginning. Yakir had always displeased him. When Greena Chasha learned that Illish wanted her daughter she became healthy again in a minute. Reb Pinchos spoke to Illish openly. He could not provide any dowry, but he could keep the newlyweds in his house for some time. Greena Chasha said, 'When I cook for four it can also serve five.' Everything depended on Zylka. With a girl like this one had to be careful. Reb Pinchos spoke to her and she said she'd give him an answer. 'When?' Reb Pinchos asked, and she said, 'Tomorrow.' The next day she said yes, and they drew up a preliminary contract. They had to be cautious with her. The engagement party with Yakir had been like a ball, but the signing of the contract with Illish was attended by only a few yeshiva students. Since Illish ate in Reb Pinchos's house every Sabbath, Zylka knew him well. She was supposed to have told a neighbor, 'He never looked at me, and suddenly he wants me for his wife.' Whether she really said it or not I don't know. It was not in her nature to reveal her feelings. Perhaps her mother said it.



"There was no reason for envying the newly matched pair, but still people did envy them. Many girls in Krasnik had wanted Illish. He was considered a serious young man. Feigele, the rabbi's daughter, walked around like a chicken without a head.

EVENING

An old man crosses the wet lawn
at dusk as the swallows dip
between the rows of elms.
He passes through the gate in the hedge,
his boots crowfooted with cut grass,
and his white coat catches the gleam
from an upstairs lamp
as he stops to light a cigar,
which then, like a June bug
on fire, precedes him
through the thistles and brush,
over the salt grass like mermaids' hair
and the tiny highways of the fast crabs,
down to the ragged field by the sea.

The dolphins zigzag, and the seafloor
mirrors up its silver darkness,
and the roses bloom in the clouds
escaping the continent—
but what is it that rivets him
and stirs him to laughter
on that bluff where the breakers'
music, like shrouds of gravel covering
and uncovering the dead, reduces younger
men to taut humility or silence?
An hour passes, and the gulls,
custodians of that slow borderline,
follow him back as far as the gate,
and by then the swallows are perched
and the black owls alert
and the big house ablaze with lights
as the ember of his cigar floats across
the dark lawn, and with a startling cry,
amplified by the quick wind,
the children hiding behind the cold elms
rush out to greet him.

—Nicholas Christopher

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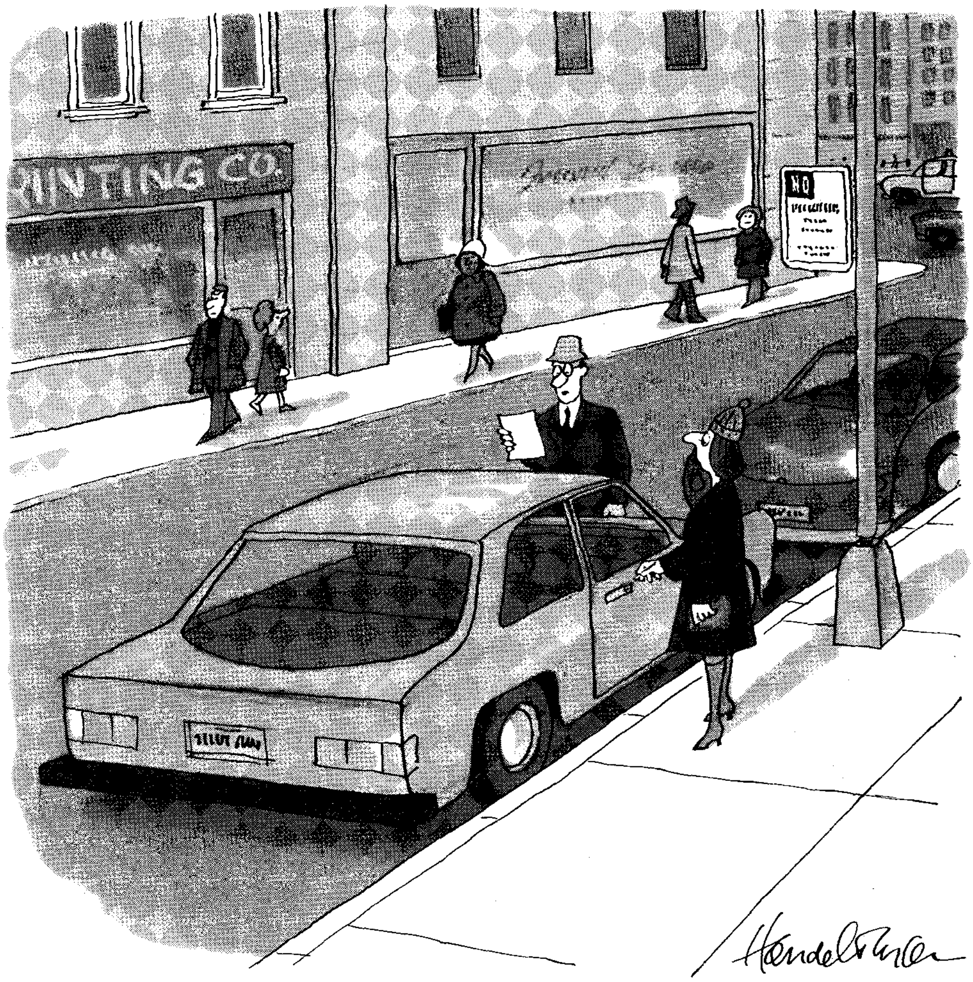

"It says, 'If you are a scofflaw, please disregard this ticket.'"

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The fact that first Yakir and now Illish wanted Zylka meant that men desired her. 'What do they see in her?' the girls asked, but who knows what men see in a woman? They look with different eyes.

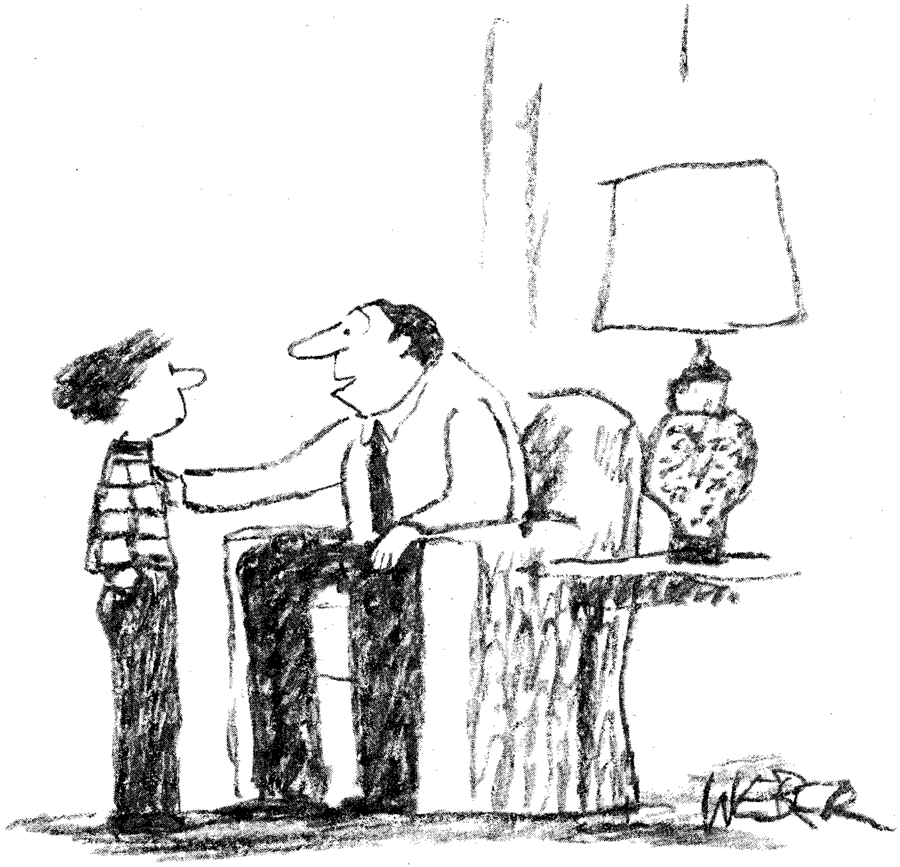
"The wedding was set for the thirty-third day in Omer, the only day between Passover and Shavuoth when a wedding is allowed to take place. The pair didn't have long to wait. Reb Pinchos could not give his daughter a trousseau. They said in town that her mother ordered for her a single dress. Reb Pinchos did not permit Illish to eat in his house, because it was considered loose conduct to let an engaged couple see each other at the table. Illish had to find another house to dine in on the Sabbath."

Aunt Yentl paused for a moment to fix her bonnet, and then went on, "A few months passed and it was spring again. I've seen poor weddings in my life, but a pauperish wedding like Zylka's I never again experienced. Greena Chasha did not have the strength to make preparations. Zylka was supposed to have said, 'As far as I'm concerned, the guests can be fed nothing better than potatoes in their skins.' She was clever in her own way, but to be too clever is not good. It was the custom in Krasnik for the bride-to-be and two of her friends to go from house to house a week before the wedding and invite women to the ceremony, but Zylka refused and people were furious. Her mother told Zylka that she had made everybody her enemy, but Reb Pinchos sided with his daughter. He said that the bride's going around to invite people was nothing but a Gentile observance.

"On the day of the wedding I went with the other girls to look into the window and see how Zylka sat in her bridal chair. It was a broken chair and Zylka was sitting on the edge of it, not in the dignified way a bride usually sits, and she looked impatient and harried. I shouldn't be punished for my words, but the whole wedding seemed like a joke. It was the custom on the night before the wedding for musicians to play a good-night melody as the bride was led into the ritual bath for her ablutions, but Reb Pinchos had no money to pay the band. The elders wanted to give him a subsidy, but he refused to take it. He took charity for the yeshiva, not alms for himself, he said. There's a saying, 'The apple doesn't fall far from the tree,' and the Krasnik wedding jester was supposed to have said, 'The apple tree is not far from the apple.' Reb Pinchos was a saintly man but overly honest. The daughter was too proud. Everything that is exaggerated does damage.

"They put up the wedding canopy in the yard of the synagogue, and even though few were invited the whole town came to witness the happy event. Greena Chasha and another woman led Zylka to the canopy, but she walked too quickly and almost dragged them. Some toughs joked that the bride was in a rush. They called names after her and whistled. The rabbi recited the blessings in a hoarse voice. Illish had always been short, but that evening he appeared no taller than a cheder boy. The few guests who went to the supper reported later that they left hungry.

"Now, listen. It was a tradition in Krasnik that at dawn after a wedding a bunch of matrons dashed into the bedroom, tore away the sheet under the bride, and went outside with it to dance a kosher dance celebrating the bride's virginity. They did it this time, too, but there was no blood on the sheet. The matrons later complained that Zylka had screamed at them and scolded them. My dear people, Heaven and earth have conspired that no secret shall remain unrevealed. Some women said that Illish was such a schlemiel he didn't know what a man should know, and others contended Zylka was not a virgin, that Yakir had skimmed off the cream. When the seven nuptial days were over, the rabbi summoned the young pair to his courtroom and began to ask questions. What was the matter and why? Illish stood there frightened and pale as a corpse and he couldn't utter a word. The rabbi had told the beadle to cover the windows, but the synagogue street was black with curious people. The rabbi continued to interrogate the pair, until the needle came out from the haystack. A man had been lying between bride and



"I'll give you a little tip. Try to be more like me."

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bridegroom and would not let them approach each other.

" 'A man!' the rabbi cried out. 'What do you mean "a man"?' And Zylka replied, 'Yakir, his image.'

"What went on in Krasnik that day and the days and weeks thereafter one could not describe even if we sat seven days and seven nights. It was clear that it was not the real Yakir. Yakir chased around with women in Lublin, not Krasnik. It could only be a demon, but how could a demon get hold of the young pair? The rabbi told Reb Pinchos to examine the mezuzah on the door, but not a letter of the parchment had faded. Greena Chasha, the grieved mother, began to suspect that some enemy had bewitched her daughter, perhaps made a knot in her wedding dress, in the fringes of her shawl, or in the lace of her bloomers, or perhaps in a sheet or a pillowcase, but she found nothing and there was no one she could suspect.

"The rabbi and the yeshiva boys questioned Illish on whether there had really been an image lying between Zylka and him when he came to her bed, but he could not give a clear answer. He mumbled, 'Yes, no, maybe.' They looked over his phylacteries, his prayer shawl. Everything was as it should be. Zylka stopped leaving the house altogether. She lay in the dark bedroom sunk in gloom. When Illish came home for supper his mother-in-law served him his meal. Reb Pinchos did not belong to the Chassidim, but nevertheless he went to a wonder rabbi and brought home a bundle of talismans. Greena Chasha went so far in her anguish that she asked advice of an old Gentile woman, a witch, who gave her all kinds of incantations and herbs. Nothing helped. Zylka remained a virgin."

"Are you sure she was a virgin?" Chaya Riva asked.

"What else? There was no one in Krasnik with whom she could have misbehaved. There was no hiding place in Krasnik. A hundred eyes lurked in every nook."

"Were they finally divorced?" my mother asked.

Aunt Yentl did not answer right away. She said, "One day Greena Chasha went to Zylka in the dark bedroom and said, 'My daughter, you cannot stay separated forever. There is no such thing as a Jewish cloister.' Zylka said, 'There should be. I wish there were.'

"Her mother thought this was just one of her sharp sayings, a spiteful answer. But a few hours later, when Greena Chasha came to her daughter with a glass of tea, the bedroom was empty. The mother screamed and called and went to look for her daughter, but there was no more Zylka in Krasnik—neither that day nor the days and years after. Zylka had gone to the Catholic priest and told him she wanted to give up her faith."

"She converted?" Chaya Riva asked.

"Became a nun and went into a cloister."

"When and how did they learn about it?" my mother asked.

"Not immediately, but after some time," Aunt Yentl said. "The community tried to save her, to redeem her with money, but the priest refused to hear of it. When they take captive a Jewish soul they never relinquish it."

"What happened to Yakir?" my mother asked.

"I don't know. Sinners never end up well," Aunt Yentl said. "As for Illish, he married Feigele, the rabbi's daughter, and after the rabbi's death he took his chair."

For a long while the women were silent. Then my mother said, "This image was not a demon."

"What was it?" Aunt Yentl asked, and my mother said, "A mirage, a figment of madness. You take something into your head and you cannot drive it away. It keeps on boring day and night like the gnat in the brain of the cursed Titus."

"Wasn't it a dybbuk?" Chaya Riva asked.

My mother pondered for a while. "No, Chaya Riva," she said. "A dybbuk talks, screams, howls, wails, and therefore he can be exorcised. Melancholy is silent, and therein lies its uncanny power."

—ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER

(*Translated, from the Yiddish, by the author and Lester Goran.*)

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RICH, BEAUTIFUL PROSE DEPT.

[*Kitty Montgomery in the Kingston* (*N.Y.*) *Daily Freeman*]

The Cazona section of Fennely's work is a eulogy opening with string slides of despair and repetitions of a distraught melancholic melody, darked by the piano's bass. The clarinet rises with hollow haunting notes of wonder and disbelief, followed by scampers and scratches of discontent strings and strongly bowed cuts of protest by the first violin. The ensemble concludes the movement in fragile, exquisitely suspended hopelessness.

ANNALS OF EUGENICS

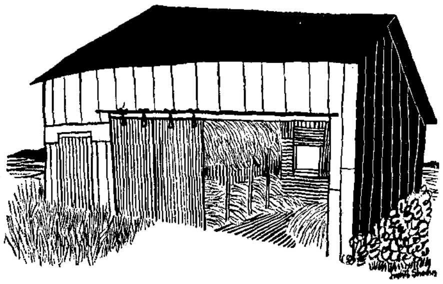
A SECULAR FAITH—I

THE word "eugenics" was coined in 1883 by the English scientist Francis Galton, a cousin of Charles Darwin. Galton, who pioneered the mathematical treatment of heredity, took the word from a Greek root meaning "good in birth" or "noble in heredity." He intended it to denote the "science" of improving human stock by giving "the more suitable races or strains of blood a better chance of prevailing speedily over the less suitable."

In the mid-Victorian era, heredity in plants and animals was less a science than a body of lore based on empirical practice. In the common understanding, scientific and otherwise, like tended to produce like, but in fact like often produced something quite different. Ideas of human heredity were particularly vague and contradictory. The science of genetics—indeed, the word "genetics" itself—had not yet been invented. Gregor Mendel's papers, the foundation of that discipline, were not only unappreciated but generally unnoticed by the scientific community, and would remain so until 1900. In the first half of the twentieth century, misinterpretations of genetics merged with Galton's eugenic ideas to help produce cruelly oppressive and—in the era of the Nazis—barbarous social results. In our own day, Galtonian premises have continued to figure in social discourse—notably in the claims of those advocating the racial basis of intelligence, in certain tenets of sociobiology, and in some proposals for human genetic engineering. But Galton, innocent of the future, confidently equated science with progress. All around him, the technology of the industrial revolution confirmed man's mastery over inanimate nature, and it was well known that by careful selection farmers and flower fanciers could obtain valuable breeds of plants and animals strong in particular characters. "Could not the race of men be similarly improved?" Galton wondered. "Could not the undesirables be got rid of and the desirables multiplied?" Could not man actually take charge of his own evolution?

Galton first published his eugenic ideas in 1865—well before he coined the word itself—in a two-part article for *Macmillan's Magazine*, which he expanded into a book, "Hereditary Genius," published in 1869. The line of attack was to investigate the origins of "natural ability." By this phrase Galton meant "those qualities of intellect and disposition which . . . lead to reputation"—not the reputation enjoyed by "the lion of a London season" but that commanded by "a leader of opinion . . . an originator." The definition conveniently permitted Galton to take as an index of natural ability the appearance in such handbooks of eminence as "Dictionary of Men of the Time." From these biographical encyclopedias Galton drew a sample population, spanning two centuries, of distinguished jurists, statesmen, military commanders, scientists, poets, painters, and musicians. He found that a disproportionately large fraction of them were blood relatives. Families of reputation, he concluded, were much more likely than ordinary families to produce offspring of ability. In Galton's striking claim, heredity governed not only physical features but also talent and character.

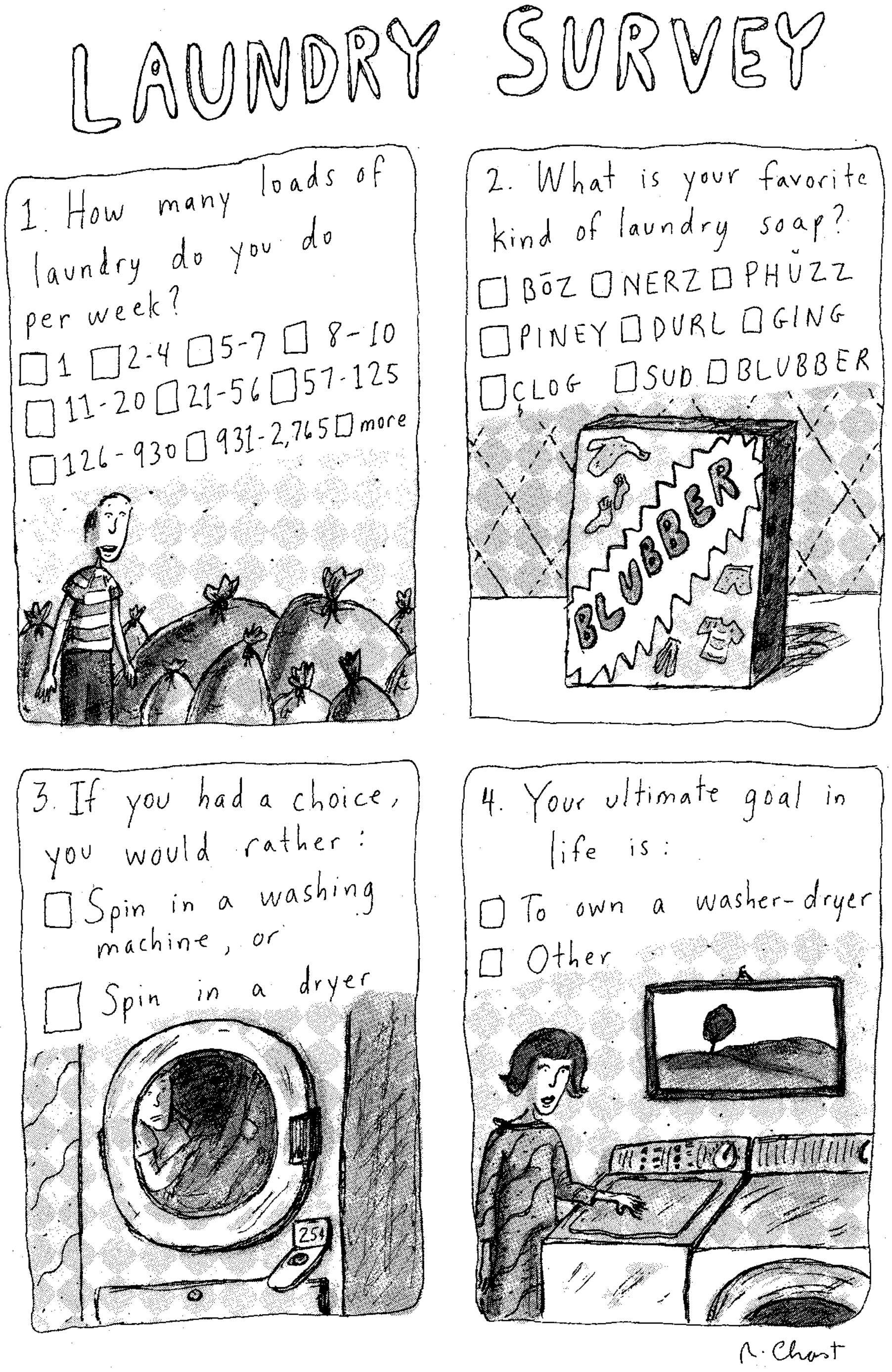
That conviction made Galton confident that it would be "quite practicable to produce a highly gifted race of men by judicious marriages during several consecutive generations." Quite necessary, too, since in Galton's opinion the complexity of modern English life required more brains than even the statesmen or philosophers of the day possessed. In the article for *Macmillan's*, he suggested that the state sponsor competitive examinations in hereditary merit, celebrate the blushing winners in public ceremony, foster wedded unions among them at Westminster Abbey, and encourage by postnatal grants the spawning of numerous eugenically golden offspring. (Some years later, he would urge that the state rank people by ability and authorize more children to the higher-ranking than to the lower-ranking unions.) The unworthy, Galton hoped, would be comfortably segregated in monasteries and convents, where they would be unable to propagate their kind.



Galton's hereditary analysis proceeded from the premise that reputation—especially the kind that earned a place in a dictionary of eminence—truly indicated ability, that the lack of it just as reliably bespoke the absence of ability, that neither outcome depended upon social circumstance. In defense of the premise, he insisted that high reputation could not be won by social advantage alone. Men of moderate ability descended from the peerage might become "influential members of Parliament and local notabilities," but at death they received "no Westminster Abbey and no public mourning." Similarly, he claimed that talent was rarely impaired by social disadvantage: witness the men of achievement who came from humble families; indeed, witness the effect of the removal of social disadvantage in the New World. "Culture is far more widely spread in America than with us, and the education of their middle and lower classes far more advanced; but, for all that, America most certainly does not beat us in first-class works of literature, philosophy, or art," he wrote. "If the hindrances to the rise of genius were removed from English society as completely as they have been removed from that of America, we should not become materially richer in highly eminent men."

Galton's defense of reputation as an index of ability indulged in circular reasoning. It seems not to have occurred to him that without social advantage men of moderate ability might not have got as far as they did, or that without social hindrance men of high ability might have travelled a good deal farther. Had he been more acute about the cultural incentives of behavior, he might have recognized that in America untold talent had been drawn away from "literature, philosophy, or art" into the forming of a nation and the conquest of a continent. And had he been more self-aware he might have understood that his proto-eugenic pronouncements celebrated the social milieu—and met the psychic needs—of Francis Galton.

Galton was born in 1822, the same year as Gregor Mendel, into a Birmingham family made rich originally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1. How many loads of laundry do you do per week?
☐ 1 ☐ 2-4 ☐ 5-7 ☐ 8-10
☐ 11-20 ☐ 21-56 ☐ 57-125
☐ 126-930 ☐ 931-2,765 ☐ more
2. What is your favorite kind of laundry soap?
☐ BŌZ ☐ NERZ ☐ PHŬZZ
☐ PINEY ☐ DURL ☐ GING
☐ CLOG ☐ SUD ☐ BLUBBER
BLUBBER
3. If you had a choice, you would rather:
☐ Spin in a washing machine, or
☐ Spin in a dryer
25¢
4. Your ultimate goal in life is:
☐ To own a washer-dryer
☐ Other
R. Chast

by gun manufacture and in his father's day by banking. His father, Samuel Tertius Galton, was a Quaker when he married Violetta Darwin, a daughter of the famed physician, naturalist, and freethinker Erasmus Darwin. He remained a stern Quaker spirit even though he became a convert to the Anglican Church—a step he took at his wife's plea following the death of one of their children. A devotional religiousness pervaded the Galton household, but Francis remembered his mother, at least, as "joyous and unconventional." His adoring sister Adèle, twelve years his senior and confined to a couch by curvature of the spine, doted on Francis, the youngest of seven children, and taught herself enough to administer his lessons until he went away to school. At two and a half, Galton could read; at four, he could write and do arithmetic; at eight, he was comfortable with classical Latin texts.

The Galton family invested considerable hopes in Francis's intellectual future. Like other British families caught up in the industrial revolution, the Galtons had been following a social trajectory that led from manufacturing and trade to the higher respectability that could be either bought, married, or won by entering an esteemed profession. Francis's two older brothers displayed no ambition beyond lives of ease among the local landed gentry. His parents wished their youngest son to attain Erasmus Darwin's medical eminence. Besides, Francis had been raised an Anglican, and so was eligible for entry to England's leading universities, which were still restricted to members of the Church of England. At age four, Francis, who recognized quickly what was expected of him, announced that he was saving his pennies "to buy honours at the University."

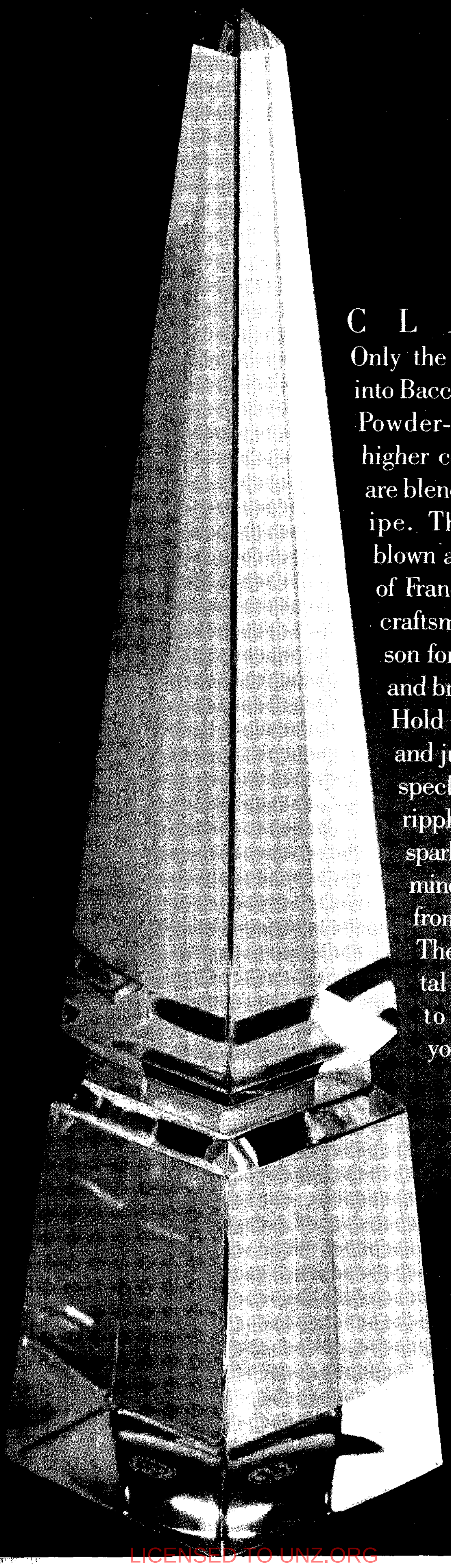
Galton compiled an outstanding record in his initial year at King's College Medical School, in London, but he hated the study of medicine and was beset by constant headaches. In 1840, he matriculated at Cambridge University to read mathematics. He tried hard for an honors degree until, in his third year, he suffered a nervous breakdown. "It would have been madness to continue the kind of studious life that I had been leading," he recalled in "Memories of My Life," his autobiography. "I had been much too zealous." Recovered after a term's rest, Galton contented himself with a pass degree and returned unenthusiastically to his medical studies. Then, in 1844, the death of his father and a large inheritance freed him from honors competitions and most other obligations.

In 1845, the estate having been settled, Galton took himself to Egypt, where with two friends he sailed up the Nile, lazing the days away half-dressed and barefoot. The party went ashore above the first cataract and there met a Frenchman named Arnaud, an exiled Saint-Simonian who had become a bey in the service of the potentate Mehemet Ali. Years later, Galton remembered the bey's modest mud hut, "perfectly simple, clean, matted, with a barometer and thermometer hung up and other scientific gear, books, etc., like a native philosopher."

"Why do you follow the English routine of just going to the second cataract and returning?" Arnaud asked. "Cross the desert and go to Khartoum."

After Khartoum, Galton made his way to Beirut, ultimately to Jerusalem, and in between to Salihieh, near Damascus, where he learned to speak Arabic fluently and established a household that included two Sudan monkeys and a mongoose. Returning to England in the fall of 1846, he divided

IT TAKES TIME TO UNDERSTAND WHAT TOOK TIME TO CREATE



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his time between London society and sporting in Scotland. But he was unable to remain at ease with such a life. Now in his late twenties, brooding and dispirited, Galton consulted the London Phrenological Institution. The chief phrenologist reported that men of his head type—his skull measured twenty-two inches around—possessed a sanguine temperament, with considerable "self-will, self-regard, and no small share of obstinacy," and that "there is much enduring power in such a mind as this—much that qualifies a man for 'roughing it' in colonising." The report added, "The intellectual capacities are not distinguished by much spontaneous activity in relation to scholastic affairs."

Galton did indeed relish travel to colonial outposts, and Arnaud Bey had exemplified the joining of foreign adventure with scientific study. In 1850, at his own expense but under the auspices of the Royal Geographical Society, Galton explored southern Africa, which was at the time largely unknown to Europeans and was inhabited by the warring Damara and Namaqua peoples. He traversed some seventeen hundred miles of the interior, to the east and northeast of Walvis Bay. He confronted the unruly Namaquan chief (wearing a pink hunting coat, Galton rode an ox directly into his doorway), negotiated a measure of British law and order among the Damara and the Namaqua, and established peaceful relations with the Ovampo, to the north. He returned to England in 1852 with numerous determinations of latitude and longitude from the hitherto unmapped region. The Royal Geographical Society awarded him a gold medal, and the Royal Society soon elected him to its fellowship. Some thirty years later, Galton recorded in an autobiographical fragment that Arnaud's admonition to cross the desert to Khartoum had marked "a division of the ways in my subsequent life."

"By forty-five, all the bugs are out."

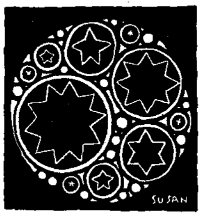
• •

Not long after his return from southern Africa, Galton met and married an intellectually able young woman named Louisa Butler, a daughter of the longtime headmaster of Harrow and then Dean of Peterborough Cathedral. In 1857, the Galtons settled into a handsome Georgian house in Rutland Gate, off Hyde Park. "Certainly we led a life that many in our social rank might envy," Galton wrote in his autobiography. "Among our friends were not a few notable persons, a full half of whom were first known to me through the connections of my wife." The friendship of many of the others—including Herbert Spencer and Thomas Henry Huxley—reflected Galton's increasingly eminent scientific position. Because of his geographical exploits, he had already, to his special pleasure, been taken into the Athenaeum Club, to which members were ordinarily admitted only after many years of waiting.

Like other Victorian scientists, Galton gave lectures and wrote books for the general public—"Take great pains to describe the subject in tersely forcible language," he once advised a young scientist—and achieved a wide audience with a book on his adventures in southern Africa; another, "The Art of Travel," rapidly went through five editions. The writings, both popular and scientific, reveal a keen, sometimes eccentric curiosity and sharp powers of observation. At Epsom on Derby Day, Galton scrutinized through an opera glass the "sheet of faces" in the stands opposite, thinking "what a capital idea it afforded of the average tint of the complexion of the British upper classes." He reported in a letter to *Nature* that after the horses thundered past, the sheet of faces was "uniformly suffused with a strong pink tint, just as though a sun-set glow had fallen upon it." From Africa, he had informed his oldest brother, Darwin, with obvious relish, that Hottentot women were "endowed with that shape which European milliners so vainly attempt to imitate," adding that "I have seen figures that would drive the females of our native land desperate—figures that could afford to scoff at Crinoline." Unwilling to ask the women for permission to measure what bountiful nature had supplied, Galton sat at a distance with his sextant, and "as the ladies turned themselves about, as women always do, to be admired, I surveyed them in every way and subsequently measured the distance of the spot where they stood—worked out and tabulated the results at my leisure."

Galton often said, "Whenever you

can, count." The kind of observation he liked best was numerical. He rarely took a walk or attended a meeting without counting something, even if it was merely the frequency of fidgets among the audience—which he found inversely related to the degree of audience attentiveness. He had derived particular pleasure from his determinations of latitude and longitude in southern Africa, and at a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society he attacked the explorer Henry M. Stanley for regaling the audience with stories of his adventures on a trek to Lake Tanganyika instead of supplying hard facts. A colleague in the Geographical Society once described Galton's mind as "mathematical and statistical with little or no imagination," and characterized him as "a doctrinaire not endowed with much sympathy." Nevertheless, Galton displayed rich imagination in the adaptation of numerical techniques to scientific subjects, among them the newly developing science of meteorology. In the eighteen-sixties, he published what were probably the first British weather maps. Later in the century, he attempted numerical analysis of fingerprint configurations, became a pioneer in the cataloguing of fingerprints, and campaigned to make them part of the British system of criminal identification. But his propensity for counting and tabulation worked to greatest scientific advantage in his studies of inheritance.



Why Galton turned to the eugenic analysis of heredity is not at all clear. In "Memories of My Life," he remarked that the publication of the "Origin of Species," in 1859, had helped stimulate his thinking along these lines, and so had certain ethnological investigations he had undertaken. But the theory of evolution by natural selection hardly leads directly to research in the heredity of mental characteristics, and Galton was at best vague about the ethnological inquiries. Indeed, though his African travels had confirmed his standard views of "inferior races," racial differences occupied only a minuscule fraction of his writings on human heredity. More influential, perhaps, was an unspoken desire to assert, against lingering self-doubt, the validity of his own success by discovering the origins of success in lines of descent. Moreover, now that he had arrived he may have felt an impulse to social meliorism not atypical among the scions of wealthy, onetime religiously dissenting families.

Like many social improvers a generation or more removed from the manufacturing source of their incomes, Galton had no particular respect for barons of industry; his analyses of ability omitted achievement in commerce or business. He also thought the hereditary aristocracy a "disastrous institution" for "our valuable races;" the younger sons of the peerage, unable to afford a family and simultaneously maintain their position, inclined either not to marry at all or to wed heiresses, who were likely to come from families that were not notably prolific. Hardly a liberal, he did not believe in natural equality; he held that people deserved equal protection but not equal political rights, and he considered mass man the prey of the demagogue. For Galton the scientist, the professional classes were the prime repository of ability and civic virtue, and his eugenics made them the keystone of a biological program designed to lead to the creation of a conservative meritocracy.

Another factor in Galton's turn to eugenics and heredity may have been the increasingly probable infertility of his marriage. Certainly he took pains to assert the manhood (as Victorians understood the term) of intellectuals. Galton himself was physically powerful and endowed with remarkable endurance; he argued that intellectual capacity was ordinarily associated not with men of "puny frames and small physical strength" but with "vigorous animals . . . exuberant powers." (Had not Queen Elizabeth cast "an eye to the calves . . . of those she selected for bishops"?) He insisted that there was "no reason to suppose that, in breeding for the highest order of intellect, we should produce a sterile or a feeble race." He attacked Malthus' preaching of restraint in procreation, on the ground that it would lead to a "pernicious" decline in the numbers of the prudent, abler classes. Galton may well have diverted frustration over his own lack of children into an obsession with the eugenic propagation of Galtonlike offspring.

Emotionally, Galton seems never to have been entirely at peace. He was continually plagued by varying degrees of nervous breakdown, including giddiness, dizziness, and palpitations, though he displayed no such symptoms of anxiety in the face of physical danger. On the contrary, during his African travels, his confrontation with the Namaquan chief, and a steamer accident on the Thames that carried him downstream underwater for some two hundred yards his behavior indicated cool presence of mind. The initial breakdown, at Cambridge, was brought on by his failure to score a first—he ranked a high second—in the intense mathematical competition. (It ought to be discontinued, Galton told his father, because "the satisfaction enjoyed by the gainers is very far from counterbalancing the pain it produces among others.") The later breakdowns were caused by intense absorption in the hard work of learning, in which his family had expected him to excel, and in which—as his friend, acolyte, and biographer Karl Pearson once observed—he was strongly apt to feel himself inferior.

The division in Galton's life marked by the crossing of the desert to Khartoum thus takes on a metaphoric meaning. As he had chosen to explore an uncharted region, so he selected arenas of science without competitors. Although Galton resembled the typical scientific amateur of the nineteenth century in that he was untrained in the research he eventually pursued, he was atypically drawn throughout his scientific career to largely unpopulated fields, which in his day included both statistics and heredity studies. If at times he embarked on a subject to which others had contributed, he did not begin his research by analyzing the existing body of scientific literature; his library contained hardly two dozen volumes acquired to forward his various inquiries. He learned from the work of others but did not approach it systematically. He came upon useful treatises by chance or sought them out as he happened to need them. Save for a brief debate with Darwin regarding evolutionary mechanisms, he took no part in the late-nineteenth-century disputes on issues related to the theory of evolution. He was a rough-cut genius, a pioneer who moved from one new field to the next, applying methods developed in one to problems in another, often without rigor yet usually with striking effectiveness. Galton's innovativeness in science was intimately bound to his relative intellectual solitude—a propensity that arose from a measure of doubt in his abilities combined with a compulsion to excel.

Galton once remarked, in a study of English scientists, that "men who

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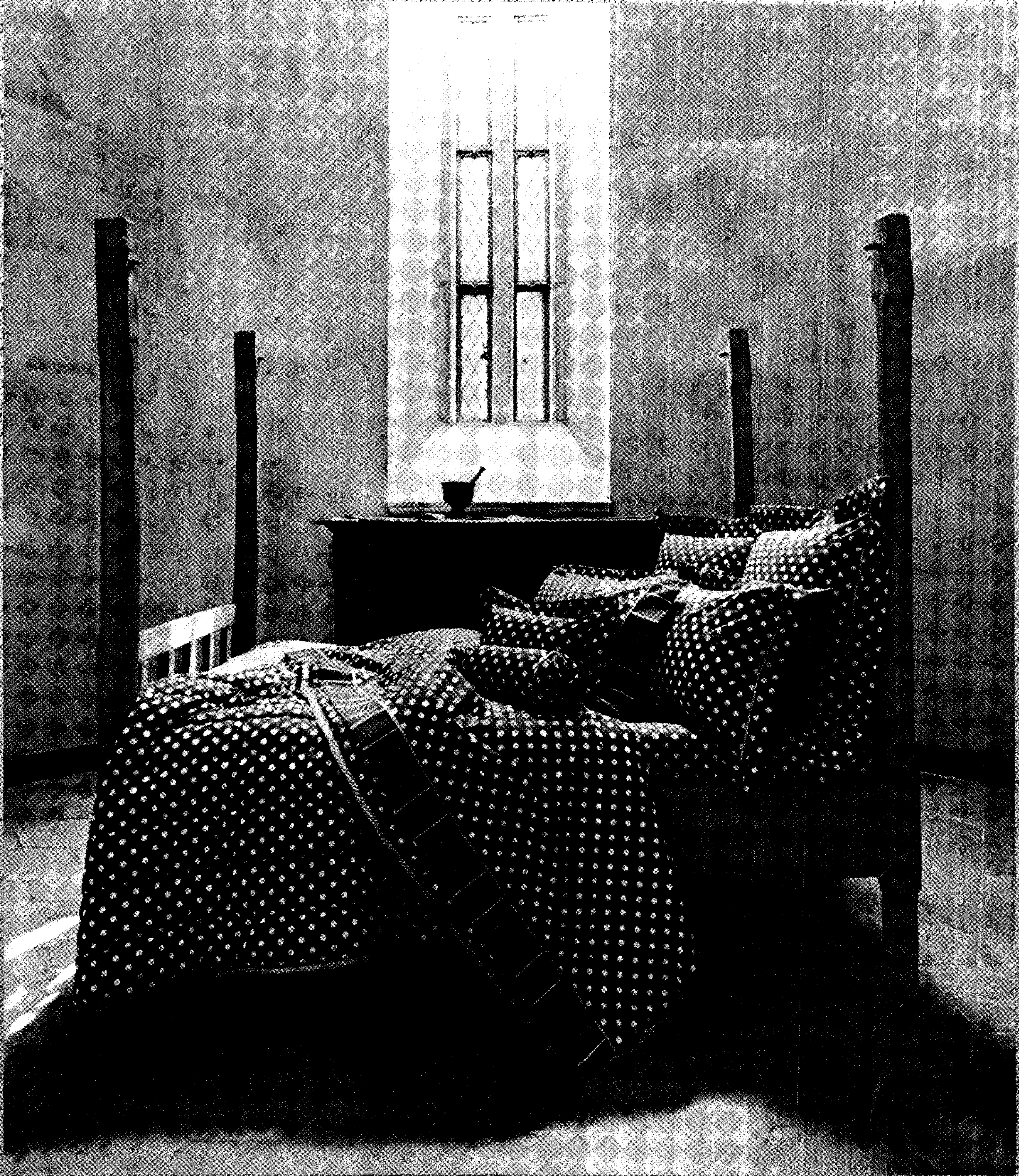

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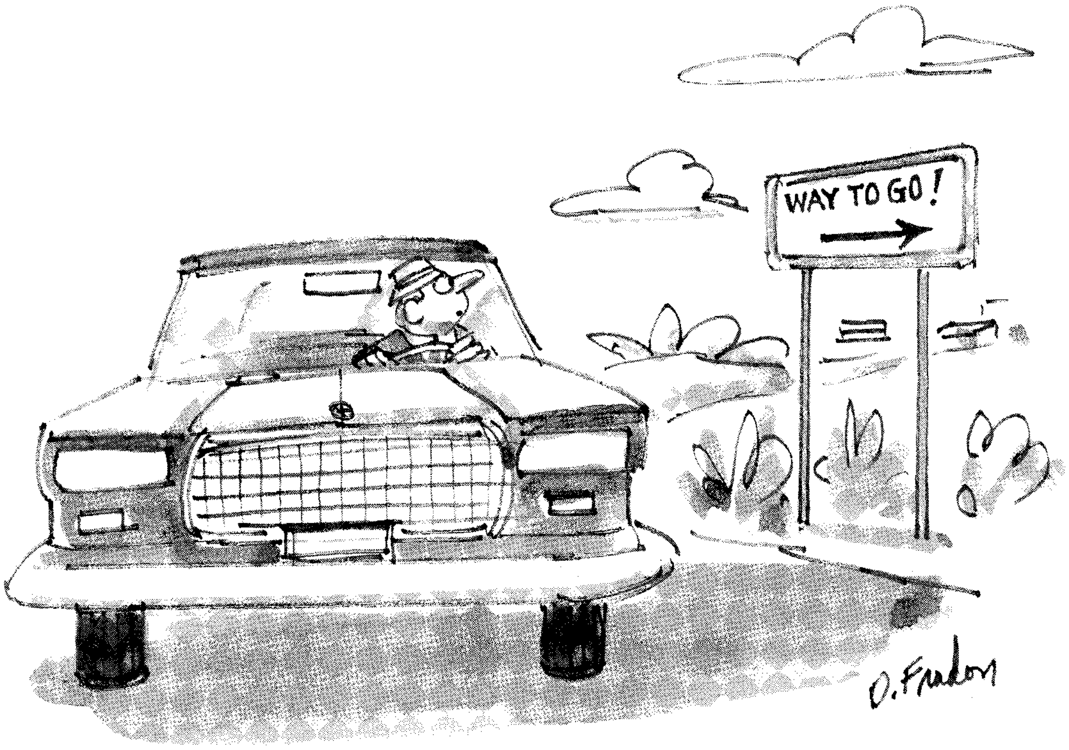

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leave their mark on the world are very often those who, being gifted and full of nervous power, are at the same time haunted and driven by a dominant idea, and are therefore within a measurable distance of insanity." Yet what Galton perceived about others he declined to confront in himself. Neither in his autobiography nor anywhere else did he attempt to puzzle out why immersion in work should have caused him breakdowns. Nervous breakdowns were by no means uncommon among nineteenth-century intellectuals. John Stuart Mill's led him to the introspective conclusion that "the habit of analysis has a tendency to wear away the feelings," and he resolved to give proper place to "the internal culture of the individual." Galton merely reported that a period of rest would cure the affliction, and he diminished its significance by proposing a strong similarity between "a sprained brain and a sprained joint." In general, Galton seems not to have been given to self-analysis. He remained forever reticent about the details of his personal life. An account of domestic matters would interest no one, he noted in "Memories of My Life," shrouding his wife's mixture of genuine illness and hypochondria and her discontent with his deep absorption in scientific matters.

Galton also neglected to reveal what contributed to his ideas about religion, a subject that preoccupied many mid-Victorians. His religious attitudes ranged from skepticism to hostility. While he tolerated Louisa's practice of religion in the home, he rarely missed an opportunity to gibe at the clerical outlook. He once tested the efficacy of prayer by investigating whether or not groups for whom people prayed a good deal—for example, members of the royal family—outlived others, and he embarrassed his family by publishing the conclusion that since they did not, prayer must be inefficacious. He indicted the Roman Church for its insistence upon celibacy for clerics and the Anglican Church for its strictures against marriage for Oxbridge dons, because these measures diminished the propagation of the intellectually able. In part, Galton's religious dissent exemplified the pro-scientific rebellion of the day against religious dogmatism, which, in Galton's words, "crushed the inquiring spirit, the love of observation, the pursuit of inductive studies, the habit of independent thought." In part, his beliefs had been shaped by his travels, particularly in the Middle East, where he developed deep respect for Islam. But what seemed especially to bother Galton about orthodox Christianity was its emphasis on original sin, an emphasis that he seems to have felt with special force.

Galton was troubled during the aimless years after his return from the Middle East. In Syria, established with his Sudan monkeys and his mongoose, he had led what he later called a "very oriental life." His family, who kept everything else he wrote, seems to have kept none of his letters from this period. Enough clues remain, however, to form a plausible interpretation of his later disturbance. One of the few surviving items in Galton's correspondence of the time is a letter from Montagu Boulton, a fellow-Englishman also travelling in the Middle East. Boulton reported that he was negotiating for a pretty Abyssinian slave, and added, "The Han Houris are looking lovelier than ever, the divorced one has been critically examined and pronounced a virgin." No doubt such practices and attitudes were common among young Englishmen sowing their oats in the region, probably including Galton. The report of the London Phrenological Institution found men of his head type not only suitable for life in the colonies but also likely to "spend the earlier years of manhood in the enjoyment of what are called the lower pleasures, and particularly of those which the followers of Mahomet believe to form the chief reward of virtue in the realms above;" such reports must have been based on independent knowledge of the subject. One need not assume that Galton's Middle Eastern sojourn was exotically carnal to argue that he occasionally indulged in sybaritic pleasures and was plagued by some degree of guilt on his return. Although he apparently overcame the guilt for a time, it may well have returned to nag him in the eighteen-sixties, as it became more and more likely that his marriage would prove barren. While in the Middle East, Galton seems to have suffered a bout of venereal disease. (Boulton's letter commiserated: "What an unfortunate fellow you are, to get laid up in such a serious manner for, as you say, a few moments' enjoyment.") The effects of such disease were little understood at the time. Galton, with his partial medical training, may have wondered whether venereal afflictions rendered men sterile, and so have blamed himself for the lack of children in his marriage.

Galton's propensity for counting

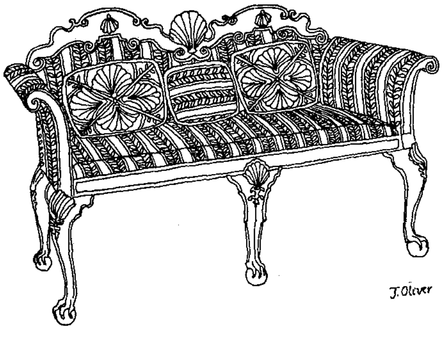
was no doubt reinforced by his inner turmoil. To plumb intangible human depths was to risk self-perception. To enumerate human characteristics required no penetration beneath the phenomenological surface and established a wall of numerical objectivity between the observer and the forces of the heart. Thus Galton reduced the Hottentot women to measurement with a sextant. Thus, a few decades later, he constructed a "beauty map" of Britain by noting the frequency with which he saw attractive women in various towns. His marriage seems to have been built on social and intellectual companionship rather than on passion. (In a biographical essay, his great grandnephew Hesketh Pearson reported, "Galton's marriage, as far as I can make out, was not a particularly happy one. . . . I have been told that any comfort which might have given pleasure to his leisure hours was often denied him by [his wife].") Yet at times Galton let slip the veil of enumeration and Victorian propriety. In "Kantsaywhere," an unpublished novel of a eugenic utopia, the women, unlike Louisa, were Rubensian figures—"thoroughly . . . mammalian," Galton described them—and bore their husbands many noble children.

Galton never coped emotionally with his cluster of devils except by breakdown or fantasy. But intellectually, at least, he was able to deal with them after he read Darwin's "Origin." He rejoiced to his cousin, "Your book drove away the constraint of my old superstition, as if it had been a nightmare." To Galton's mind, the scientific doctrine of evolution destroyed the religious doctrine of the fall from grace. He appropriated Darwin to argue that man, instead of falling from a high estate, was "rapidly rising from a low one." Eugenics would accelerate the process, would breed out the vestigial barbarism of the human race and manipulate evolution to bring the biological reality of man into consonance with his advanced moral ideals. According to Galton, "what Nature does blindly, slowly, and ruthlessly, man may do providently, quickly, and kindly." He found in eugenics a scientific substitute for church orthodoxies, a secular faith, a defensible religious obligation.

Galton eventually gave up on race improvement through the state regulation of marriage, but he continued to hope that the new religion would foster voluntary eugenic marriage practices. After all, religious marriage customs clearly varied across cultures and served particular social purposes. Might not people pursue a procreatively eugenic life, he wondered, once eugenics carried the full, authoritative weight of a secular religion? But in the wake of "Hereditary Genius" he came to realize that—whatever the future held—so little was reliably known about heredity that even a Spartan given dictatorial powers over marriage might well produce race degradation rather than improvement. Intent on making a true science of eugenics possible, Galton began trying to ferret out the laws of inheritance.

HE approached the problem through the infant science of statistics. At the time, no biologist dealt with any part of his subject mathematically; Galton's remarkable methodological departure was of considerable long-term significance for the discipline. It originated, however, not in a conviction on his part that biology needed mathematics but, rather, in something that came naturally to him—counting, and pondering the resultant numbers. The word "statistics" denoted, in Galton's time, "state" numbers—indices of population, trade, manufacture, and the like—the gathering of which aided the state in the shaping of sound public policy. In mid-Victorian Britain, the practice of statistics consisted mainly of the accumulation of socially useful numerical data, with neither theoretical underpinning nor mathematical analysis. But in the late eighteen-sixties, as a result of his meteorological interests, Galton came upon a quite different approach to statistics—the formulation now called the normal, or Gaussian, distribution.

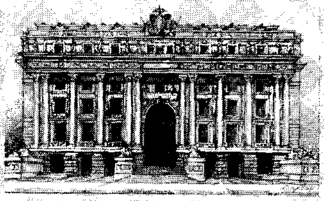
Known at the time as "the law of error," the formulation derived from the analysis by the German mathematician Carl Friedrich Gauss of errors made in the measurement of "true" physical quantities—for example, planetary positions in astronomy. Portrayed graphically, the Gaussian distribution formed the now familiar bell curve; a vertical line bisecting the bell in the center represented the mean of the measurements—which was taken to be the true value of the quantity—and the curve itself expressed the fact that the greater the deviation from the mean in a measurement, the lower the frequency with which such a measurement would occur. Galton's interest, however, was not in the mean but in the distribution of deviations from it. Though he drew upon the few existing authorities in mathematical statistics, he came independently to view the Gaussian distribution not primarily as a way of differentiating true values from false ones but as a tool for analyzing a population in terms of its members' variations from a mean. Eventually, he concluded that there was "scarcely anything so apt to impress the imagination as the wonderful form of cosmic order expressed by the 'Law of Frequency of Error,'" and added, "The law would have been personified by the Greeks and deified, if they had known of it."



In "Hereditary Genius," Galton assumed that talent was normally distributed—that deviations in either direction from the mean talent of the population would follow the Gaussian distribution. He used the law to try to estimate the number of men of genius—and of exceptional stupidity—among the British population of 1860. But he made no further use of the law, not least because he lacked data concerning the distribution in human populations of even simple physical characteristics, let alone intelligence. "The work of a statistician is that of the Israelites in Egypt," he later remarked. "They must not only make bricks but find the materials."

In the early eighteen-seventies, Galton began his search for materials by collecting information concerning physical characteristics of schoolboys. For hereditary data, he compared the seeds from a parental generation of *Lathyrus odoratus*, the sweet-pea plant, with those from its progeny. "It was anthropological evidence that I desired, caring only for the seeds as means of throwing light on heredity in Man," he later reported in an address to the Anthropological Section of the British Association. To obtain human hereditary data, Galton hit upon the brilliant idea of establishing an Anthropometric Laboratory at the International Health Exhibition, which opened at the South Kensington Science Museum in 1884. Within a few

Building On Tradition



In thinking of a background for these fall offerings, our thoughts turned to several exquisitely restored landmark buildings, for there is about them a sense of design and excellence that we try to emulate in our clothing. And, although we acknowledge the wisdom of the past, we constantly strive to reinterpret traditional forms in new and imaginative ways.

With this intent we commissioned this glen plaid suit to be cut in a supple wool saxony rather than the expected worsted. The result is a luxurious richness, as well as a depth of character in the pattern that subtly distinguishes it from all other plaids. We completed the picture by adding a Scottish cashmere cardigan, an oversized polka dot silk foulard tie and a bold, bengal-striped shirt with an English spread collar, thereby conferring a dash of sport and spirit to this enduring classic.

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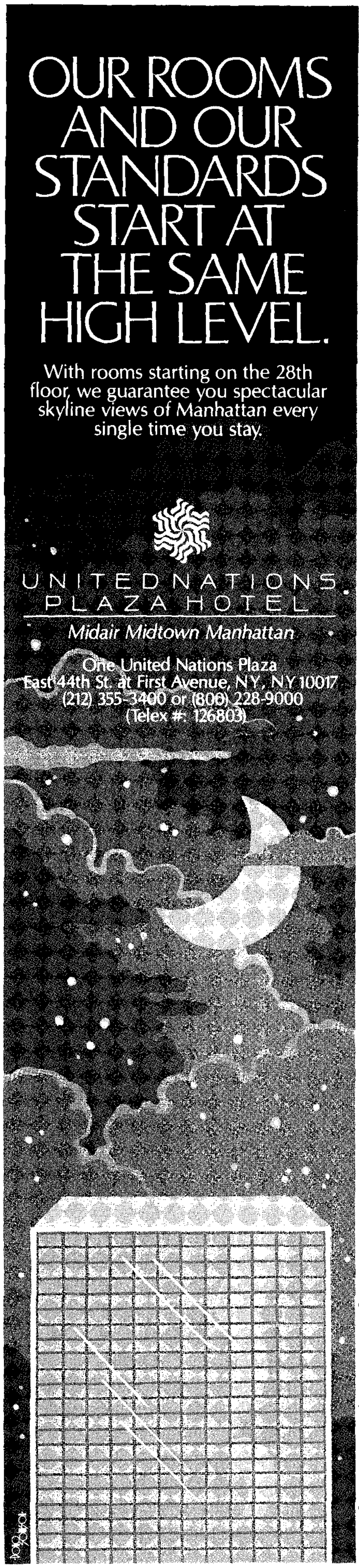
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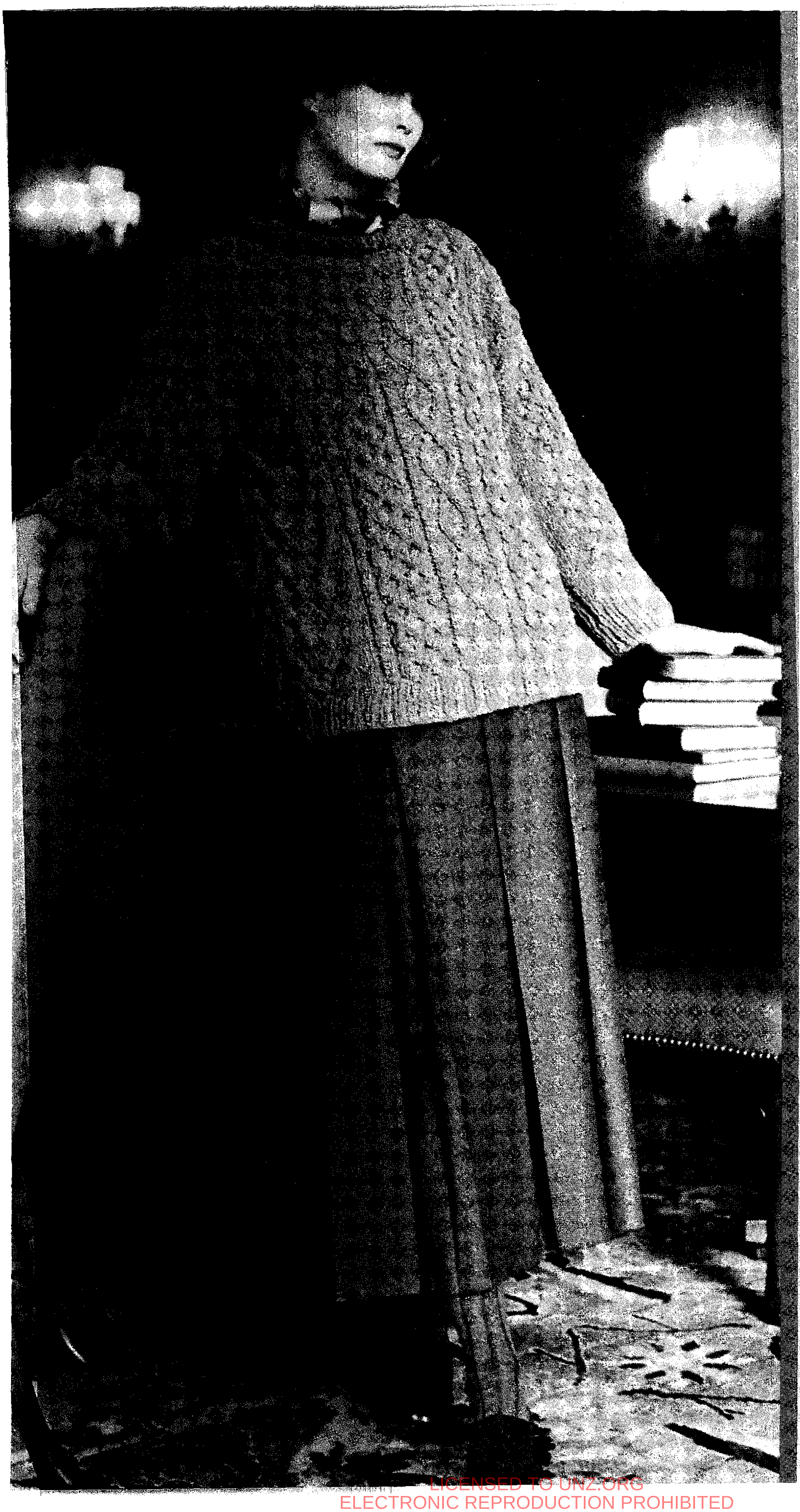
months, some nine thousand people, including many parents and their grown children, were measured for height, weight, arm span, breathing power, and the like. At the same time, he published the "Record of Family Faculties," a questionnaire on heredity, and offered prizes of up to five hundred pounds for the most detailed sets of family data.

Galton scored his first advance in 1876, with the sweet-pea data. He had selected as the parental generation seven groups of seeds, each group containing the same number of seeds of a particular weight. The seven weights were the mean weight of all the seeds and the weights found at three statistical intervals on either side of the mean. He placed ten seeds from each group in separate packets and mailed sets of the seven packets, with detailed instructions for planting, to various friends (one was Darwin), in different parts of England. The sweet pea, a self-fertilizing plant, produces a large number of new seeds in pods. The friends were to harvest the daughter seeds and return them to Galton, placing them in the packets in which the original groups of parental seeds had arrived. When Galton received the complete produce, he was then able to weigh all the daughter seeds individually and analyze the statistical distribution of their weights.

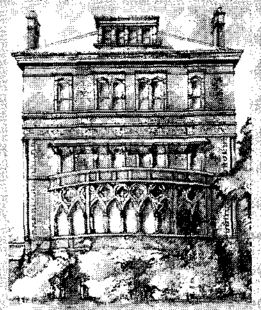
Galton did not discuss how many daughter seeds the complete produce contained, nor at the time did he provide any other concrete numerical details of the outcome. Rather, he dwelt on the general statistical features of the results, which he found astonishing. Each group of parental seeds of the same weight produced a family of daughter seeds in which the weights were distributed around a mean in Gaussian fashion. What astonished Galton was that no matter what the weight of the parent seeds, heavy or light, all the distributions had the same statistical variability; that is, the same proportion of seeds could be found on the bell curve within a given distance from the family mean. He soon realized—"I forgot everything else for a moment in my great delight"—that the laws governing heredity, whether of sweet peas or of men, could be treated mathematically, in terms of units of statistical deviation.

Galton took as the unit of deviation the so-called "probable error" of nineteenth-century scientists, which was arbitrarily defined as the distance along the horizontal axis, or baseline, of the bell curve where a vertical line would divide the area to one side of the bell's center into two equal parts. Twice this distance thus equalled two units of deviation; three times the distance, three units. Taking the sweet-pea data, Galton measured by how many units the mean weights of each parental seed group and its daughter family of seeds, respectively, deviated from the mean weight of the total seed population—the "race." He calculated the ratio for each pair of daughter-parent deviations and discovered that all the ratios were about the same. That striking result complemented another feature of the data: the mean weight of every daughter family fell closer to the mean of the total population than did that of its parent group. Galton interpreted this to suggest that the characteristics of offspring were products not only of the immediate parent but also of numerous forebears. He argued that the effect of ancestry caused the progeny of one generation to revert toward the center of the population, and he dubbed the measure of that tendency, expressed in the common ratio of the daughter-parent deviations, the "coefficient of reversion."

Once Galton had the data from the Anthropometric Laboratory and the "Record of Family Faculties," he was able to ruminate over the statistics of human heredity. He constructed a table marked on the left-hand side with grades of parental height and on the top with grades of the height of their grown children. For parental height, he used an average of the maternal and paternal heights, which he called the height of the "midparent." An imaginary horizontal line drawn from a given midparental height on the left would intersect with an imaginary line dropped vertically from a given child's height. At each point of intersection, Galton entered a number denoting the frequency with which, according to his data, a midparent of the height marked on the left produced a child of the height designated at the top. Read across from left to right, the resulting array of numbers expressed the observations that midparents of, say, seventy-one inches in height produced four children with heights of sixty-seven inches, five children of sixty-eight inches, five of sixty-nine inches,



Building On Tradition



The affinity between landmark architecture and excellence in clothing, as expressed on the previous page, is just as evident in our fall offerings for women. In the same spirit, we knitted this Scottish sweater, reminiscent of the art of the Aran Islanders, in cotton chenille rather than wool which brings to it a new romance in the form of velvety elegance. Our version of the box-pleat skirt is cut in lambswool and tailored with a sophistication that causes it to dance gracefully as you move. We even had our Italian craftsmen temper the customary sturdiness of the classic English walking shoe with a new sense of proportion and ease.

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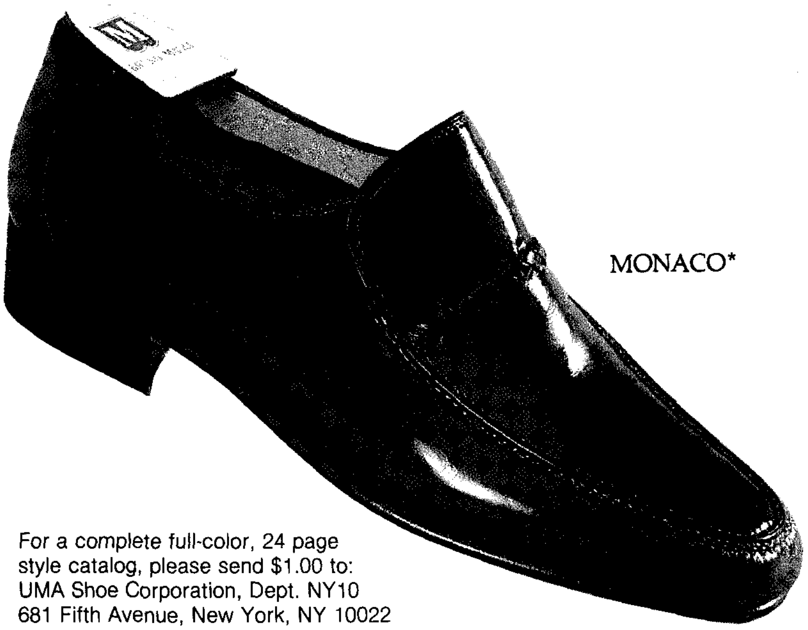

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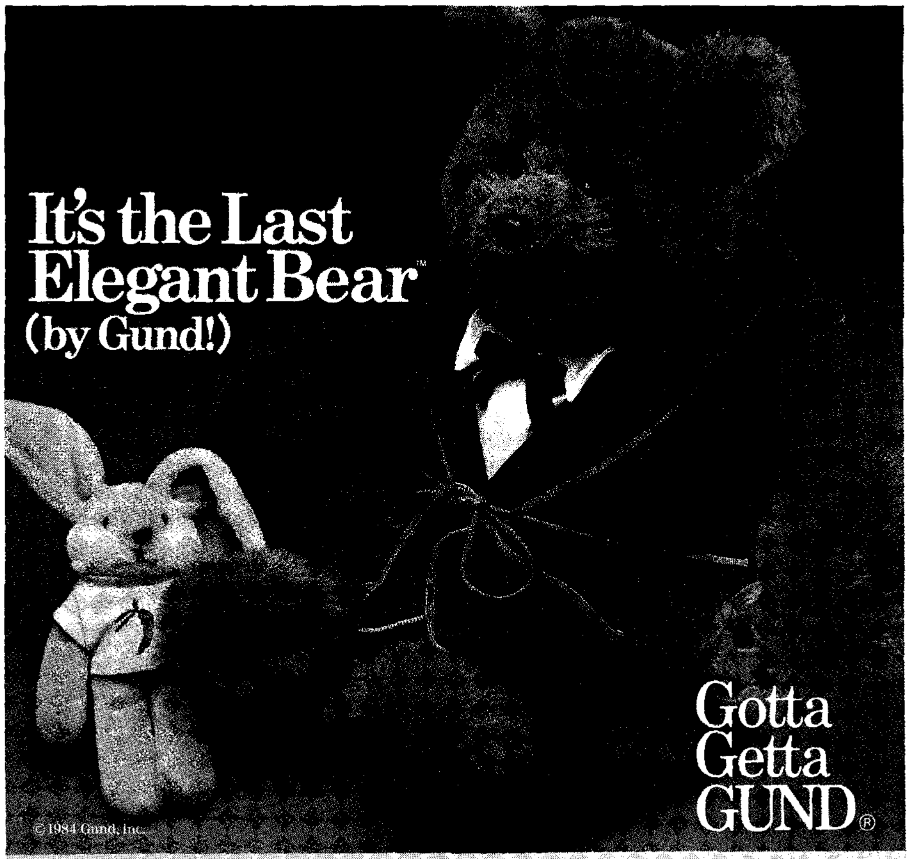

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and four of seventy inches; or that midparents of sixty-six inches produced four offspring of sixty-five inches, six of sixty-six inches, and four of sixty-seven inches.

In his meteorological work, Galton had liked to connect points of equal temperature or pressure on a weather map. While puzzling over his table of height data, Galton noticed that points of equal frequency—for example, every point labelled "4"—formed a series of concentric ellipses. Equally arresting, a straight line that connected the horizontal tangent points had a slope—the ratio of the line's vertical to its horizontal rate of progress—equal to the coefficient of reversion of the children on the parents; one connecting the vertical tangent points had a slope equal to the coefficient of reversion of the parents on the children. Galton suspected, with considerable insight, that one could construct these ellipses knowing only three things: the probable errors of the parental and filial generations and the reversion coefficient of the latter on the former. Galton was rusty in analytic geometry and unable himself to prove his insight. Disguising the problem as one in abstract mechanics, so as not to prejudice the outcome, he set the task for J. D. Hamilton Dickson, a mathematician at St. Peter's College, Cambridge. Dickson derived Galton's ellipses and their interrelationships using only analytic geometry and the laws of probability. The outcome was freighted with an implication that delighted Galton. Dickson's result held as a general relationship between any two appropriate variables, not only those linked by heredity. The coefficient of reversion was thus independent of heredity; it was purely a property of statistical manipulation itself. Galton, the onetime aspiring mathematician, had willy-nilly forged a contribution to mathematical statistics. To rid the reversion term of its hereditary flavor, he renamed it the "coefficient of regression."

Not long afterward, Galton became interested in the Frenchman Alphonse Bertillon's system for the identification of criminals, which relied on taking their physical measurements—for example, head and limb size. Galton thought that Bertillon's system suffered from redundancy; it treated different dimensions of the same person as if they were independent, and many of them were not. A tall man, for example, was much more likely than a short one to have a long finger, arm, or foot. To find out whether such characters were in fact independent, Galton tabulated against each other such characteristics as height and arm length. In short order, he noticed that the results fell into a pattern similar to what he had previously found for the heights of parents and children. The tabulation could even be made to produce a similar set of concentric ellipses and mathematical relationships. In consequence, Galton realized that the relationship between measures of two different entities such as height and arm length could be expressed mathematically—just as in regression—by a coefficient of correlation. In fact, Galton concluded, regression was simply a special case of correlational analysis.

The coefficient of correlation, expressed as a number ranging from minus one to plus one, provided a measure of the degree, positive or negative, to which one variable might depend upon another. Statistical correlation could be of particularly powerful assistance in cases—legion in the disciplines of biology and sociology—involving two or more independent variables each of which might be only partly responsible for an observed outcome. Statistical correlation might suggest, for example, that academic performance was negatively correlated with class size—the smaller the class, the better the performance—and, at the same time, positively correlated with the teacher's years of experience. "Some people hate the very name of statistics, but I find them full of beauty and interest," Galton declared shortly after the work on correlation. "Their power of dealing with complicated phenomena is extraordinary. They are the only tools by which an opening can be cut through the formidable thicket of difficulties that bars the path of those who pursue the Science of man."

Galton made a good case for that claim in 1889, when he brought together most of the results of his investigations in heredity and statistics in the scientifically influential "Natural Inheritance." For all its merits, the book, like much of Galton's mathematical work, lacks rigor and is in places wrong. It is the sort of study to be expected from a pass-degree Cambridge graduate who was neither a formal mathematician nor an intellectually disciplined scientist. Galton proceeded by counting, pondering numerical arrays, constructing mechanical analogues, and relying on geometry

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and intuition. When he required rigorous mathematical proofs, he had to turn to others. Nevertheless, the core of his work in statistics constituted a sharp and irreversible departure from the mere data-gathering that had characterized the science in mid-century. Galton insisted that statistics had to incorporate the theory and methods of mathematical probability. By doing precisely that, he produced, with regression and correlation, a seminally important innovation. His biographer Karl Pearson wrote in 1930, "Thousands of correlation coefficients are now calculated annually, the memoirs and textbooks on psychology abound in them; they form . . . the basis of investigations in medical statistics, in sociology and anthropology. . . . Formerly the quantitative scientist could think only in terms of causation, now he can think also in terms of correlation. This has not only enormously widened the field to which quantitative and therefore mathematical methods can be applied, but it has at the same time modified our philosophy of science and even of life itself."

By "life itself" Pearson meant mainly heredity. "Natural Inheritance" contains numerous obiter dicta—most of them unsupported or erroneous—on aspects of the subject, including the heritability of disease, of the "artistic faculty," and of alcoholism. Galton's mathematical analyses of ancestral or familial hereditary relationships were faulty. And he was in fact unable to shed any real light on the heritability of talent or intelligence—a problem he never solved. But he did contribute crucially to the study of heredity. While scientists before him, including Darwin himself, had spoken vaguely of some force of inheritance, of reversion and variation, or of like begetting like, Galton gave heredity a sharp—albeit, of course, a non-Mendelian—definition: the quantitative, hence measurable, relationship between generations for given characters.

But Galton's heredity studies raised serious problems for his eugenic program. It was clear from his work that in any population the distribution of a given character remained the same from generation to generation; the bell curve for, say, height was the same for children as for parents. More important, even if only members of the population at the extremes of the bell curve—for example, heavier sweet-pea seeds—were chosen for reproduction, Galton's results declared that their progeny, if they were left to reproduce without constraint, would ultimately regress toward the mean of the initial population. It seemed that only by selection of the weightier seeds in every generation could a line of heavy seeds be kept heavy. It was "in consequence impossible that the natural qualities of a race may be permanently changed through the action of selection upon mere variations," Galton believed. "The selection of the most serviceable variations"—presumably he included high ability—"cannot even produce any great degree of artificial and temporary improvement."

If the evolution of new forms did not come about by the selection of small variations, however serviceable they might be, how did it come about? Theorists of evolution had debated the problem of evolutionary mechanisms long before Galton's statistical work. As the debate proceeded, Darwin had cited an early theory of his own, called pangenesis, which stated that the environment induced advantageous organic modifications and that these were transmitted, by particles he called gemmules, via the circulation of bodily fluids to the sexual organs and ultimately to succeeding generations. But in the eighteen-seventies, in an experimental challenge to the theory of pangenesis, Galton had found that gray rabbits whose blood—and, presumably, gemmules—had been mixed with that from whites nevertheless bore not mongrel rabbits but more grays. Heredity, Galton supposed, must be governed by some sort of latent element responsible for the transmission of characters from one generation to the next. In the eighteen-eighties, the German biologist August Weismann independently advanced a similar, though physiologically more substantial, hypothesis with his theory of the continuity of the "germ plasm." Weismann's work reinforced Galton's long-standing belief that race improvement could occur only when nature provided a distinct and heritable organic change—biologists of the day termed it a "sport"—upon which selection, natural or eugenic, could act.

The inability to resolve the controversy over how evolution proceeded cast a certain doubt on Darwin's theory and raised obstacles to Galton's eugenics. In the preface of the 1892 edition of "Hereditary Genius," Galton acknowledged that "the great problem of the future betterment of the human race is confessedly, at the pres-

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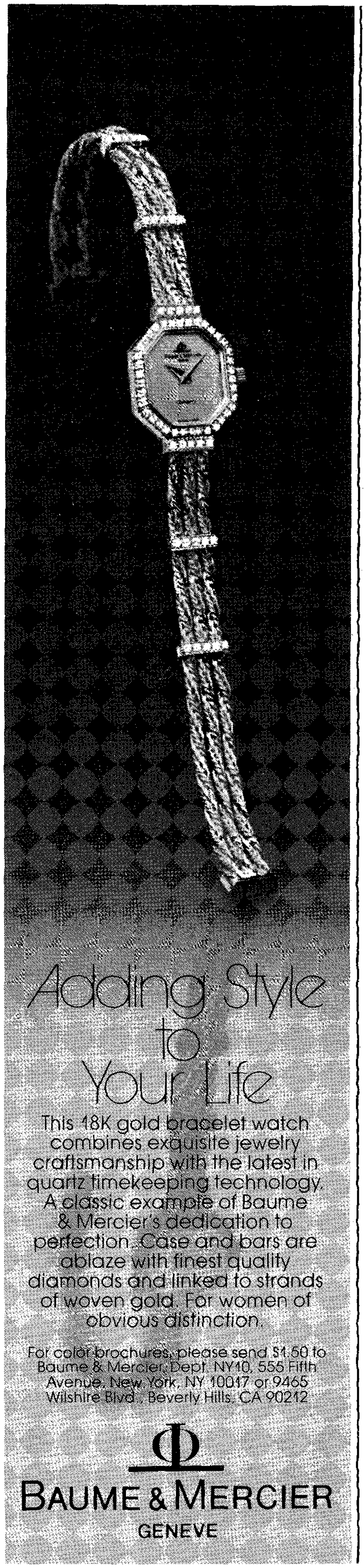

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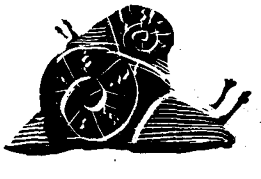
ent time, hardly advanced beyond the state of academic interest." Nevertheless, he insisted that human beings could at least hope to achieve eugenic improvement indirectly. "We may not be able to originate, but we can guide. The processes of evolution are in constant and spontaneous activity, some towards the bad, some towards the good. Our part is to watch for opportunities to intervene by checking the former and giving free play to the latter."

Galton's eugenic ideas gradually won a degree of commendation from the scientific community both in Britain and in the United States. "You have made a convert of an opponent in one sense," Darwin told his cousin, "for I have always maintained that excepting fools, men did not differ much in intellect, only in zeal and hard work." In "The Descent of Man," Darwin canonized Galton: "We now know, through the admirable labours of Mr. Galton, that genius . . . tends to be inherited." But in the Anglo-American world of genteel lay discourse some critics disputed Galton's claim of the heritability of intelligence, and others warned that eugenics would interfere with the freedom and sanctity of marriage. Defenders of the faith rejected his anticlerical views as such and his biological theories because they implied that mental capacity was not implanted by God in every newborn individual. Moral progress, the reasoning went, could not be reduced to biology, because man was predominantly a spiritual rather than a biological creature.

To be sure, in the late nineteenth century a growing body of commentators who introduced Darwinian analogies into social argument thought otherwise. Many social Darwinists insisted that biology was destiny, at least for the unfit, and that a broad spectrum of socially deleterious traits, ranging from "pauperism" to mental illness, resulted from heredity. Such reasoning suggested that the procreation of the fit ought to be encouraged and that of the unfit limited, but most hereditarians of the day on the whole ignored eugenics. Voluntary eugenic measures seemed rather premature; man was as yet insufficiently altruistic to permit eugenic concern for the community to govern his desire for self-reproduction. If not voluntarism, then perhaps coercion. But coercion would violate the dominant doctrine of laissez-faire by requiring state interference with individual liberty, and one of the most private areas of liberty at that. Besides, to the social-Darwinist mind coercion was unnecessary, since in the merciless struggle for survival the unfit were doomed anyway and the fit destined to prevail.



Galton's eugenic doctrines ran into no such obstacles among groups for whom social Darwinism was of little or no consequence. From the eighteen-sixties onward, various sexual radicals had advanced the cause of better breeding in order to promote liberty in human couplings. In the United States, Victoria Woodhull repeatedly invoked before lecture audiences "the scientific propagation of the human race" as reason for sexual education and the emancipation of women. John Humphrey Noyes, the founder and patriarch of the Perfectionist Oneida Community, in upstate New York, disapproved of monogamy, which he thought "discriminates against the best and in favor of the worst; for while the good man will be limited by his conscience to what the law allows, the bad man, free from moral check, will distribute his seed beyond the legal limits." In 1865, Noyes' Oneida newspaper, the *Circular*, proclaimed in an editorial that "Human Breeding should be one of the foremost questions of the age, transcending in its sublime interest all present political and scientific questions." Noyes had already established at Oneida a system of "complex marriage," which declared all members of the community wedded to each other, and regulated the permissible yet various sexual bondings. In 1869, inspired by Galton to the further pursuit of perfection, he launched volunteers at Oneida on an experimental program of selective human breeding.

In England, sexual radicalism often combined with Fabian-socialist leanings to produce, typically, the eugenic ideas of George Bernard Shaw and Havelock Ellis: since barriers of class and wealth kept people from eugenically optimal marriages, remove class distinctions and many more biologically desirable unions would be assured. Galton may not have found the Shavians to his taste—he declared that he had never intended to condone the mating of men and women "as we please, like cocks and hens"—but the fact of the matter was that eugenic

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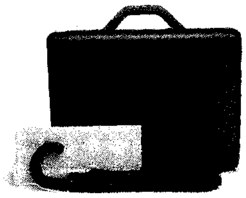
enthusiasm was highest among social radicals. Indeed, Galton drew his principal successor in eugenics, Karl Pearson, from an offbeat sector of British socialism.

Pearson was the product of a middle-class Quaker family who had come down from Yorkshire to London so that the father might fulfill his intense ambition in the law. William Pearson, who eventually became a Queen's Counsel, dominated, perhaps to the point of tyranny, his two sons and his wife, an ineffectual woman who retreated into a self-indulgent distractedness. Karl remembered his father as "an iron man" who rose before dawn to prepare his briefs, rushed to the office after a standing breakfast at nine, returned in the evening to hurry taciturnly through dinner, then promptly retired. If Karl entered his father's study, he would be directed to a chair and left to sit for hours entirely ignored. On vacations, he was made to follow along on fly-fishing tramps but instructed not to cast if fish were about. Karl's older brother, Arthur, was sent away to Rugby. Karl was educated in London and thus remained at home, where, unlike Galton, he had no older sister to turn to for warmth. He found his parental affection in his mother, who needed her son's emotional sustenance as much as he needed hers.

Arthur Pearson was made rich by one of his father's clients in exchange for taking his surname; he nominally practiced law, but he spent a great deal of his life on holiday. The senior Pearson's ambitions came to center on Karl, who was also expected to enter the law. For reasons of health, Karl was withdrawn from his London school at the age of sixteen and sent away to a private tutor at Hitchin. He resented the other students there: they talked indecently, played the banjo and sang while he tried to work, and hardly ever spoke to him. ("I can bear the leaving home," he confided to his mother, "but never speaking to anyone is very hard.") In 1875, he went to King's College, Cambridge, on a mathematics scholarship. He deplored the university, because, as he put it in a bit of doggerel, young men came "to gain social stamp, but not to learn,/ While teachers only teach to earn." Pearson refused to attend the required divinity lectures and chapel. Though the rebellion was directed more against the requirement than against religion as such, Pearson, like so many Victorian undergraduates, was beset by an agony of religious doubt. Spiritually discontented and more enamored of mathematics than of the law, he went to Germany for postgraduate study, dividing his time among law at Berlin, philosophy at Heidelberg, and mathematics at both.

Pearson declared the Prussians "barbaric" and disliked the Germany of the Kaiser; he found solace for his religious doubts in the Germany of Goethe, giving way to a cow-eyed romanticism. To a Cambridge friend he announced that he would not want any son of his to be a man of the world but would prefer that he make art "his goddess." In 1880, on his return to England, he dutifully entered Lincoln's Inn to prepare for the bar. His heart elsewhere, he changed the spelling of his name from Carl to Karl and dreamed of marrying a German wife. He wrote "The New Werther," a turgid novel that celebrated lonely idealism; published a Passion play that attacked orthodox Christianity; and resolved his religious doubts in favor of agnosticism and a devotion to Spinoza. Yet Pearson's mixture of idealism and romanticism was accompanied by a certain awareness of socioeconomic reality in late-Victorian Britain. Like many sons of professional fathers, he was hostile to the aristocracies of landed wealth and industrial capital. Above all else, he was a rationalist; history, philosophy, and science, particularly the German variety, had considerably more influence on him than poetry.

Pearson was attracted to the German school's blend of idealism and economic historicism—notably Johann Fichte's insistence that the overarching good of the people was best expressed in the state. Politically, he drew upon the views of the German socialist left. While in Berlin, he had spoken contemptuously of the students who attended DuBois Reymond's celebrated lectures on Darwinism for thinking that "some solution of their social difficulties is to be obtained from the theories of evolution." In Pearson's view, Darwinism buttressed Herbert Spencer's doctrine of individualism and provided a justification of laissez-faire capitalism. But in the England of the eighteen-eighties re-



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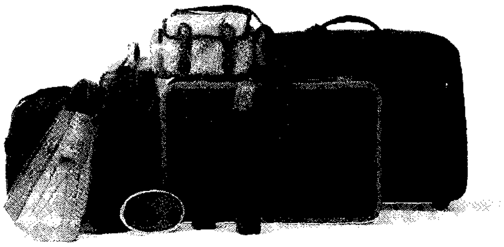

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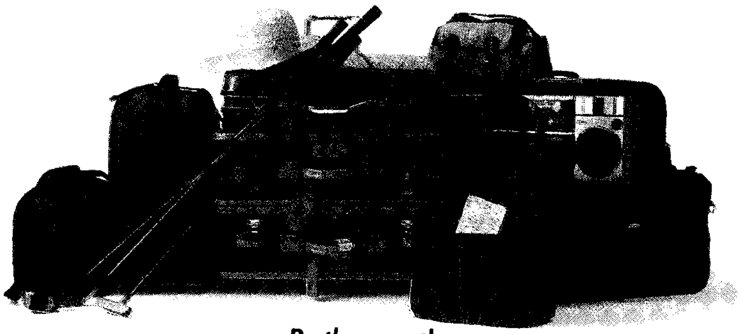

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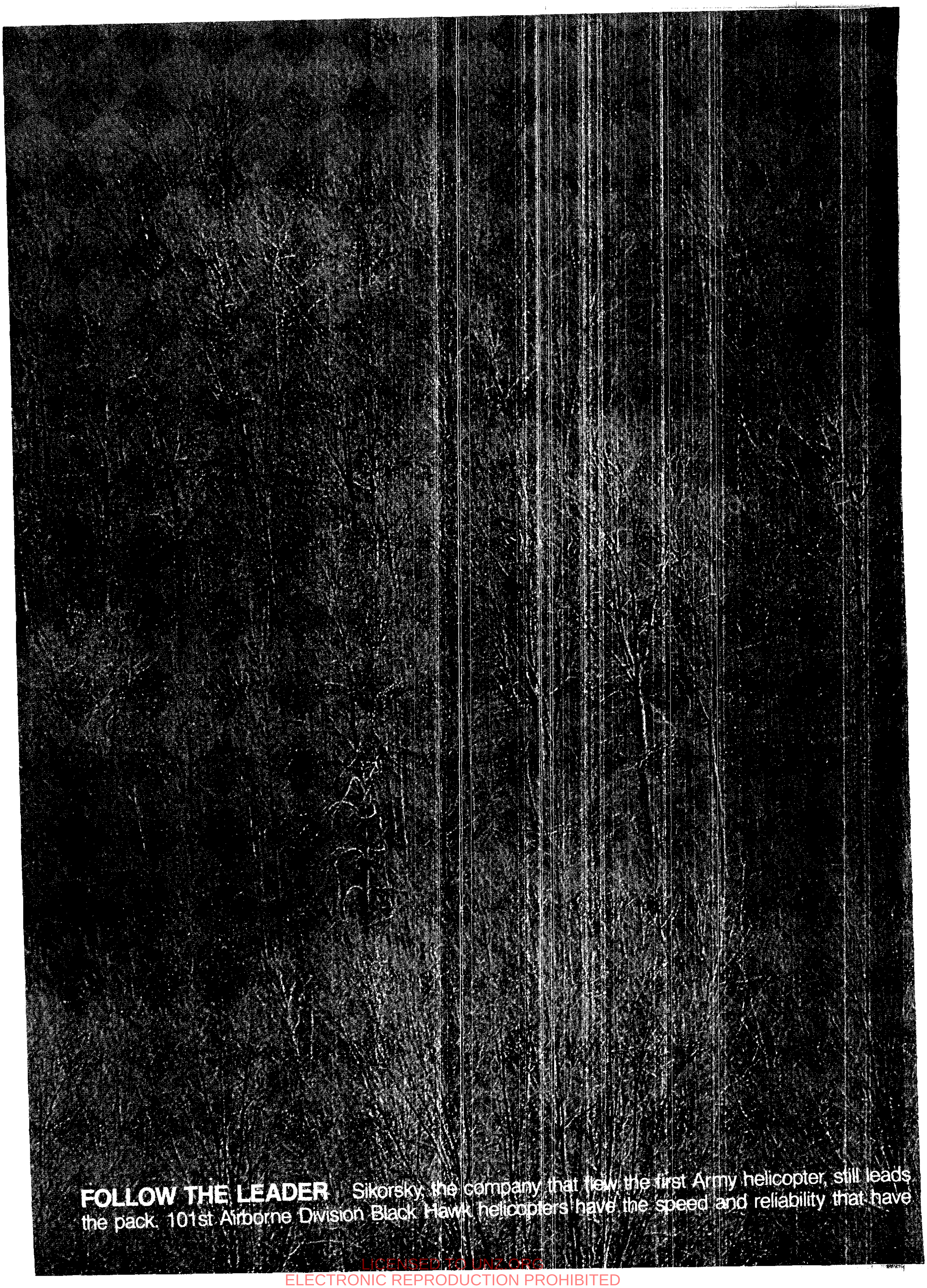

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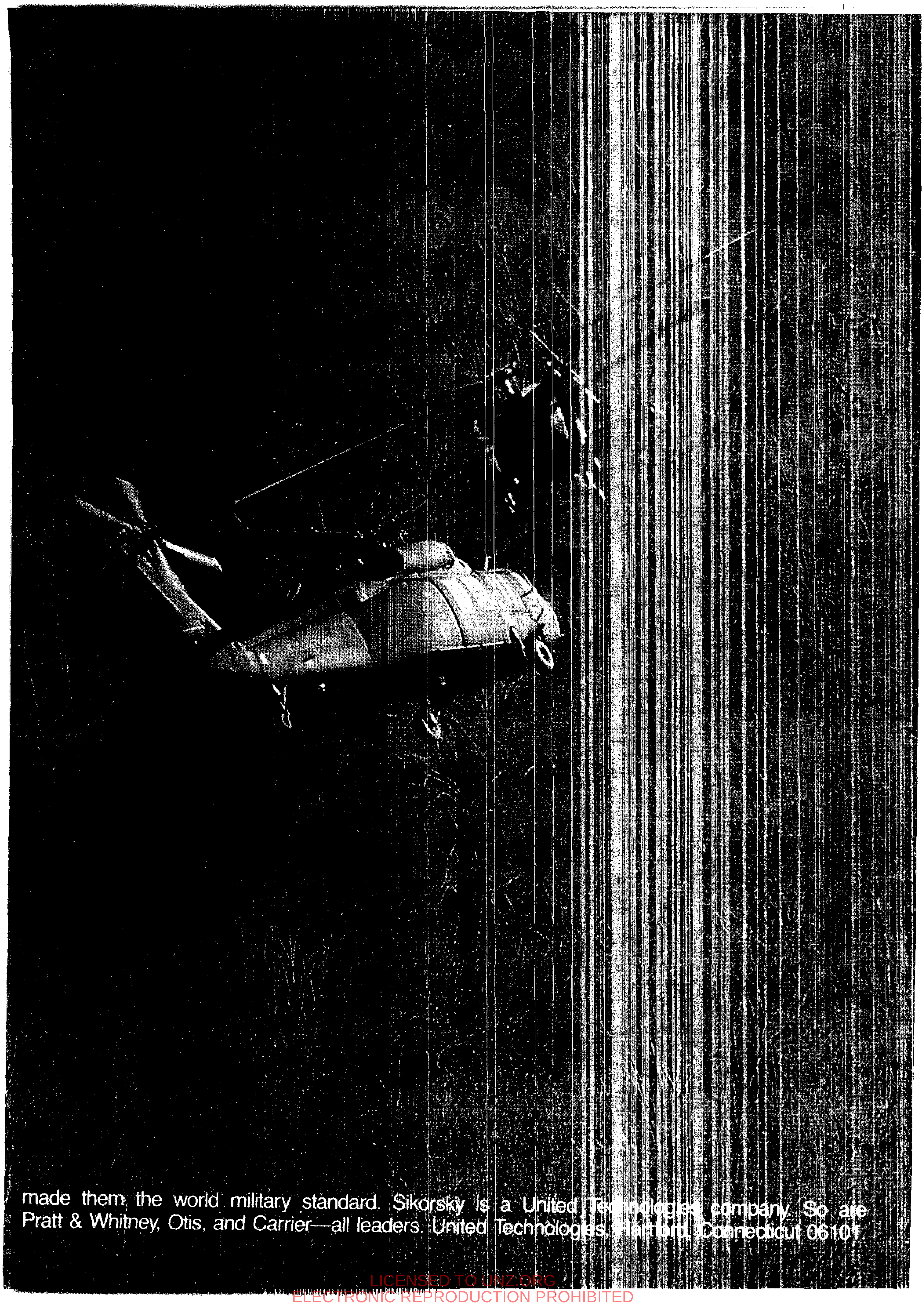

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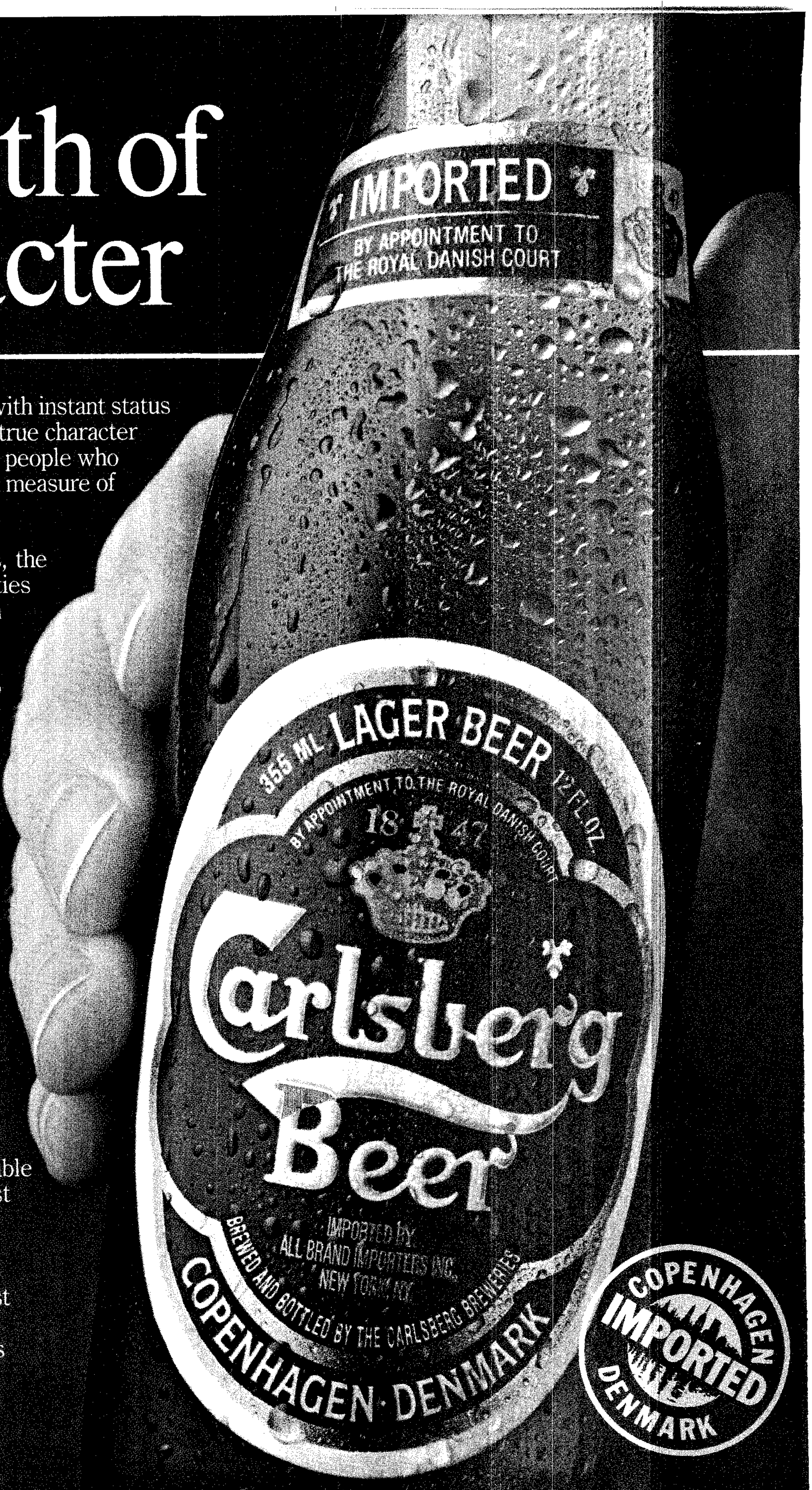
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formers were forging Darwinism into a weapon against laissez-faire. Pearson soon followed suit, by substituting competition between national groups for individual struggle. In the era of the pro-imperial Primrose League and of mounting concern about the economic rivalry of France, Germany, and the United States, it was a short step from there to social imperialism—to advocating that the nation should be kept internally strong for the sake of the external struggle.

Yet, unlike other Darwinian socialists, Pearson paid virtually no attention to the intricacies of industrial power. Nor did he show any interest in the individual details of working-class life, either in or out of the factory. Pearson the rationalist and lonely romantic tended to love people more easily in the abstract group than in the particular flesh and blood. Having abandoned religion, he sought a secular creed, and he found one appropriate to his personality in a socialism—iron-handed, if necessary—based on the Fichtean imperative of subordinating the mass of citizens to the welfare of the nation-state. Pearson came to equate morality with the advancement of social evolution, the outcome of the Darwinian struggle with the ascendancy of the fittest nation, and the achievement of fitness with a nationalist socialism.

Professional self-interest pervaded Pearson's ideas. He insisted upon bringing about the socialist state gradually, through the "enthusiasm of the study," rather than at the barricades. Once the socialist state was achieved, material goods would be divided as equitably as possible among all classes, but the further direction of social progress would fall mainly to workers of the head rather than of the hand. In his scale of values, thinking was as noble a form of labor as stoking a furnace—and more valuable to society. Sharing none of the Fabian enthusiasm for the extension of political democracy, he opposed the vesting of power in the uneducated laboring classes; they were all too easily moved by demagoguery. George Bernard Shaw chided him: "As to an uneducated democracy being worse than a prejudiced aristocracy. For such a view I have an enormous contempt; and so ought you." But Shaw failed to recognize that Pearson was concerned less with the shape of the new society than with where the Karl Pearsons would fit into it. In an essay for the *Cambridge Review* in 1881, Pearson called for something akin to a socialist meritocracy, declaring that "power intellectual shall determine whether the life-calling of a man is to scavenge the streets or to guide the nation."

While Pearson pondered the future role of power intellectual, his father nagged him to bear down in the present on the study of criminal law. Desperately eager to escape it, Pearson tried for mathematics posts at four universities, and finally, in 1884, landed a professorship at University College, London, then as now on Gower Street a few blocks north of the British Museum. He found much of his intellectual life outside mathematics and the college—in books and public lectures, among his few Cambridge friends, and on the fringes of radical London, where he made the acquaintance of Eleanor Marx, George Bernard Shaw, Sidney and Beatrice Webb, Havelock Ellis, and Ellis's inamorata, Olive Schreiner, the South African novelist and passionate feminist.

Pearson soon came to believe that next to socialism the most important issue of the day was "the woman question." Ideas on the question formed part of the coin of socialist London, but Pearson took a special interest in it because of his mother's misery. He felt that she was imprisoned in her marriage—that she lacked the independent economic means to escape. ("There is always a demoralising influence in the power of one individual over another," he once noted, reflecting on his parents' relationship, "and this to a great extent must accompany the power of the purse.") To achieve genuine freedom, women, Pearson was sure, required the economic independence that only socialism could bring. Yet Pearson knew little about women. To teach himself, he founded, in 1885, the Men and Women's Club, for frank discussion of male-female relations. The club consisted of about fifteen members—mainly Pearson's Cambridge and law friends together with a roughly equal number of female acquaintances. Most of the members were single. Olive Schreiner participated for a time; among the guest lecturers was the birth-control advocate and freethinker Annie Besant. Club discussions ranged over prostitution, venereal disease, contraception—"preventive checks," in the euphemism of the day—mar-

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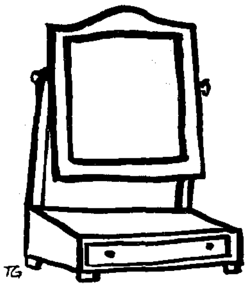
riage, sexuality, and women's economic opportunities and intellectual capacity. It was remarkably daring fare, given the largely middle-class composition of the club and the contemporary limits on what was considered proper in mixed conversation. Or, rather, daring to a point. A majority of the club's members, Pearson included, stood far to the right of a certain type of sexual radicalism. The club denied admission to Havelock Ellis, and Pearson dutifully played dumb when one day George Bernard Shaw inquired about joining. The club may have agreed upon the desirability of easier divorce and flirted with the idea of sexual experimentation, but most members were in favor of monogamy, preferably in marriage. Even Olive Schreiner, who had her affairs, held that infidelities on the part of either sex were "utterly opposed to the deepest laws of human nature, and are productive of nothing but evil to the individual, the offspring, and society." Before the club disbanded, in 1889, it laid the foundation for at least three marriages among its members, including Pearson.



For Pearson, the club was a means not only of learning about women but of reaching out to them. Approaching thirty, he had never known a youthful passion, or even a serious flirtation. His contacts with the opposite sex—save, it seems, for prostitutes—had for the most part been cerebral. To him, younger women were shallow playthings, whom, he once confessed, he liked to waken out of complacency, with "half cynical intent," by saying "bitter things." He preferred the friendship of older, experienced wommen, and for a time early in the history of the club he had a liaison of sorts with Olive Schreiner. Pearson suggested that the relationship was to exclude sex. Schreiner, who was frightened by her own sexual drives, agreed, but, momentarily estranged from Havelock Ellis, she nurtured an unrequited passion for Pearson that helped drive her to a breakdown. She suspected that Pearson's affections had been alienated by one of the club members, Mrs. Henry P. Cobb, the wife of a radical M.P., but the real object of Pearson's interest was Mrs. Cobb's sister Maria Sharpe.

Maria Sharpe was four years older than Pearson, intellectual yet conventional in her experience and attitudes. Having become interested in the woman question as a schoolgirl, she had always supposed that the best way to maintain her independence was to avoid men. She wished to be valued for her mind rather than for her body. She sympathized with women who wanted nothing of sexual relations and married only for "mental . . . intercourse with the masculine mind." She considered preventive checks repulsive, since by divorcing the sex act from its procreative consequences they permitted men to use women as mere physical instruments and led to excessive indulgence. Her ideas changed in response to the studies of the club—and the tutelage of Pearson, who courted her by abstract discourse and correspondence on socialism, women, and sex.

Pearson made it clear to Sharpe that he respected her mind and wanted to encourage its development. Although he sometimes referred to middle-class women as "shopping dolls," maintaining that sheer laziness kept them from employing their frequently considerable leisure in literary or scientific pursuits, he conceded that women's comparative lack of intellectual achievement was a result, in some significant degree, of inadequate opportunity. Socialism would provide the necessary opportunities and, by eliminating the economic enslavement of women and rendering their relations with men voluntary, would make possible their free enjoyment of sexual ties. Indeed, contrary to his fellow socialist theoreticians, Pearson held that the right of all to decent labor required the limitation of population, which meant that the purpose of sexual relations would be only secondarily to conceive children and primarily to express "the closest form of friendship between man and woman." Pearson helped convince Sharpe that women possessed a significant sexual drive and might properly seek in union with a man, wedded or not, mutual sexual fulfillment for its own sake. Yet to persuade the mind is not necessarily to reconstruct the psyche, and when, in 1889, Pearson finally proposed marriage Sharpe had a nervous breakdown. Apparently, she suffered from a deep fear of losing her independence, entering into an actual physical relationship, and living up to the expectations of Karl Pearson. Melancholia enveloped her when she

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was away from Pearson and even more when she was with him; he described her condition as hysteria. It took six months for Sharpe to regain her composure, and in 1890 she and Pearson were married.

Two years earlier, Pearson had published "The Ethic of Freethought," a collection of iconoclastic essays on subjects ranging from religion to socialism and the woman question. "What a very brave thing a man in Pearson's [academic] position has done in printing that book at all," Olive Schreiner marvelled to Havelock Ellis, and Shaw wanted Pearson to join the Fabians, where Shaw found himself "absolutely alone . . . on the free-thought question." But Pearson's radical garlands had done nothing for him as a professional mathematician. At University College, where research was regarded as an indulgent luxury, his time was given over primarily to teaching—a good sixteen hours of lectures weekly. Pearson had accomplished little in mathematics. He expected to make his mark with works of history and philosophy, notably "The Grammar of Science," which was published in 1892. But his mathematical career took a vital turn that year, when he embarked on a collaboration in research with Walter F. R. Weldon, who had been recently appointed to the Jodrell Professorship of Zoology at University College.

WELDON had been a prize student at Cambridge of the brilliant biologist Francis Maitland Balfour. Like Balfour, Weldon had studied the morphology of invertebrates and vertebrates in order to illuminate their evolutionary development. Much of late-nineteenth-century life science—paleontology, comparative anatomy, embryology, and botany—was occupied with establishing species "types" and tracing their evolutionary lines of descent. The results tended to be descriptive and decidedly speculative. One man's guess was as good as another's concerning the functional value for evolution of an organic adaptation, and variation in the structure of organisms made for considerable dispute over what constituted the archetype of a given species. Typically, it bothered Weldon that although changes in larval forms always accompanied evolutionary development, no clear functional relationship was evident between the new larval and the new adult characters. Weldon was becoming increasingly dissatisfied with morphological methods when, in 1889, he read Francis Galton's "Natural Inheritance." Immediately, he wondered whether one might sidestep the inconclusiveness of morphology by subjecting the study of species and their evolution to statistical treatment.

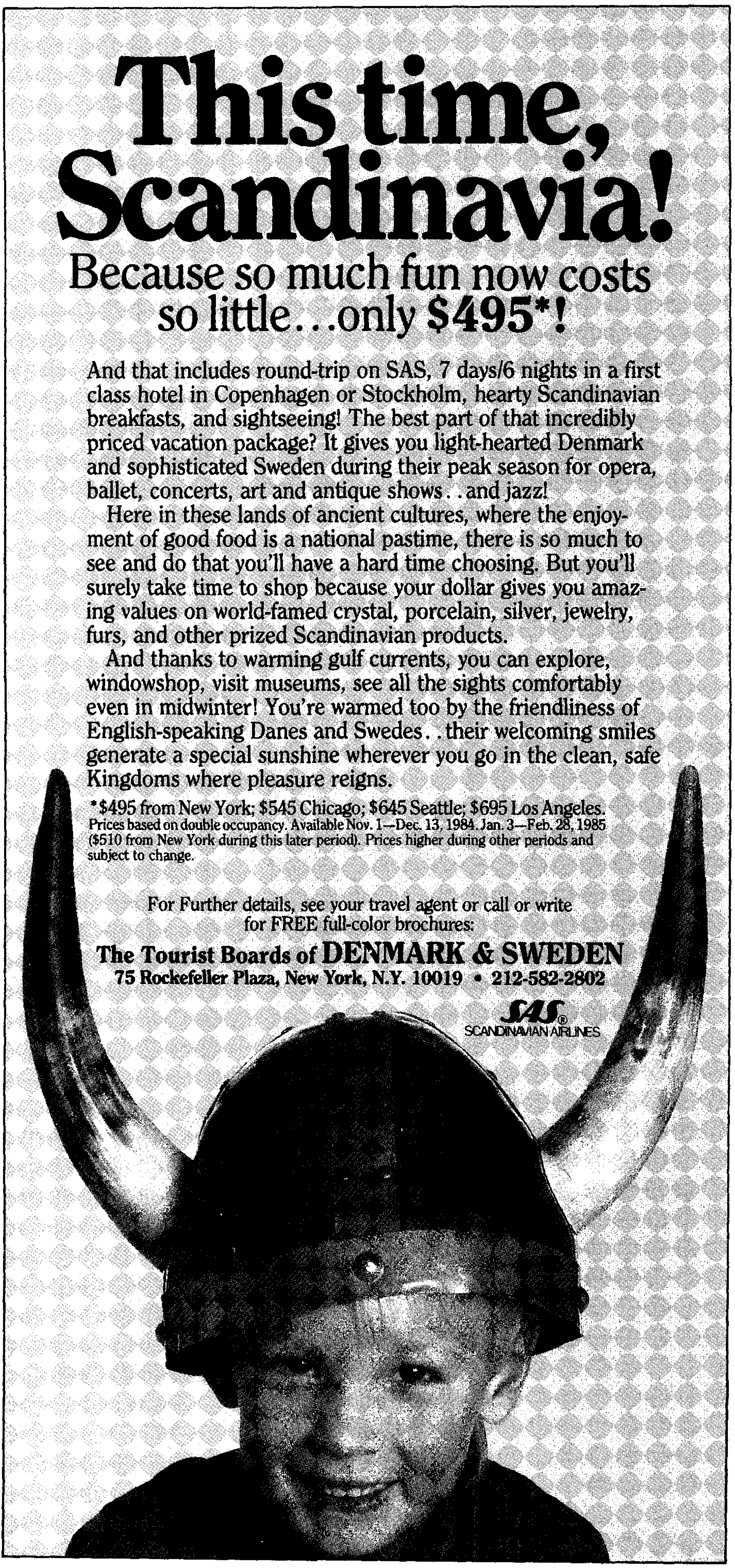
In short order, Weldon measured certain physical characteristics of several large samples of the common wild shrimp. All the samples were drawn from the same species but, having been taken from different sites, represented different "races." In the course of the work, he met Galton, who happily helped him perfect the statistical analysis. Weldon found that for each sample group the size of a given organ was distributed normally about a mean—it was the first demonstration that a wild population displayed the normal distribution—but that the probable error in organ size varied from one sample to another. Weldon also applied Galton's method of statistical correlation to a pair of each shrimp's physical features—the lengths of the carapace and of the post-spinous bodily portion. He found that the degree of correlation was high and was approximately equal—the correlation coefficient came to about 0.8 out of a possible 1.0—for all the samples under study.

Weldon then scrutinized two samples of crabs, one group consisting of a thousand taken from Plymouth Bay and the other of a thousand from the Bay of Naples. He measured eleven characters of each sample—a total of twenty-two characters. Although twenty-one were normally distributed, the twenty-second set of measurements—the frontal breadths of the sample from the Bay of Naples—formed itself not into the familiar symmetric bell curve but into an asymmetric curve with a double hump. Weldon wondered whether the double-humped representation meant that this sample might in fact be made up of two different species of crab, each with its own normally distributed frontal breadth. General mathematical training, let alone statistics, was not a standard part of the late-nineteenth-century biologist's professional equipage. Stimulated by Galton, Weldon had begun educating himself in the theory of statistics, but the question presented by the double-humped curve was beyond his competence. It was for this reason that he turned for help to Pearson, who analyzed how to decide whether such a curve represented two normally distributed quantities.

To Weldon, the outcome of the

shrimp and crab investigations promised a striking advance for evolutionary studies. Instead of speculative definitions of alleged archetypes, species or races might be defined in terms of the quantitatively certain distribution of a given character around a mean and by the statistical correlation of character pairs. More important, since natural selection presumably killed off the unfit young before they could reproduce, one could determine the fitness or unfitness of a given organism simply by measuring whether its deviation from the mean for a given character was associated with a greater or lesser death rate; thus, all speculations concerning the adaptive significance of variations would be rendered unnecessary. In Weldon's vision, the entire question of evolutionary process could be formulated and pursued as a concrete problem in statistics.

Such ideas were not wholly new to Pearson. In a comment upon "Natural Inheritance" in 1889, he had pointed to the "considerable danger in applying the methods of exact science to problems . . . of heredity." But in Weldon's crisp reading of it Galton's approach seemed eminently defensible. Moreover, Weldon's program resonated with the philosophical ideas that Pearson had advanced in his "Grammar of Science." A remarkably influential work ("The fall or rise of half-a-dozen empires," Henry Adams recalled, "interested a student of history less than the rise of the 'Grammar of Science' "), its intent was to impress upon the English-speaking world the epistemological ideas of Immanuel Kant and, particularly, of the Austrian philosopher and physicist Ernst Mach, whose writings would be so important to Einstein. In it, Pearson held that knowledge of the natural world consisted only of sequences of sense impressions. Man summarized those impressions in such constructs as "atom," "force," and "matter," but these were merely convenient verbal descriptions—shorthand. In this way, man imposed order upon chaos. Rather than "objective reality," they were the products of man's mind. To Pearson, biology was rife with speculative concepts—"species," "germ plasm," and a variety of life "forces"—that purported to explain vital phenomena yet were beyond operational test. He found Weldon's program appealing because of its positivist determination to deal only with directly observable quantities, to give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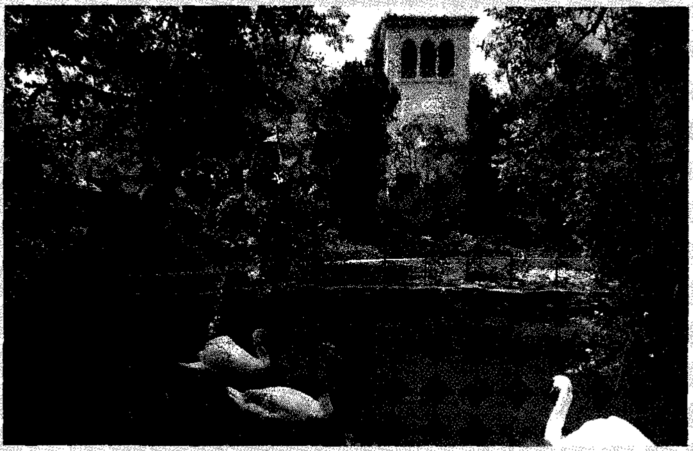

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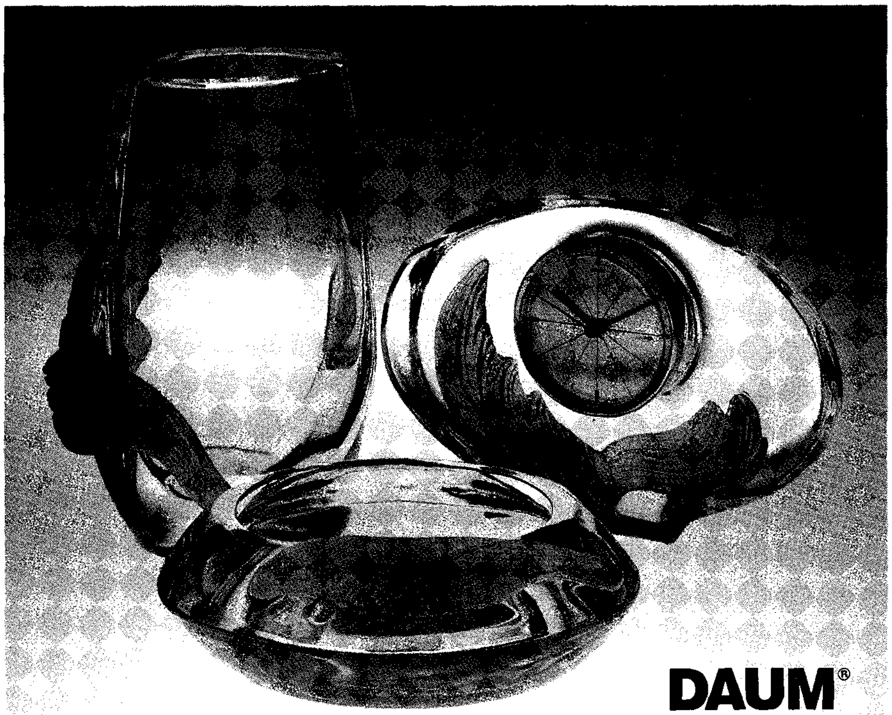

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measurable operational meaning to evolutionary change, to avoid speculative theorizing about unprovable evolutionary mechanisms. Then, too, Pearson was predisposed to be interested in evolution and heredity by virtue of his absorption in social Darwinism and his proto-eugenic leanings; by aiding Weldon he could take "the enthusiasm of the study" beyond historical investigations and lay a solid scientific foundation for gradual social change.

Pearson's intellectual attraction to Weldon's program was reinforced by the Weldon persona. A friend remarked of Pearson that he was inclined to "cut himself off from communion with his fellows by treating any emotional pleasure as a weakness." He was cold, remote, driven; he never really escaped the paternal model. Olive Schreiner said that she learned *from him to be ruthless in refusing the* demands made upon her for help or advice. Pearson reminded her of "a lump of ice." Characteristically, he argued that the aesthetic value of art depended upon the degree to which, like a law of science, the work confirmed the beholder's experience. Weldon was more easygoing. During his undergraduate days at Cambridge, he had relished college social life and had kept in his rooms an owl named Pharaoh, which, to the pleasure of his friends, he brought out of its cupboard at night. Weldon took a keen pleasure in literature and painting, particularly French and Italian works. His pleasure was aesthetic; he disliked didacticism in art. He journeyed annually to the Continent, combining biological research with an indulgence of his taste for art and opera. His students found him intensely human and held him in deep affection. So did Pearson. Weldon, three years his junior, was an alter ego, who, he once remarked, "always helped me to feel young."

Pearson and Weldon were first drawn together in a common attempt to reform London University—which was then mainly an examining body for a number of independent colleges confederated under it—politicking in 1892, unsuccessfully, for a genuinely metropolitan institution under professorial control and with uniform academic standards. For the next fourteen *years—until* Weldon's untimely death, in 1906, at the age of forty-six—they collaborated closely on the statistical study of heredity and evolution. They lunched together daily at the college before their one-o'clock lectures, tossing ideas about, jotting notes on menus, and conducting experiments in probability with pellets of bread, then often carried on the discussion in letters posted from Pearson's house, in Hampstead, and from Weldon's, near the college, on Wimpole Street. In their collaboration, Weldon did the biological research, collecting samples and measuring characters. He relied heavily on the aid of his wife, also a former Cambridge student, for the laborious calculations, which had to be done by hand. Pearson developed the necessary statistical theory and pursued its implications for evolution and heredity. The mathematician and the biologist exposed each other to the presumptions of their respective fields. (Weldon once complained to Francis Galton that Pearson cavalierly assumed a particular mathematical ratio to be "the real measure of the importance of variation"—that "he does not see that this is a matter for experiment, and not for *a priori* reasoning at all.") They provided mutual guidance in the framing of problems and did their best, at times with friendly abuse, to keep each other away from embarrassing pitfalls. Weldon was one of the few people who could fault Pearson on a scientific point without inviting demolishing fire in return. So was Galton, whom both regarded as godfather and arbiter of the enterprise.

Weldon and Pearson rarely published jointly, and Weldon put comparatively little into print on his own; much of his work, Pearson said, was done to satisfy himself. Pearson, however, published more than a hundred papers during their collaboration. One of the more important addressed the difficulty that Galton had raised for Darwinian and eugenic theory: that evolution could not proceed by the selection of small variations, because succeeding generations always regressed to the mean of the ancestral population—toward what Galton called the "racial center." Galton had embodied that contention in a mathematical formula, which Pearson later christened "the law of ancestral heredity." On first reading "Natural Inheritance," Pearson had thought—contrary to Galton—that with proper selection human evolution could in fact be guided. Now he pointed out that Galton was refuted by the data of experience: the facial profiles of human populations, for example, did not regress to those of anthropoid apes. Perhaps, Pearson suggested, the focus

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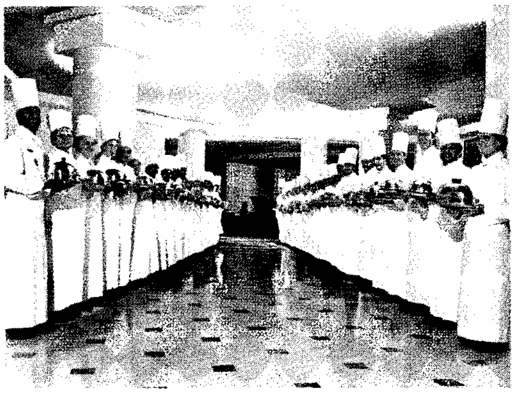

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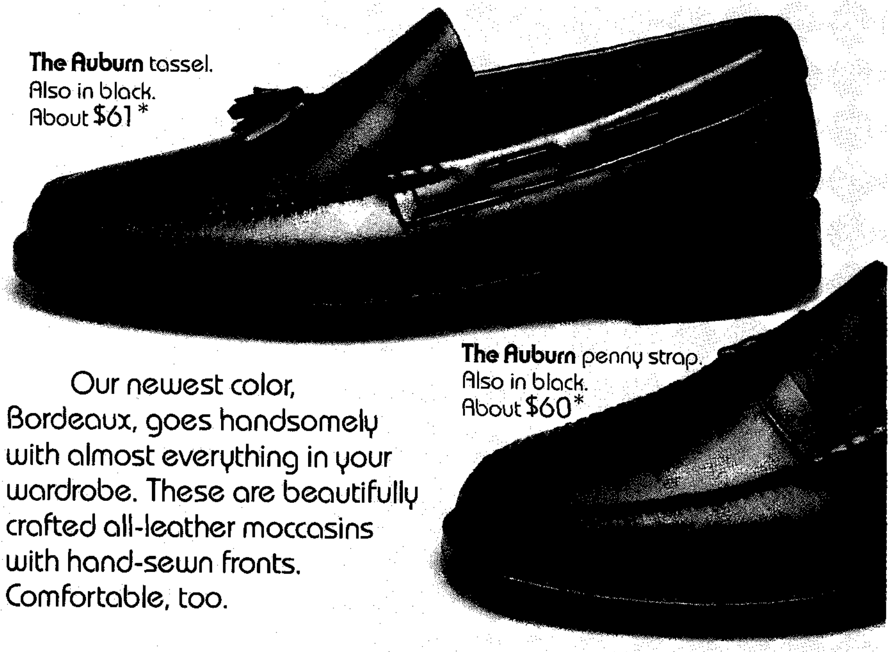

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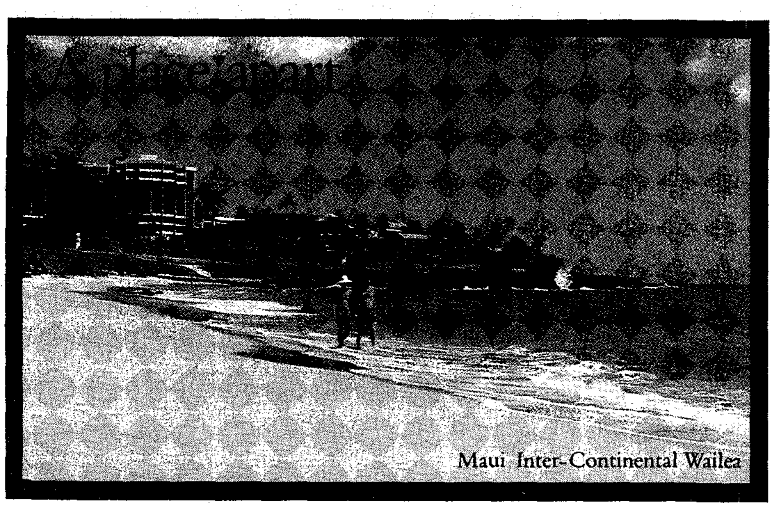
of regression was not some ancestral generation but the immediately prior generation of parents. In that case, selective breeding might well change the center of regression from one generation to the next. In short, the mean of the population for a given character might be deliberately moved in an evolutionary line of eugenic advance.

Pearson supported his theory with elaborate statistical analysis and rigorously reworked Galton's law of ancestral heredity. The result was a modified version of the law, predicting that after only a few generations of selection a population would breed true for the selected character. He presented the paper on the revised law to Galton as a New Year's greeting for 1898, announcing that the law was likely to stand as "one of the most brilliant of Mr. Galton's discoveries," for "if Darwinian evolution be natural selection combined with heredity, then the single statement which embraces the whole field of heredity must prove almost as epoch-making to the biologist as the law of gravitation to the astronomer."

"We shall make something of Heredity at last," Galton exulted in a letter to Pearson. Increasingly fastened on that aim, Pearson employed his developing statistical tools to test Galton's original contention that heredity determined mental ability. In the absence of an objective measure of intelligence—the seemingly objective I.Q. tests had not yet appeared in Britain—Pearson obtained teachers' estimates of the abilities and temperaments of schoolchildren. Ideally, Pearson would have correlated the mental capacity of the children with that of their parents, but similar data for the parents were, of course, unobtainable. So Pearson chose to calculate the correlations between siblings. He realized that the correlations might well lump together qualities of nurture as well as nature, but he intended to overcome that problem by comparing the correlations for intelligence with those for physical characters assumed to be entirely uninfluenced by environment—notably eye and hair color.

This procedure raised a technical problem. The existing calculus of correlations measured the relationship between variables—for example, height and arm span—distributed across a continuous range. Pearson was dealing with so-called nominal variables—that is, with discontinuously distributed data. Eye color did not occur at all points along a continuous spectrum;



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in a given family, eyes were either, say, blue or brown. The same problem held for Pearson's data on mental capacity. Instead of rating the siblings on a single scale of ability, the teachers' estimates placed them in discrete categories: "very dull," "slow," "quick intelligent," and so forth. To measure relationships between his nominal variables, Pearson invented a new theory of correlation. The theory proceeded from the assumption that the variables were points on an underlying (and, of course, unobservable) normal distribution curve. He defended the assumption—rather weakly, and in contradiction to his insistence that science must deal only with what can be directly observed—by contending that under all psychic states lay physical states that were presumably normally distributed in the manner of, say, height. Analyzing data obtained from some two hundred schools on nearly four thousand pairs of siblings, Pearson found that the correlation coefficients for physical characters all equalled about 0.5, and so did those for intelligence. "We are forced, I think literally forced, to the general conclusion that the physical and psychical characters in man are inherited within broad lines in the same manner, and with the same intensity," he announced in the 1903 Huxley Lecture to the Anthropological Institute. "We inherit our parents' tempers, our parents' conscientiousness, shyness and ability, even as we inherit their stature, forearm and span."

"Bravis-is-imo *re* like inheritance of physical and mental!" Galton exclaimed in a note to Pearson. "We have made a firm foothold here"—meaning, as Pearson doubtless understood, a firm foothold in eugenics. The revised law of ancestral heredity suggested that human populations could be permanently improved by biological manipulation. More important, the force of heredity appeared to be so powerful for features like intelligence as to dictate selective breeding as the only means of achieving greater social strength. Weldon, who was not a eugenicist, at times cautioned Pearson against overlooking the role of nurture even in purely biological, let alone social, development, but in these matters Pearson paid less attention to Weldon than to Galton. He spent many hours with Galton at Rutland Gate, discoursing in the white-enamelled drawing room, surrounded by relics of the Darwin and Galton families, including Erasmus Darwin's writing ta-

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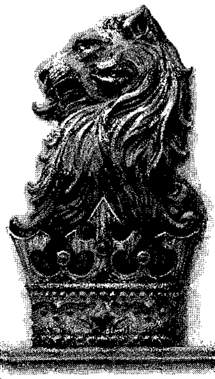

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ble. The relationship with Galton, which had begun somewhat formally in the early eighteen-nineties and had broadened into frequent exchanges on statistics, heredity, and evolution, had ripened by the turn of the century into a warm personal bond, like that between proud father and dutiful son, with the filial Pearson loyal to the paternal eugenic creed.

Yet Pearson hardly came at eugenics from the same angle as Galton—certainly not with the same attitudes toward women and sexuality. Unlike Galton, Pearson, the mainstay of the Men and Women's Club, confronted sexuality head on, with no evident nagging guilt, religious or otherwise. More important, Pearson had no need to fantasize about the eugenic breeding of Pearsonlike progeny, for Maria, settling down to a matronly life in Hampstead, had borne him three children within a few years of their marriage. The eugenics of Karl Pearson, husband and father, was charged less with psychosexual energy than with his commitment to social imperialism—the ideological system where, in fact, his eugenic convictions had originated.

In Pearson's view, the imperial nation required more than an economic framework designed to give its citizens a material stake in its power; it also demanded the "high pitch of internal efficiency" won by "insuring that its numbers are substantially recruited from the better stocks." Like Francis Galton, Pearson—a man of lean, athletic build who could tramp or cycle for hours—equated fitness with physique and mental ability, and assumed that it was centered in the middle, and particularly the professional, class. Unlike Galton, he declared that fitness extended down to the "better" sort of English workingman marked by "a clean body, a sound if slow mind, a vigorous and healthy stock, and a numerous progeny." But, Pearson warned in his Huxley Lecture, Britain was "ceasing as a nation to breed intelligence." Was it not a drawing-room commonplace that Britain suffered a "dearth of national ability"? How else explain that no Englishman had invented the automobile or the airplane? To Pearson, the demographic trend was dangerous. Generalizing mainly from Danish statistical studies, he argued that half of each generation was the product of one-quarter of its married predecessor. That prolific quarter represented only from one-sixth to one-eighth of the adult population and was drawn disproportionately from the "unfit," which in Pearson's lexicon meant "the habitual criminal, the professional tramp, the tuberculous, the insane, the mentally defective, the alcoholic, the diseased from birth or from excess." Britain, Pearson insisted, was in a state of national deterioration, and he located the trouble in the economic incentives for procreation. In a 1912 lecture entitled "The Problem of Practical Eugenics," he noted that children had never been an economic asset for the "cultured classes;" rather, they were "a luxury which we know we must pay for, and expect to pay for, until after college and professional training, and in the case of unmarried daughters, often until long after our own lives are concluded." No doubt in the interests of economy, the "cultured classes" increasingly indulged in "neo-Malthusianism," as the practice of birth control was also called, but by limiting family size they failed in their imperial reproductive duty; they deprived the nation of brains. ("With our modern views as to parental responsibility, neither Charles Darwin nor Francis Galton would have been born!" Pearson exclaimed in his biography of Galton.) Children had been an economic asset for the responsible working class until the passage of such measures as the Factory Acts, Pearson argued. The prohibitions against child labor transformed children into economic liabilities, and the better class of workers quickly reduced their birth rate, leaving the principal task of procreation to the socially worst.

In the eighteen-eighties, Pearson had pinned the excessive reproduction of the socially unfit upon capitalism, which, with its demand for cheap labor, encouraged the immigration of workers below a desirable standard. In the early twentieth century, he found his target in liberal reformism. "We have placed our money on Environment," he quipped, "when Heredity wins in a canter." Thus, assuming that everyone in Britain who could benefit from an education was getting one, Pearson saw no point in expanding schools. "No training or education can *create* [intelligence]," he declared in the Huxley Lecture. "You must breed it." Indeed, he privately asserted to Galton that charities for the children of the "incapables" were "a national curse and not a blessing." In his opinion, such measures as the minimum wage, the eight-hour day, free medical advice, and reductions in

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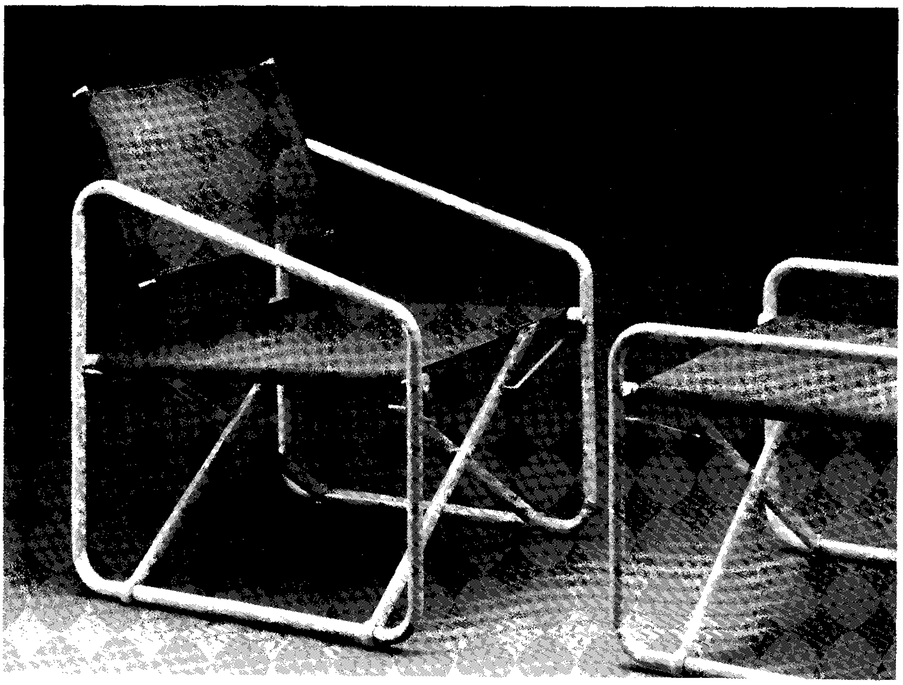

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infant mortality encouraged an increase in unemployables, degenerates, and physical and mental weaklings. Natural selection, he believed, had been suspended, and replaced by "reproductive selection," which gave the battle "to the most fertile, not the most fit."

Professor and Mrs. Pearson may have done their part to offset any disproportionate contribution by the unfit to the next generation; beyond that, Pearson's response to the fertility crisis was remarkably vague. In his "Ethic of Freethought," he had declared that the social-imperialist state might well have to intervene in reproductive matters, at least in the families of "antisocial propagators of unnecessary human beings." He advanced no concrete methods of intervention in the early twentieth century. He disavowed even the repeal of liberal reforms, conceding a certain value to environmental improvements. ("Although a keen razor can never be made of bad steel, a good steel requires setting and tempering before it can fitly perform.") Pearson proposed only that Britain deal with the disadvantageous impact of the liberal reforms on national fitness by making sure that national insurance, child allowances, and the like favored the eugenically desirable.

Pearson, *the enthusiast of the study,* claimed that he had neither the responsibility nor sufficient knowledge to advance legislative programs. He declared that his principal purpose was to explore scientifically the theories—particularly those regarding the relative weights of nature and nurture—on which a sound eugenic policy should be built. To recognize why nations rose and fell, everything that contributed to human character had to be studied "not by verbal argument, but . . . under the statistical microscope," he wrote. "The study of Eugenics centres round the actuarial treatment of human society in all its phases, healthy and morbid." Pearson's purpose, however, was no more disinterested than his eugenics was unprejudiced. His "enthusiasm of the study" was stronger now that he and Weldon had invented a new discipline—"biometry," as they dubbed the statistical study of evolution and heredity—and now that he saw a rich vein of research in the linked subjects of biometry, statistics, and eugenics.

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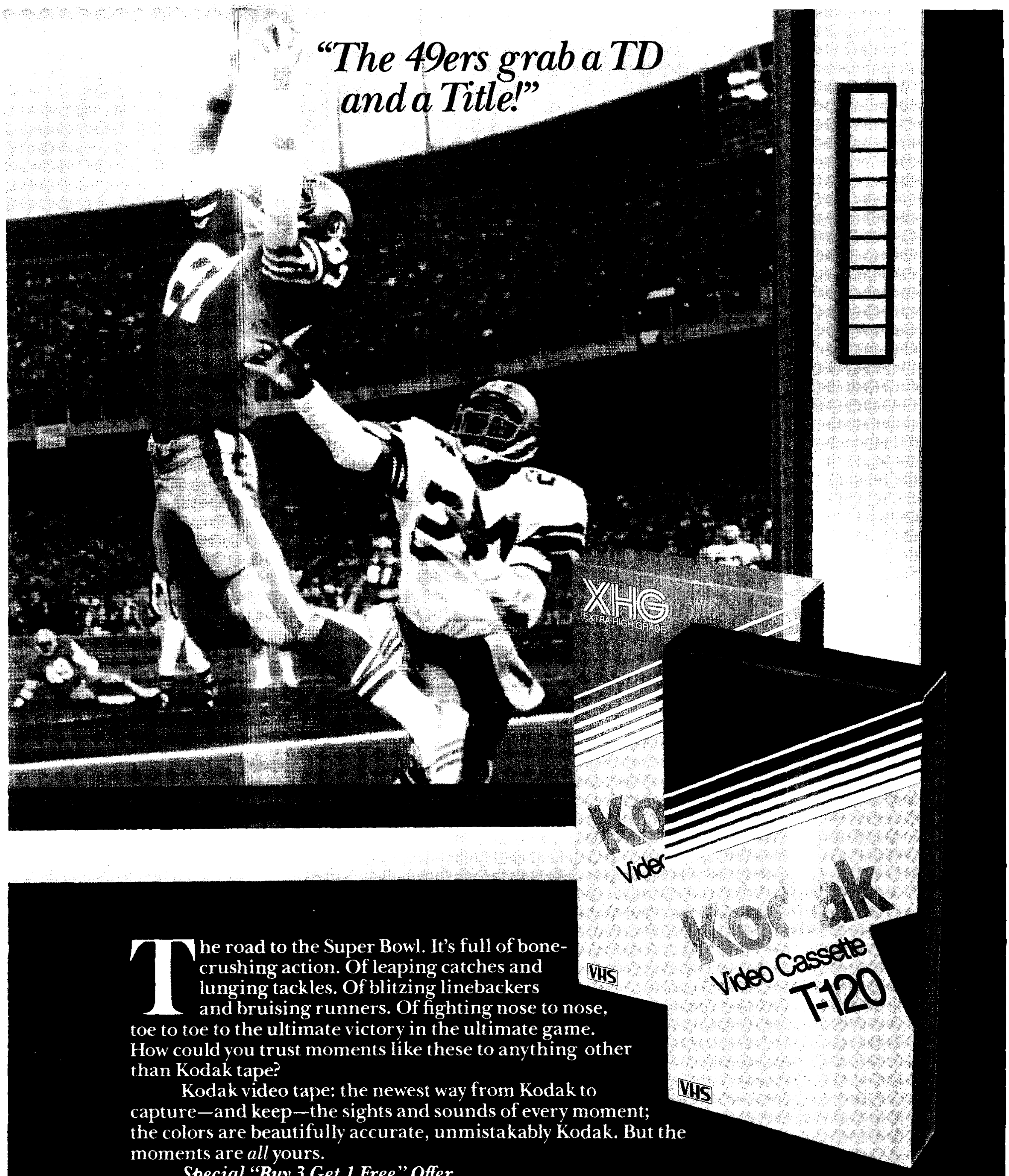

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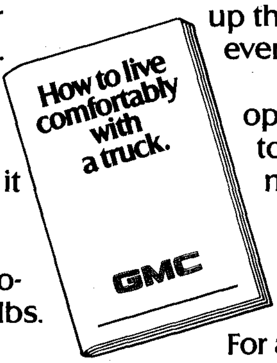
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sor, his lecture and writing fees, and the income from Maria's capital amounted to more than eight hundred pounds a year—enough to provide for a comfortable three-story brick house on Well Road in Hampstead, two domestic servants, the children's education, and rental of a summer cottage. But Pearson worried about money—at least until 1907, when he came into an inheritance upon his father's death. In English science, the day of the Galtons was passing. Succeeding it was the era of the professional—of ambitious men like Pearson, for whom the pursuit of special knowledge required the means of others, the institutionalization of research programs, the establishment of a school.

IN 1895, Pearson had begun offering courses in statistics at University College; a few postgraduate students came to work with him in what he soon called the Biometric Laboratory, in a new college building, bright with electric lights, on Gower Street. Weldon and Pearson had both been elected to the Royal Society, which also honored Pearson in 1898 by the award of its Darwin Medal. In 1899, Weldon was appointed to the Linacre Professorship of Comparative Anatomy at Oxford University, and he proceeded to foster biometric studies there—although he found his Oxford colleagues "rank morphologists who prefer speculating . . . to any other more serious inquiry." In 1902, Pearson, Weldon, and Galton founded the journal *Biometrika*. ("We intend to appeal in the first place to biologists," Pearson noted in a letter to a colleague, "and while we shall deal with Statistical Theory at large, we shall clothe it with a biological terminology.") But neither recognition nor a journal made automatically for the establishment of a research school. Pearson remained burdened by a heavy lecture load and students indifferent to his biometric passion. He had acquired a mechanical Brunsviga calculator to ease the laborious arithmetic of statistics, but he was without the computing staff necessary to deal with masses of data. He applied for at least four mathematical professorships elsewhere, each time unsuccessfully, and concluded that a new post was blocked by his outspoken socialism. But his devotion to biometry was no less a handicap. "I fear . . . you are the only part of the scientific public which takes the least interest in my work," he lamented to Galton. "The mathematicians look askance at anyone who goes off the regular track, and the biologists think I have no business meddling with such things."

Though some biologists applauded the mathematization of evolution and heredity, on the whole the Anglo-American biological community responded to Pearson's biometrics with indifference or hostility. Biologists of the day knew little of statistics, and most biologists also inclined as a matter of taste against the mathematical analysis of life forms. Royal Society biologists dealt with Pearson's biometric papers in a manner he considered wholly prejudiced; it was after one such incident that he resolved to found *Biometrika*. The journal won few British subscribers; half the early subscribers were American and many of the rest were on the Continent. Pearson warned prospective students in biometry that there were "no teaching posts, no demonstratorships or fellowships to aid a young man on his way. There will be no doubt one day a demand for statistically trained medical men for registrars, officers of health. . . . But they may have to wait a weary while."

The objections to biometry did not, however, stem entirely from mathematical ignorance or methodological prejudice. At a meeting of the Royal Society, a prominent zoologist attacked Pearson's study of the heritability of intelligence for the eminently sensible reason that teachers' estimates said nothing reliable about students' mental capacity. The study's correlational analysis was indicted not least because it depended heavily upon the assumption of an underlying normal distribution of mental acuity, when there was actually no good reason to suppose that such a distribution, if it existed, was statistically normal. The new Mendelian genetics suggested that Pearson's view of heredity needed a good deal of modification. The results of breeding experiments with plants and animals empirically undermined Galton's law of ancestral heredity, even in its Pearsonian form. And the theory of evolution by the selection of small variations was sharply challenged by the work of the Danish biologist Wilhelm Johannsen, who found that a pure line of beans could not be bred beyond a maximum limit for a given character, no matter what the degree of selection.

Pearson rejected scientifically knowledgeable objections to biometric theories. As even one of his biometrical admirers had to remark, he tended

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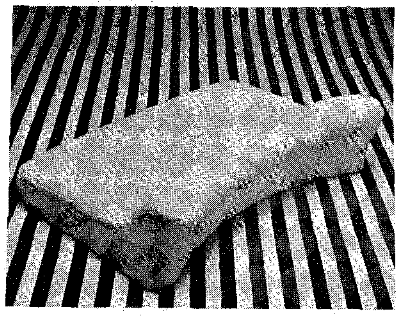

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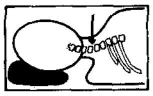
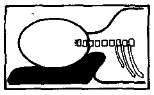


WRONG



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"to take a rather absurd position sometimes in regard to biologically obvious things." He scoffed at Mendelism. When two members of *Biometrika's* editorial board published a report upholding Johannsen's pure-line work, he summarily removed them from the board. Not only did he often display a relentless closed-mindedness but he frequently took a club to his scientific enemies and slashingly abused even those of his methodological friends who queried his biometry or his eugenics. Yet Pearson rarely, if ever, displayed a mean temper in personal matters; the firestorms erupted over intellectual differences. "It is Saint Biometrika contra mundum!" he once exclaimed. Pearson's search for a secular creed had been distilled from his social imperialism into his science, particularly eugenics. His laboratory walls were adorned with quotations from mathematicians, scientists, and philosophers, including Plato. ("But the best part of the Soul is that which trusts to Measure and Calculation? Certainly.") The calculus of correlation conformed to the icy distance of his character, reinforcing his propensity for dealing with man in the impersonal group. If Pearson responded to criticism with polemics, it was because the dissent struck at his secular church, his methodological character, his intellectual paternity, his self-esteem. When it came to biometry, eugenics, and statistics, he was the besieged defender of an emotionally charged faith.

The emotional charge kept Pearson from recognizing that his positivist pursuit of science as relations among measurable observables was not free of speculative theorizing at all but masked a dependence upon prejudiced hypotheses—particularly in the work on heredity. Johannsen's experimental results demanded serious consideration. And Pearson's argument that equal correlation coefficients for intelligence and physique meant equal force of heredity for both was specious. Nevertheless, many would agree with what the geneticist J. B. S. Haldane once said of Pearson's work: "His theory of heredity was incorrect in some fundamental respects. So was Columbus' theory of geography. He set out for China, and discovered America." Pearson's New World was statistics. Advancing with rigor and generalization beyond Galton's pioneering efforts, he made statistics into something more than a tool for the analysis of elementary variations. He

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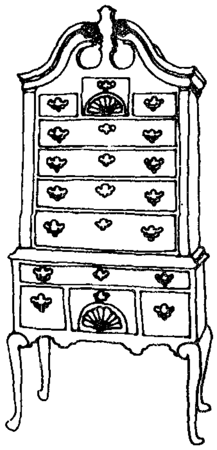

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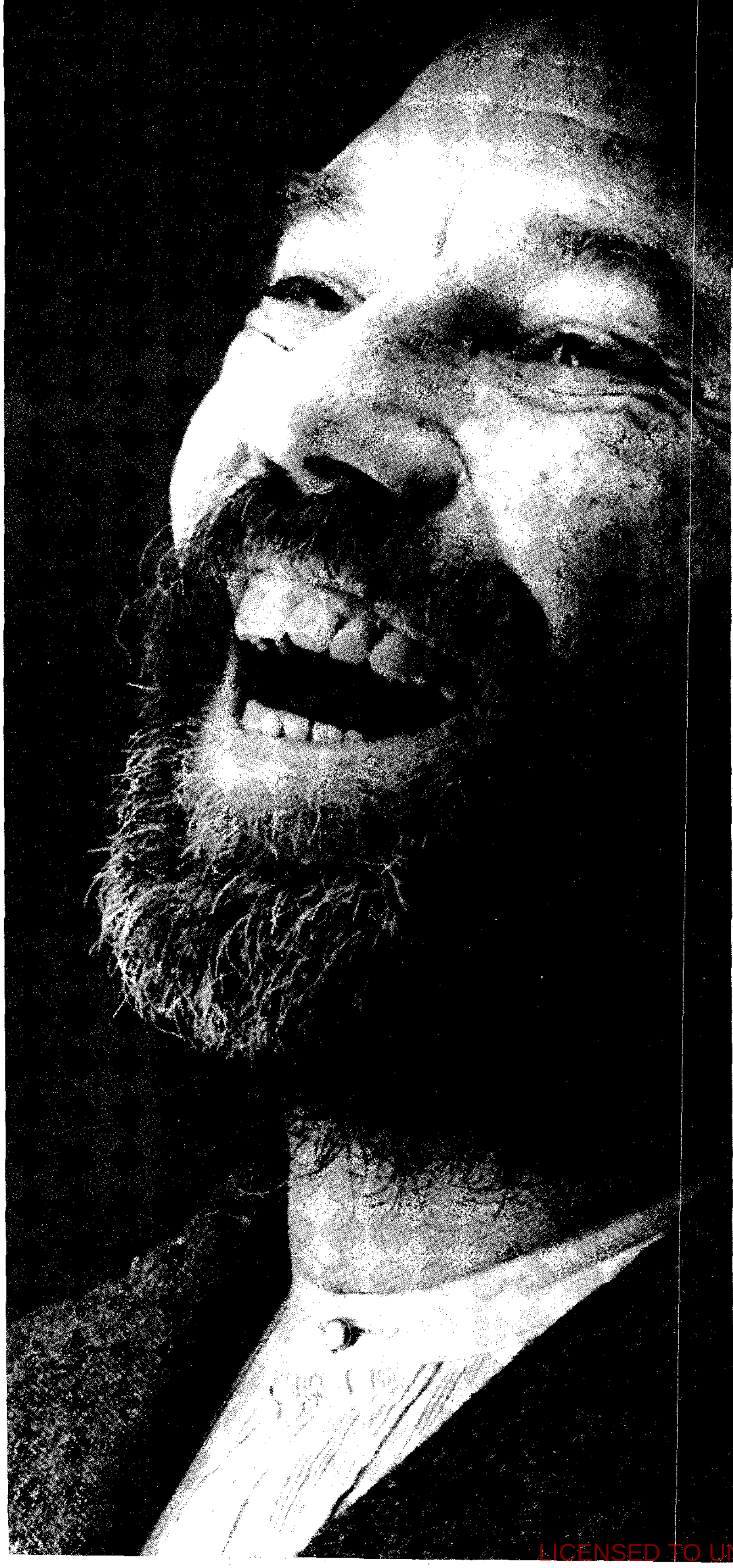

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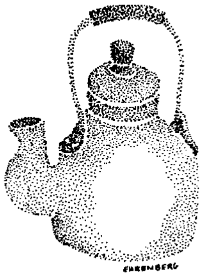
devised the product-moment formula for the regular coefficient of correlation; established the theory of multiple correlation and regression; developed a general theory of probable errors; and introduced the chi-squared test, a measure for “goodness-of-fit”—that is, for how well a theoretical curve conformed to a given set of experimental data. Working in aid of Weldon, eugenics, and biology—a number of his most fundamental papers appeared under the title “Mathematical Contributions to the Theory of Evolution”—Pearson laid the foundations of modern statistical methods.



His achievements made Pearson feel all the more frustrated professionally. At times, he thought about emigrating to the United States, where at least people subscribed to *Biometrika*. A break in the University College situation came in 1903, when the Worshipful Company of Drapers, one of the ancient City of London guilds, granted the Biometric Laboratory a thousand pounds. The Drapers were more interested in general good works than in any particular line of research, but Francis Galton, to whom Pearson frequently confided his troubles, was concerned about the long-term prospects of eugenic studies, especially now that he was in his eighties and deciding how to dispose of his ample estate, which would be valued at a hundred and fifteen thousand pounds. In 1904, Galton committed five hundred pounds a year to University College for a Research Fellowship in National Eugenics. (By “national eugenics” Galton meant “the study of agencies under social control that may improve or impair the racial qualities of future generations either physically or mentally.”) Galton expected the first Eugenics Fellow—he was Edgar Schuster, a student of Weldon’s, the son of a prominent barrister and a young man, in Pearson’s estimate, of “manners, wealth, and some experience”—to establish a register of “able families,” in order to ascertain the hereditary ingredients of ability. Schuster opened a Eugenics Record Office on Gower Street and busied himself with the collection of pedigrees—mostly of Fellows of the Royal Society. But, being more zoologist than sociologist, he soon wished he were back experimenting with animals. “The young Oxford man does not know how to work hard,” Pearson complained, and Galton, disappointed, decided after two years to terminate the fellowship. He transformed the Record Office into the Galton Laboratory for National Eugenics, under Pearson’s directorship, and provided in his will that the bulk of his estate go to University College for the support of studies in eugenics.

Upon Galton’s death, in January of 1911, University College received forty-five thousand pounds—enough to provide some fifteen hundred pounds a year for the establishment of a Galton Eugenics Professorship. In accordance with Galton’s express wish, the authorities gave the post to Pearson, and he was also made head of a new Department of Applied Statistics, which included the Galton and Biometric Laboratories. The new professorship freed Pearson forever from his burdensome introductory teaching. (In June of 1911, he had two hundred examination papers to grade. “I can hardly realise that it may be for the last time,” he wrote to a friend.) The Galton money and the Drapers’ grant, which was regularly renewed—Pearson’s work, the Company judged, was “likely to be of great public service”—supplied funds for staff and publications. The joint laboratories expanded from two rooms to four, but Pearson still complained of inadequate space. Setting the pace for the new breed of empire builder in science, he launched a public subscription drive for larger facilities, which by the start of the First World War brought in pledges of sixteen thousand pounds—the bulk of it from Sir Herbert Bartlett, a wealthy contractor who desired an architectural monument but was indifferent to what the monument contained.

Pearson’s new department, which was increasingly the center of the English school of statistics, both pure and applied, drew research workers from England, Scotland, the Continent, the United States, India, and Japan. He had his pick of students, ranging from established professionals who wished to master the statistical gospel to fresh young Cambridge graduates. He lectured regularly on basic statistical theory. Usually generous with advice and consultation, he simultaneously managed between ten and twenty different student projects. According to a review he drew up in 1918, his depart-

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ment had to that point trained more than sixty people, who had come to study under Pearson from disciplines that included mathematics, medicine, biology, anthropometry, criminology, psychology, economics, and agriculture.

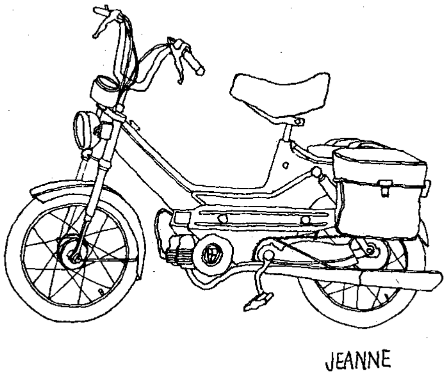
A significant part of the department's efforts went into eugenic studies. Pearson relied heavily on numerous volunteers, both on his staff and elsewhere in England. Some were medical men, others social workers. From hospitals, schools, and ordinary homes, they gathered material bearing on the "inheritance" of scientific, commercial, and legal ability, but also of hermaphroditism, hemophilia, cleft palate, harelip, tuberculosis, diabetes, deaf-mutism, polydactyly (more than five fingers) or brachydactyly (stub-fingers), insanity, and mental deficiency. Pearson published the raw data, including charts and illustrations, in an occasional compendium called "The Treasury of Human Inheritance"—a publication he considered "a pressing necessity of the time." Whatever its bearing upon social questions, the "Treasury," though in parts flawed by Pearson's assumptions about what was hereditary, was one of the first orderly aggregations of data on human heredity, and as such was in fact a scientific treasure.

Roughly speaking, the statistical techniques for dealing with the data were developed in the Biometric Laboratory, and the analysis was carried out in its Galton counterpart, but the symbiosis was so close as to make the distinction meaningless. Pearson's people calculated the variability of human populations and the correlations among relatives for different diseases, disorders, and traits. Studies emanating from the laboratories typically explored the relationship of physique to intelligence; the resemblance of first cousins; the effect of parental occupation upon children's welfare or the birthrate; and the role of heredity in alcoholism, tuberculosis, and defective sight. It was tedious labor, but between 1903 and 1918 Pearson and his staff published some three hundred works—including a series that Pearson chose to call "Studies in National Deterioration"—not to mention various government reports and popular expositions of eugenics.

"We of the Galton Laboratory have no axes to grind," Pearson declaimed in a 1912 paper. "We gain nothing, we lose nothing, by the establishment of the truth." The "truth" that Pearson and his co-workers revealed was often advanced with due genuflection to the necessity for methodological caution and insistence upon the implacable objectivity of correlation coefficients, yet the research program amounted to the convictions of Karl Pearson writ large. Pearson chose and assigned the research problems, guided their execution, and edited the results. Intellectually, he was as domineering in the laboratory as outside it. If staff members or students had private reservations about the validity of the work, it required rare courage for them to make their doubts known. More than two-thirds of the research papers appeared in organs that Pearson controlled—notably *Biometrika.*

Ethel M. Elderton, a mainstay of the Galton Laboratory, summarized in "The Relative Strength of Nature and Nurture," a lecture she published in 1909, the attitude that suffused its key eugenic endeavors: "Improvement in social conditions will not compensate for a bad hereditary influence. . . . The only way to keep a nation strong mentally and physically is to see to it that each new generation is derived chiefly from the fitter members of the generation before." What Pearson's department produced was a mixture of sound statistical science and usually biassed explorations in human heredity. But in the early years of the twentieth century it was the sole British establishment for eugenic research, the principal source of authoritative eugenic science, the scientific benchmark of all eugenic discussion in England.

A Considerable sector of eugenic "science," especially in the United States, owed less to Karl Pearson than to Gregor Mendel. The son of Austrian peasants (neither Pearson nor Galton would on first principles have taken the Mendel family as eugenically promising), Mendel studied physics, chemistry, mathematics, botany, and zoology at the Universities of Olmütz and Vienna. He entered the Augustinian monastery at Brünn in 1843, less because he was interested in taking priestly orders than because he wanted to pursue his scientific interests. The abbot, an enthusiast of agricultural improvement, had an experimental garden, and there Mendel began a program of hybridization research with different varieties of peas. In ten years, he bred some thirty thousand plants, analyzing the distribution from generation to generation of alternative characters, such as tallness or shortness of the plants and wrinkledness or smoothness of the seeds. He studied seven of these character pairs, and the data formed the support for his striking theory, announced in 1865 to the Natural Sciences Society of Brünn, that the characters were determined by hereditarily transmitted "elements."

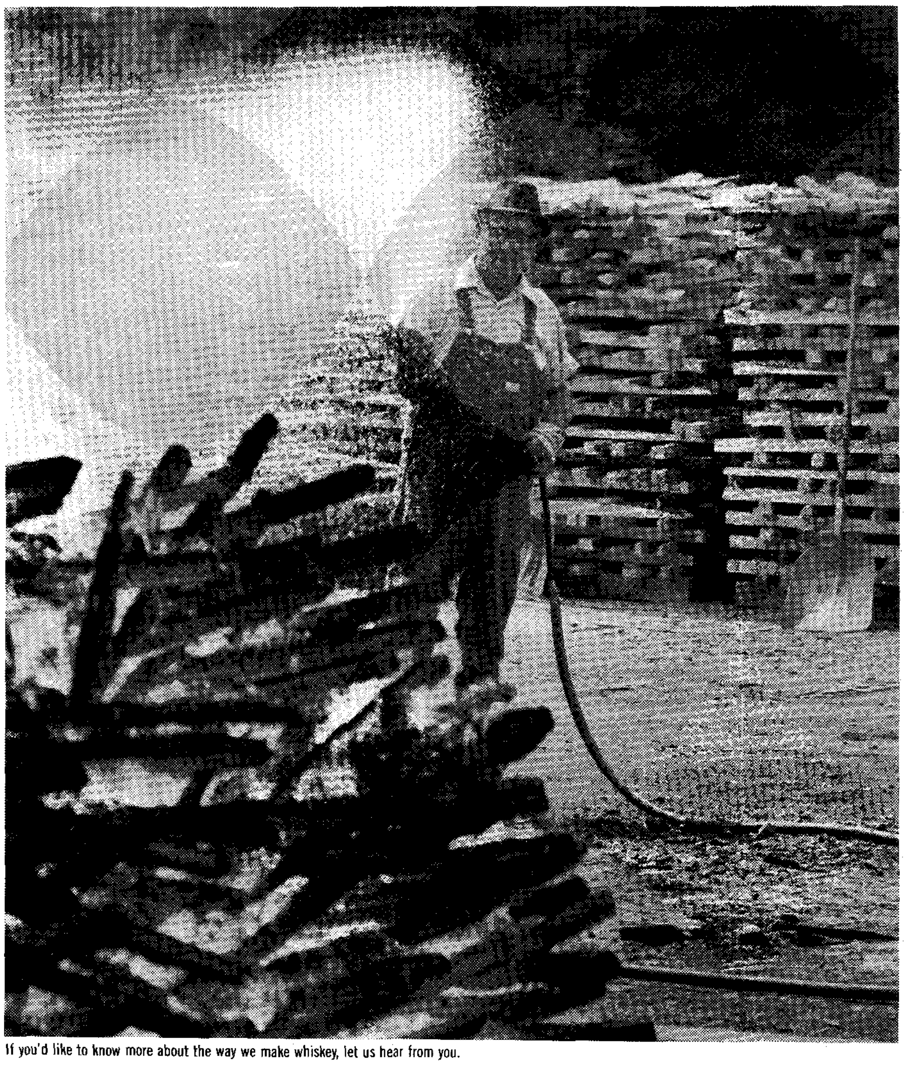


The process of transmission was described by what later came to be known as Mendel's laws of segregation and of independent assortment. Mendel posited that, in his pea plants, there were two elements for every character—e.g., height. According to the segregation law, they were separated from each other in the act of reproduction. According to the law of independent assortment, the elements for one character recombined independently of those for another. The recombination of the various elements which was made possible by the sexual union of the sperm and egg cells was thus determined by the laws of combinatorial probability. The frequency of occurrence of the hereditary elements among the offspring of a hybridized group of plants could, in fact, be predicted in the same manner as the distribution of marbles of different colors drawn randomly from two bags, each containing a known proportion of each color. For example, if two cross-fertilizing plants each contained one element for tallness and another for shortness, the frequency of possible combinations among their offspring would be: a tall element with a tall; a short with a short; and two tall-with-shorts. The tall-tall combination would yield a tall plant; the short-short, a short one. But though a tall-short union might have been expected to produce a plant of intermediate height Mendel observed that it regularly yielded a tall plant. To account for this phenomenon, Mendel theorized that the element for tallness must always overwhelm that for shortness. He called such elements "dominants" and gave the name "recessives" to elements that did not express themselves except when combined with each other.

In 1866, Mendel published his results in the *Proceedings* of the Brünn Natural Sciences Society, only to have the significance of his work go unrecognized for the rest of the century. It was not that the *Proceedings* of the Brünn Society were unknown—they were distributed to some hundred and thirty-four institutions in various countries, and Mendel sent reprints of his paper to other scientists. The likeliest reason for the lack of recognition of Mendel's epoch-making work was that biologists were fastened on the problem of Darwinian evolution in a way that made them unripe for the advent of Mendelian genetics. Evolutionists of the day focussed on the adaptation of species—on change. Mendel's theory accounted for the ongoing transmission of characters—for stability. The work of most biologists was descriptive and speculative; Mendel's was experimental, analytic, and quantitative. And while most biologists dealt with the holistically functioning organism, Mendel resembled the physicists and chemists he had studied under, who saw complicated substances as combinations of elementary particles; he reduced the organism to a set of deterministic, hereditary elements. By the late nineteenth century, however, the same dissatisfaction with the prevailing mode of evolutionary studies which led Weldon to turn to Galton had begun to change the biologists' methodological outlook in a direction more favorable to Mendelism.

Many younger biologists were becoming disenchanted with the speculative and descriptive mode of evolutionary research, and particularly with the traditional approach of studying evolution only in the paleontological raw, which prevented direct observation of evolutionary change. By the eighteen-nineties, these biologists were embarking upon programs of research centered not on raw but on controlled nature—not in the wild but on the experimental farm. The new generation was determined to be analytic rather than descriptive, concrete rather than speculative, even quantitative rather than qualitative. They insisted on asking questions answerable only by experimental test. Exemplifying the trend, biologists on both sides of the Atlantic began calling for the establishment of stations for the experimental study of evolution.

Such research rested primarily on



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hybridization—the crossing of closely related varieties of plants or animals. The idea was to observe the offspring, look for changes in varietal characters, and test whether new species could be evolved by subsequent crosses. The process seemed likely to reveal which, if any, variations in character were heritable, and whether heritable "sports" of evolutionary significance did in fact occur. Once biologists began to contemplate such an experimental program, they edged into the intellectual frame of Mendel's sort of science. Once they actually made the move to scientifically measured hybridization, they were perhaps destined to stumble upon results similar to those of the isolated Austrian monk. It is thus no surprise that, in 1900, Mendel was rediscovered simultaneously—by Karl Correns, in Germany; Erich Tschermak, in Austria; and Hugo de Vries, in Holland. All were working independently of each other on different problems involving hybridization, and in de Vries' case with the aim of changing the way evolution was studied.

In the United States and England, Mendelism was immediately embraced by a number of students of evolution, among them the British biologist William Bateson, and by agricultural breeders like William J. Spillman, a plant scientist at Washington State College, who in 1902, in the course of developing a variety of true winter wheat, discovered that the results of his crosses displayed an astonishing regularity explicable by Mendel's theory. Yet the theory also ran into a good deal of skepticism. What was true for peas or wheat was not necessarily true for the rest of the plant and animal kingdom. The mathematics of Mendelian inheritance seemed to conflict with the one-to-one male-female ratio of sexually reproducing species. What was particularly disturbing, many characters expressed themselves not as alternatives—e.g., tall or short—but in a blended fashion, intermediate between the characters of the parents.

"If only one could know whether the whole thing is not a damned lie!" Weldon exclaimed to Pearson. To Weldon, blending rather than alternative inheritance seemed characteristic of the color of even Mendel's type of pea seeds. To Pearson, Mendelism's reliance upon intrinsic hereditary "elements" violated the epistemological rule of dealing only with measurable, observable phenomena. Not inciden-

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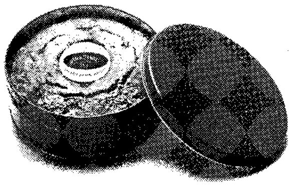

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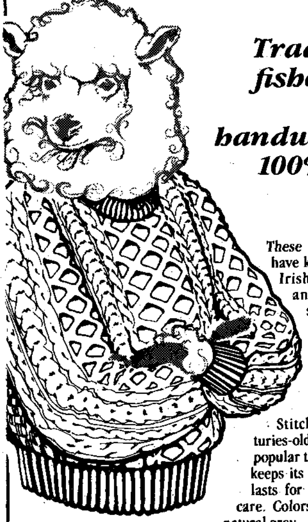

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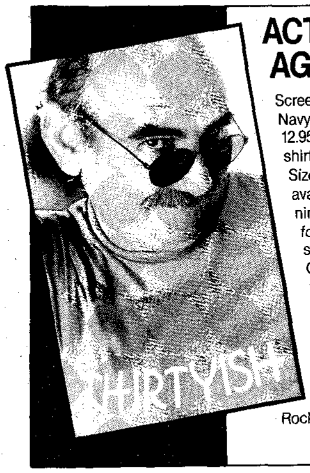

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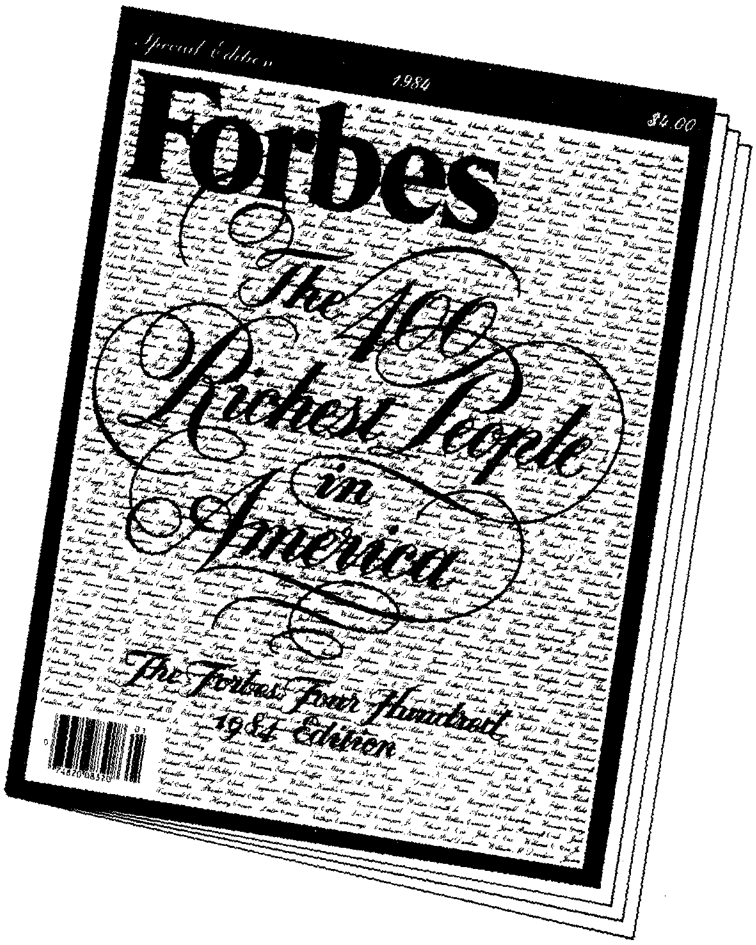
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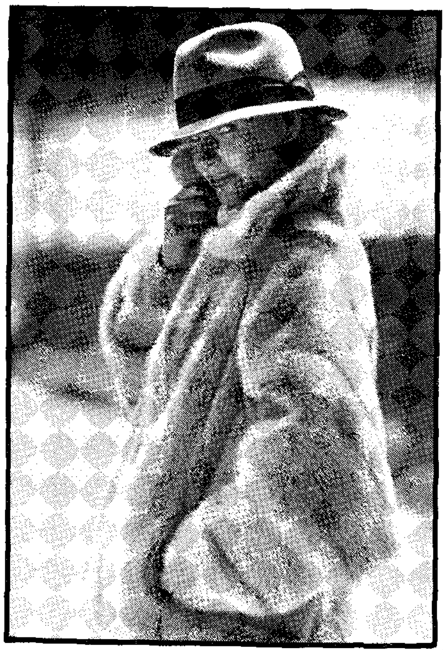

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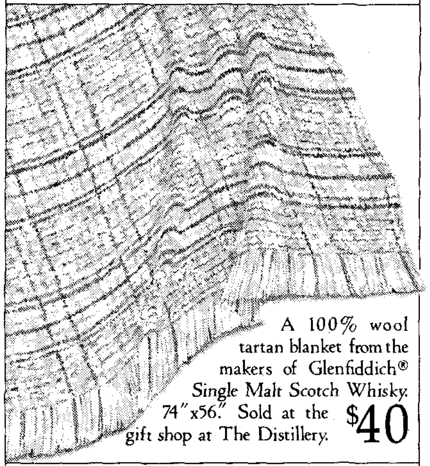

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tally, both Pearson and Weldon harbored an intense dislike for Mendel's British champion, William Bateson, who was no friend of biometry. Their disagreement with Bateson over the comparative merits of the Mendelian and the biometric approaches to heredity studies exploded early in the century into one of the most vitriolic disputes in the history of science. But the various objections only spurred the Mendelians further into the new discipline that Bateson christened "genetics," and in the years prior to the First World War, especially in the United States, overwhelming evidence accumulated in favor of Mendel's theory.

At Columbia University, in 1902, Walter Sutton, a student in the laboratory of the great cytologist Edmund B. Wilson, showed that in cell division the chromosomes behaved in a way consistent with Mendel's laws of segregation and independent assortment. Three years later, working independently of each other, Wilson and Professor Nettie M. Stevens of Bryn Mawr concluded that the determination of sex, including the one-to-one *male-female ratio*, was caused in Mendelian fashion by the segregation and reunion of the X and Y chromosomes. Other geneticists extended the boundaries of Mendelian experimentation to incorporate an ever-widening sector of the plant and animal kingdom. While confirming the theory in its essentials, they also modified it with the finding that many traits, including those of an apparent blending nature, were determined by combinations of "genes," as the Mendelian elements came to be known. Guiding a team of brilliant young students, Thomas Hunt Morgan, Wilson's colleague at Columbia, scrutinized the offspring of innumerable generations of the fruit fly *Drosophila melanogaster;* the team identified the chromosome as the seat of the gene, worked out the intricate mechanics of the chromosomal determination of heredity, and joined cytological to breeding genetics with a triumphant force that eventually won Morgan the 1933 Nobel Prize in Physiology or Medicine.

Populations that bred rapidly, such as poultry, rodents, and fruit flies, made the most advantageous subjects for genetic research, but early in the century scientists began testing Mendel's theory for man despite the slowness of his breeding—because, of course, he was man. In 1902, the British physician Archibald Garrod, who had been pointed in the right analyti-

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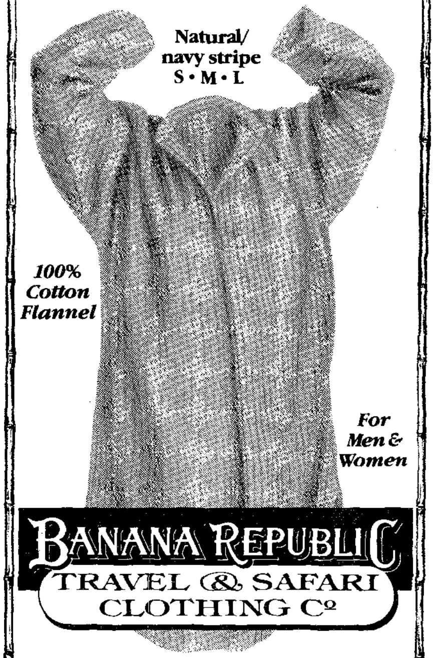

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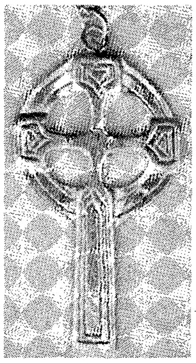

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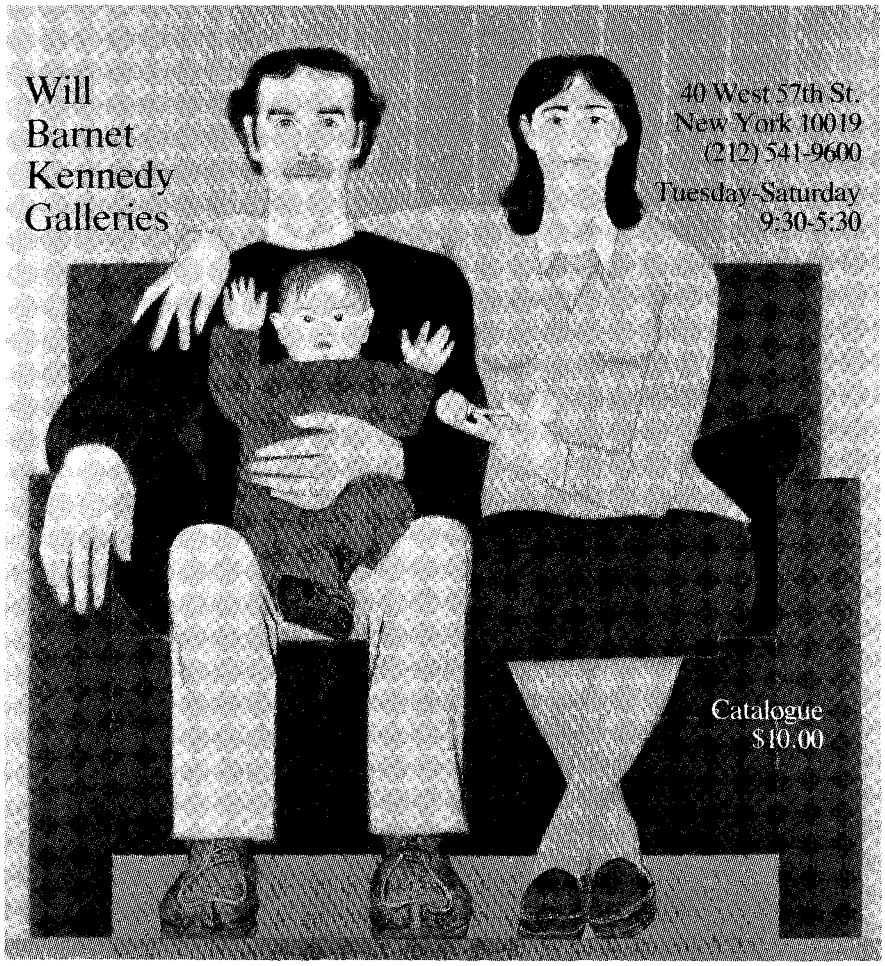
cal direction by Bateson, convincingly showed that certain "inborn errors of metabolism"—notably alkaptonuria, a disease signalled by a darkening of the urine shortly after birth—were caused in a Mendelian manner by recessive genes. In 1907, the Mendelian inheritance of human eye color was demonstrated in Britain by C. C. Hurst, one of Bateson's allies in the war against the biometricians, and in the United States by the accomplished biologist Charles B. Davenport, who extended the analysis to hair and skin color, and soon launched his career as America's leading eugenicist.

A MEMBER of the new, anti-speculative generation of biologists, Charles Davenport had studied engineering in preparatory school, acquiring mathematical skills rare for a biologist. While an instructor in zoology at Harvard in the eighteen-nineties, he read Karl Pearson's papers on the mathematical theory of evolution, lectured and published on variation and inheritance, and, in an influential book on morphology, pleaded for the infusion into biology of the exact methods of the physical sciences. He was soon recognized as an important pioneer in biometry, and in 1899 he left Harvard for an assistant professorship at the recently founded University of Chicago. Early in the new century, on a trip to England, he visited Galton, Weldon, and Pearson—the high priests of biometry—and, after a dinner at Rutland Gate, returned home with "renewed courage for the fight for the quantitative study of evolution." Davenport, who early showed signs of being an energetic organizer, successfully persuaded the munificent new Carnegie Institution of Washington—its ten-million-dollar endowment from Andrew Carnegie then exceeded the total endowment for research in American universities—to establish a station for the experimental study of evolution.

The station was set up in 1904, under Davenport's directorship, at Cold Spring Harbor, some thirty miles from New York City on Long Island's North Shore. Davenport was already the head of the summer Biological Laboratory of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, also at Cold Spring Harbor. The two laboratories bordered the sound on twelve acres of woodland, field, and marsh, with abundant fauna and a freshwater stream. The new station was well-funded; its budget for 1906 was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twenty-one thousand dollars—more than twice Pearson's at University College. In a letter to Davenport, William Bateson wrote that he regarded the new station with "wonder and admiration," and added, "How any decent competition is to be kept up on our side I scarcely know!" Davenport recruited a small staff, in part from able students who had passed through the Biological Laboratory, and set it to work on research projects in variation, hybridization, and natural selection. On the whole, the staff contributed respectably to the developing fields of biometry and genetics, and so did Davenport. His work with poultry and canaries played an important role in the early Mendelian analysis of inheritance in animals. After the work on eye, hair, and skin color, he was eager to explore the force of heredity across a broad range of human traits.

Unable, of course, to experiment with human breeding, Davenport had to find his inheritance data by collecting extended family pedigrees. Galton and Pearson had gathered data only for parents and children, because they were concerned with what geneticists came to call the "phenotype"—the organism's set of observable characters. Davenport was interested in the "genotype"—the individual's genetic makeup. Not directly observable, the genotype had to be inferred from scrutiny of as many related phenotypes as possible, in and beyond the immediate family. A lot of rough, unsystematic data of that sort were scattered through medical journals, where over the years doctors had recorded the familial incidence of various diseases. (A member of Davenport's staff once remarked that many works on eugenics reeked like "a medical museum of morbid anatomy with its charnel odors and gruesome sights.") To gather data on normal as well as abnormal characters, Davenport drew up a "Family Records" form and distributed hundreds of copies to medical, mental, and educational institutions; to numerous individuals, especially scientists; and, through the aid of his sister Frances, to the Association of Collegiate Alumnae. Hundreds were returned, filled out for at least three generations. They formed the basis of a widely noted book he published in 1911, "Heredity in Relation to Eugenics."

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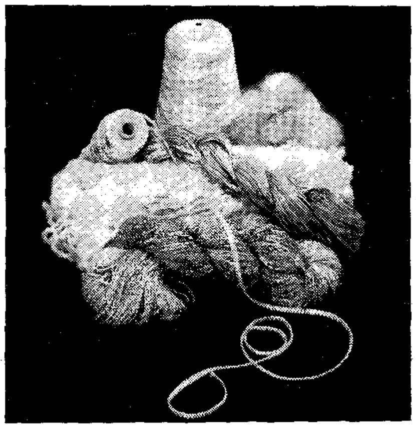

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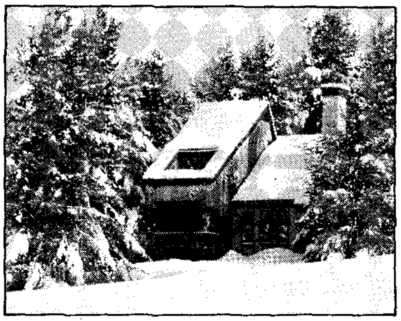

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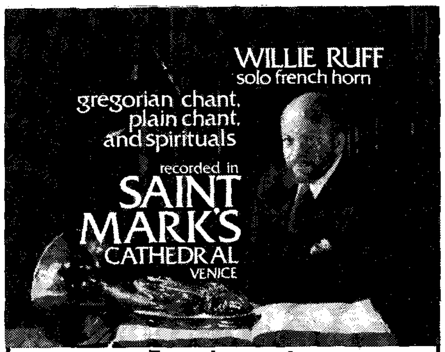

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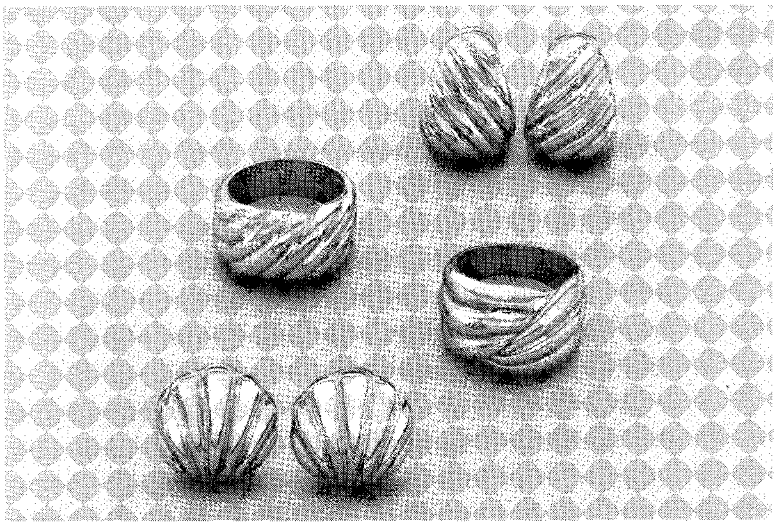
that the trait must be heritable and attempted to fit the heritability into a Mendelian frame. He observed that single Mendelian elements—he called them "unit characters"—might well account for such abnormalities as brachydactyly, polydactyly, and albinism, and for such diseases as hemophilia, otosclerosis, and Huntington's chorea. Although he noted that single elements did not seem to determine important mental and behavioral characteristics, he did argue that patterns of heritability were evident in insanity, epilepsy, alcoholism, "pauperism," criminality, and, above all, "feeblemindedness"—a catchall term of the day, used indiscriminately for what was actually a wide range of mental deficiencies. Like many scientists of his time, Davenport held that physiological and anatomical mechanisms made some people alcoholics, others manic-depressives, still others "feebleminded." Such people had often inherited "a general nervous weakness—a neuropathic taint—showing itself now in one form of psychosis and now in another." Davenport similarly reduced pauperism to "relative inefficiency [which] in turn usually means mental inferiority." Of course, he conceded, human breeding was complicated, and human progeny were the products of both "conditions *and* blood." But attention to environment was not to obscure the crucial role of protoplasm in human fate. Heredity determined the characteristics both of Negroes—Davenport's views on black Americans conformed for the most part to the standard racism of the day—and of the immigrants then flooding into the United States.

Like many of his colleagues, Davenport equated national and "racial" identity, and assumed as well that race determined behavior. He held that the Poles, the Irish, the Italians, and other national groups were all biologically different races; so, in his lexicon, were the "Hebrews." Davenport found the Poles "independent and self-reliant though clannish;" the Italians tending to "crimes of personal violence;" and the Hebrews "intermediate between the slovenly Servians and Greeks and the tidy Swedes, Germans, and Bohemians" and given to "thieving" though rarely to "personal violence." He conceded that "the great influx of blood from Southeastern Europe" was less prone than the native variety to burglary, drunkenness, and vagrancy, and "more attached to music and art." Some of the best professors of science



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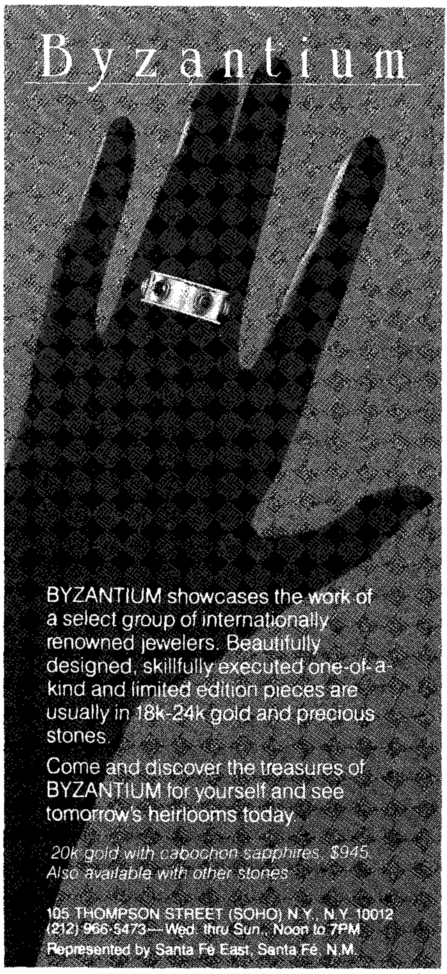

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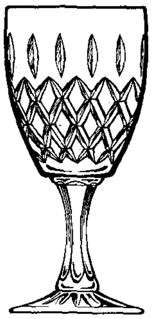

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with whom Davenport was acquainted came from a Hungarian family. Yet on the whole Davenport expected that the new blood would rapidly make the American population "darker in pigmentation, smaller in stature, more mercurial . . . more given to crimes of larceny, kidnapping, assault, murder, rape, and sex-immorality."

Like Galton and Pearson, Davenport identified good human stock with the middle class—especially "intellectuals," artists and musicians, and scientists. In his American context, he also gave high marks to the native white Anglo-Saxon Protestant majority. With the aim of improving the national protoplasm, Davenport to a degree embraced the eugenics of Galton, with its stress on the procreation of the good stock. He looked forward to the day when a woman would no more accept a man "without knowing his biologico-genealogical history" than a stockbreeder would take "a sire for his colts or calves . . . without pedigree." Yet his preoccupation with increasing the good stock was decidedly outweighed by his emphasis on what came to be called "negative eugenics"—preventing proliferation of the bad.

Concerned that the nation's protoplasm was threatened from without, Davenport favored a selective immigration policy. In his biologically considered view, "no race *per se*, whether Slovak, Ruthenian, Turk or Chinese, is dangerous and none undesirable." He thus took sound immigration policy to mean not the wholesale exclusion of national groups but the denial of entry to individuals and families with poor hereditary history. "The idea of a 'melting pot' belongs to a pre-Mendelian age," he wrote to a fellow-exclusionist. "Now we recognize that characters are inherited as units and do not readily break up." Defective germ plasm from abroad would therefore not be obliterated by mixture with the healthy variety; it would persist. If the family history of all prospective immigrants could be investigated, people with hereditarily "imbecile, epileptic, insane, criminalistic, alcoholic, and sexually immoral tendencies" could be detected and kept out.

To counter the threat from within, negative eugenics called for preventing the reproduction of the genetically defective, possibly by state-enforced sterilization. If the state could take a person's life, Davenport judged, surely it could deny the lesser right of repro-

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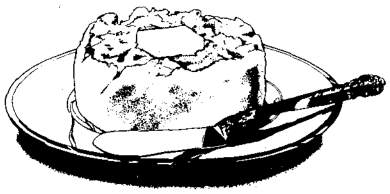

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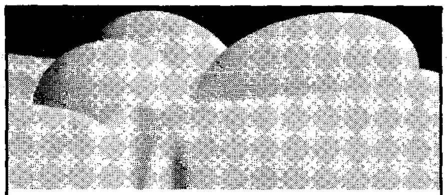

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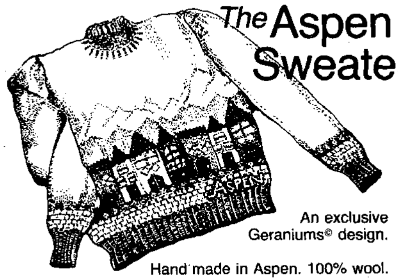

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duction. (In 1911, six states already had sterilization laws on the books.) Yet scientifically it was not clear who should be sterilized; "feeblemindedness" was hardly as sharply defined as, for example, polydactylism. Besides, Mendelism taught that the union of a so-called feebleminded person with a normal person could produce normal offspring. Why sterilize people unnecessarily? Davenport preferred to eliminate the nation's defective protoplasm by the sexual segregation of defectives while they were capable of reproducing. The state would eventually be repaid the cost of care, because in the long run the policy would drastically reduce the need for state institutions.

Davenport could occasionally make eugenics sound humane, with his warnings about the possible consequences for offspring of marriages consummated between carriers of hemophilia, Huntington's chorea, and the like; or with the logical declaration that there was no point in imprisoning the insane, the feebleminded, or the criminal whose antisocial behavior was genetically determined—their fate ought to be decided by physicians and eugenicists rather than by judges, and they belonged in homes and hospitals rather than in prisons. Yet Davenport was prepared to curtail other people's rights in order to promote the race—to insure the common protoplasmic good. He remarked to a prospective patron that "the most progressive revolution in history" could be achieved if somehow "human matings could be placed upon the same high plane as that of horse breeding." His protoplasmic vision was on the whole offensive, in part cruel. What was equally indefensible was that although it was advanced with the authority and prestige attendant on one of America's most powerful biology directorships, it proceeded from science that, even by the standards of his own day, was usually dubious and often plain wrong.

Davenport's Mendelism was generally up-to-date, and the research program he established at Cold Spring Harbor addressed fundamental genetic issues. Imaginative in its extension of Mendelism to human heredity, his work on the inheritance of traits—color blindness, for instance—that lent themselves to a pedigree approach contributed usefully to the early study of human genetics. But Cold Spring Harbor—richly budgeted and equipped, the envy not only of Bateson but of Pearson, a warm-weather watering hole for many able biologists—amount-

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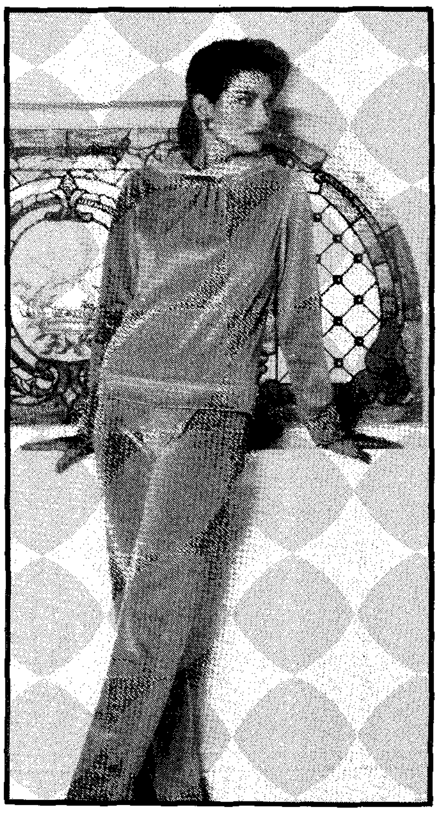

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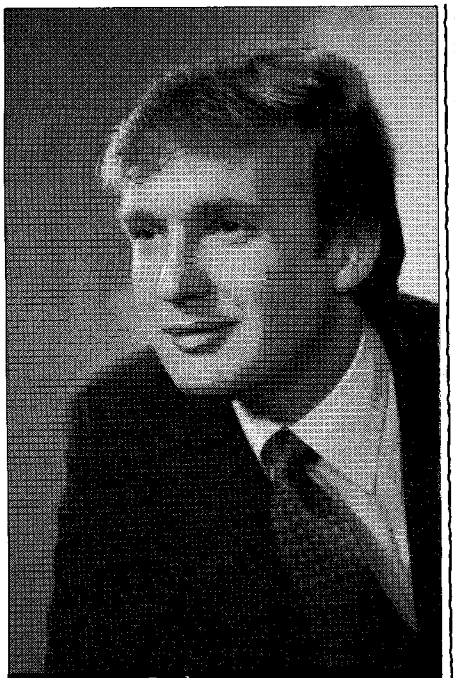

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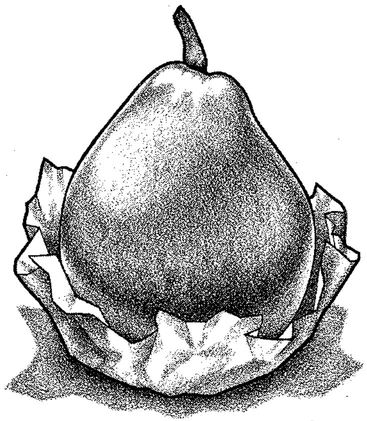
ed scientifically to much less than it might have. "The success of these things always lies in the individual who dominates the whole," Pearson remarked to Francis Galton, "and our friend Davenport is not a clear strong thinker."

Galton agreed, and so did even some of Davenport's pro-Mendelian American colleagues. He combined Mendelian theory with incautious speculation. He knew that certain traits expressed combinations of elements—that is, were polygenic in origin—and had advanced the notion in his own research on skin color, yet his analysis of mental and behavioral traits usually neglected polygenic complexities. Davenport thought in terms of single Mendelian characters, grossly oversimplified matters, and ignored the force of environment. Sometimes he was just ludicrous, particularly in various post-1911 studies on the inheritance of "nomadism," "shiftlessness," and "thalassophilia"—the love of the sea he discerned in naval officers and concluded must be a sex-linked recessive trait because, like color blindness, it was almost always expressed in males. His eugenic analyses rested on pedigrees gathered without rigorous rules of evidence concerning the traits they purported to show. His analytical concepts drew uncritically on vague, unproved notions—notably the neuropathic basis of mental illness. Davenport's friend Smith Ely Jelliffe, a New York psychiatrist who was a pioneer of Freudianism in America and an authority on mental illness, chided him for lumping its various expressions under the word "insanity." The term might be warranted in legal practice, but it was "nonsensical" to employ it in medical matters for what was caused in one man by a head injury, in another by too much alcohol, in a third by typhoid infection, in a fourth by uremia, in a fifth by ongoing emotional disturbance. "Is it logical to take such an enormous complex of conditions as all the psychoses and try to make them all fit in one artificial box?" Jelliffe asked. "It is the same way with the epilepsies. . . . There is no *one* epilepsy." He pointed out that convulsions could arise from a hard blow to the head, a motor-area thrombus provoked by infection, or poisoning by santonin, and asked, "Is there any heredity here—or chance of it?" If eugenics was to be "correctly started," Jelliffe noted, "we must sharpen up our conceptions, and that very markedly."



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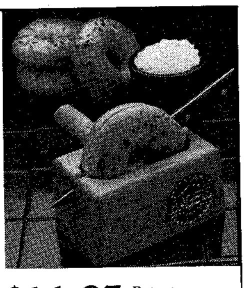

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Davenport tossed aside Jelliffe's sensible caution and continued to claim that mental disease seemed for the most part to be heritable. From the point of view of hereditary transmission, differentiation into classes was useless, and he saw no reason for such diseases not to be lumped together in the formulating of eugenic advice. Greatly given to oversimplification and little to self-critical reflection, Davenport possessed neither Galton's idiosyncratic imagination nor Pearson's formidable intellectual power. Like Pearson, he was blinded by eugenic prejudice. But, unlike Pearson, Davenport did not base his eugenics on any political world view; he had none. His eugenics arose from the combination of professional circumstance and personal background which shaped his life.

DAVENPORT'S childhood home—on Garden Place, in Brooklyn Heights—was dominated by a quick-tempered, puritanical paterfamilias. Amzi Davenport, the father of eleven children by two wives, was a former teacher who had become a successful real-estate and insurance broker and an ardent temperance advocate. Before the Civil War, he had been an abolitionist; he was a founder, deacon, and ruling elder of Henry Ward Beecher's Plymouth Congregational Church. In the Davenport house, the day began with an early prayer meeting. It continued, for Charles, with a full morning of factotum's duties in his father's office, an afternoon of solitary study there, and an evening of paternal instruction and quizzes on his religious and academic lessons; he was sent to bed immediately if he failed on any count. Charles spent the summers in a similar regimen at the family farm, on Davenport Ridge, near Stamford, Connecticut. His boyhood diary lists chores accomplished and sermons listened to; he hardly mentioned jokes, pranks, friends, or pleasures. He found a kind of outlet in writing—particularly the *Twinkling Star*, a small monthly that he published for two years and filled with some humor and a lot of family, including paternal, news.

"O! I want to go to school," to escape the office "prison house," Charles confided to his diary. There was no discouragement from his mother. She was Amzi Davenport's second wife—the granddaughter of a wealthy judge and the daughter of a prominent Brooklyn builder. Self-con-

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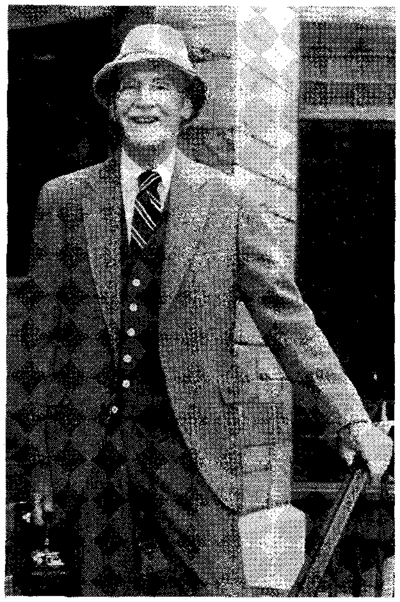
fident, easy in her piety to the point of religious skepticism, she was openly affectionate and, besides bearing nine of her husband's children, pursued serious interests in French, gardening, and natural history. Though Charles' father felt himself to be an adequate tutor, she wanted her children educated right through college. In 1879, at the age of thirteen, Charles was permitted to enter the Brooklyn Collegiate and Polytechnic Institute. Although his office duties continued after school, he began to collect insects, became a recorder of data for the United States Weather Service, and celebrated in a student theme "the privilege of adding to human knowledge by studying the stars, by investigating the lives of animals and plants, by revealing the secrets."

Near the end of his Polytechnic career, Charles proposed to devote one-quarter of his time during the coming summer on Davenport Ridge to his father, "to compensate directly for my indebtedness to you for my support," and three-quarters to a variegated program of scientific research, including agriculture, meteorology, and surveying. Charles hoped that his father would not regard the plan merely as "a selfish scheme to get rid of work," since by now he had found his vocation in science. It was almost two months before his father replied to the entreaty, and then he announced that Charles had "failed somewhat in meeting my views on the *practical* parts of the subject." The surveying would be fine. "As to spending so much time in looking after the geological character of the place, the nature of the soil, the adaptations of manures and chemical appliances to the improvement of the land, etc., I think . . . that you are too theoretical." Charles graduated first in his class at the Polytechnic and dutifully catered to his father's inclinations by becoming a surveyor. He stuck it out for nine months, and then fled to Harvard and his mother's cherished subject, natural history. In 1891, he received an instructorship, and the following year a Ph.D. and entrance to the world of professional biology.

During his early Cambridge Sundays, Davenport would attend church in the morning, read in the afternoon, and write to his mother in the evening. The rest of the week was taken up by biology and, after a while, by Gertrude Crotty, the daughter of a Kansas rancher and a graduate student in zoology at the Society for Collegiate



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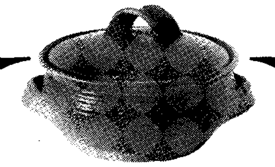

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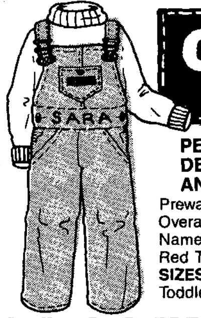

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Instruction of Women, as Radcliffe College was then known. She married Davenport in 1894 and became his closest friend and collaborator, eventually helping to write the work at Cold Spring Harbor on the heritability of human eye, hair, and skin color. She also spurred his ambition. Strong-willed and increasingly money-conscious after the birth of their two children, Gertrude wanted Davenport to move beyond the Harvard instructorship; she is said to have scanned the death notices in *Science* for the likelihood of academic vacancies. In 1904, the year he became director of the experimental station, with an annual salary of thirty-five hundred dollars and the promise of a raise the next year to four thousand dollars—the equal then of the very best-paid professorships in the United States—the Davenports bought six acres and a house on the shore at Cold Spring Harbor to rent to laboratory staff. They soon added a nineteen-acre farm nearby, bought in Gertrude's name, to their holdings. Davenport proudly exulted to his wife, "Quite an empire for us, isn't it?"

Cold Spring Harbor was then a semi-rural area of large, wealthy estates. One side of the laboratory property was bounded by the country home of the Tiffany family. The laboratory's well-paid, amply propertied director easily took on the general political coloration of early-twentieth-century Nassau County. Davenport organized taxpayers' associations, railed against the spending of public funds for more social workers, and, in a letter to the New York *Evening Post*, called for more police control in the Cold Spring Harbor neighborhood to drive home the idea of law and order to laborers brought out from the city, and particularly to "the young recent immigrants to this country who . . . mistake liberty for license." He may have argued against barring the entry of specific national groups, but he believed that the European nations sent over disproportionately large numbers of their worst human stock, that immigrants rapidly outbred the native population, and that they supplied an excess of public charges. Davenport deplored the fact that the government had to support tens of thousands of insane, mentally deficient, epileptic, and otherwise handicapped wards, not to mention prisoners and paupers, at a cost he estimated to be about a hundred million dollars a year. In part, his negative eugenics simply expressed in

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biological language the native white Protestant's hostility to immigrants and the conservative's bile over taxes and welfare.

But *only in part.* Davenport had rejected his father's piety, but he replaced it with a Babbittlike religiosity, a worship of great concepts: Science, Humanity, the Improvement of Mankind, Eugenics. The birth-control crusader Margaret Sanger recalled that Davenport, in expressing his worry about the impact of contraception on the better stocks, "used to lift his eyes reverently and, with his hands upraised as though in supplication, quiver emotionally as he breathed, 'Protoplasm. We want more protoplasm.' " Davenport may have embraced his mother's beloved science, but he could never exorcise the paternal *insistence upon practicality* and success, or the paternal implication that he was somehow inadequate to achieve either. Thus he plunged into eugenics, with its mixture of science and social utility. Constantly craving approval, he joined numerous editorial boards, took out memberships in sixty-four organizations, accepted ten executive posts. He found his sense of identity in his work. When his scientific papers were attacked, he lapsed into depression, confusion, and petulant bitterness.

Having been virtually a stranger to pleasure in his boyhood, Davenport was a driven man, uncomfortable with *enjoyment to the point of guilt.* Revealingly, he described his daughter Jane as "methodical and self-controlled . . . a fine girl." He found his daughter Millia—nicknamed Billy—something of a trial. Divorced after a hasty marriage, she established herself in Greenwich Village in the nineteen-twenties as a breathless flapper, attached herself to an avant-garde arts magazine, designed costumes for the Provincetown Players, ran up large bills at Wanamaker's, and irritatingly challenged her father's eugenic convictions. ("The world," she observed, "is not made up of college professors' children, at least, not the dearest part I've found.") Billy's father cast a pall over life at Cold Spring Harbor, where the remoteness from any town of consequence made the social life of single researchers none too happy to begin with. Demanding, suspicious, quick to charge discontented staff with disloyalty, he strongly objected when two young women invited a male colleague to their room for a late-night cup of soup. He bridled at the merest hint of

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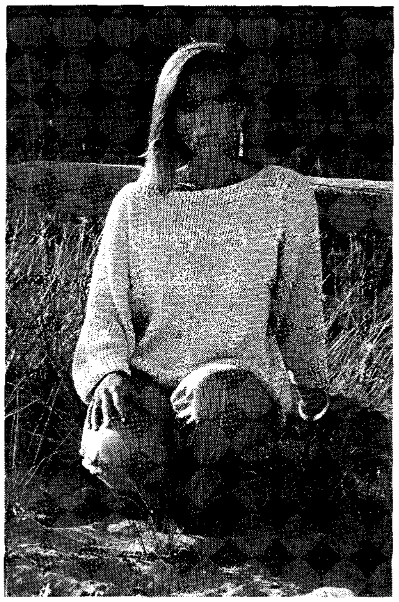

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sexual indulgence. The piety-bound Victorian childhood he knew had been pervaded with disapproval of most kinds of physical gratification. Davenport deplored birth control not only because of its dysgenic effects among the families of intellectuals but also because of its "aid to luxury and convenience." He regularly grouped sexual immorality with such eugenically adverse traits as feeblemindedness and criminality. He was anti-Semitic partly because of his conviction that Jews showed "the greatest proportion of offenses against chastity and in connection with prostitution, the lowest of crimes." Probably Davenport was emotionally ambivalent toward sexuality. Certainly in his eugenic theories he gave particular attention to sexual abandon in others, and even advocated drastic measures to suppress it.

In a study of "wayward" girls, Davenport concluded that the cause of prostitution was not economic circumstance but an "innate eroticism," determined by a dominant Mendelian element. He believed that the brain contained a center for eroticism similar to that for, say, speech. In normal people, the erotic center would be of moderate strength and inhibited by a genetically determined governor; in abnormal people, the erotic center would be excessively energetic and would lack the inhibiting mechanism. The release of so much erotic energy, Davenport claimed, resulted not only in sexual licentiousness but also in violent outbreaks of temper and derivative crimes. People thus afflicted fell into a class that Davenport named, in analogy with the feebleminded, the "feebly inhibited." While he preferred segregation to sterilization as a means of preventing the reproduction of the unfit, he argued that any sterilization of the unfit should be accomplished by castration instead of vasectomy. Vasectomy, he knew, prevented paternity but not lust, and he believed that physiologically divorcing the sex act from responsibility for its procreative consequences might well encourage rapists. Davenport maintained that castration, unlike vasectomy, "cuts off the hormones and makes the patient docile, tractable and without sex desire."

Davenport paid no attention to Freud. He was as wrong in his neurological theories as in many of his genetic ones, but, perhaps self-protectively, he acknowledged that eugenicists were far from possessing the knowledge required to advise people on what constituted fit marriages—

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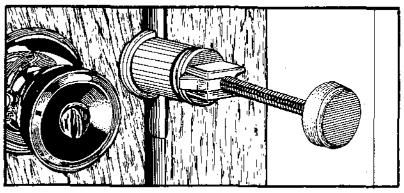

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how to "fall in love intelligently," as he put it—or to decide who, exactly, ought to be prevented from propagating. He thought it imperative that the eugenicist avoid reproach for marching beyond clear, certain knowledge into the thickets of hereditary policy. "Our greatest danger," he once warned the farmers and biologists of the American Breeders' Association, "is from some impetuous temperament, who, planting a banner of eugenics, rallies a volunteer army of utopians, free lovers, and muddy thinkers to start a holy war for the new religion." To Davenport the professional scientist, the watchword of eugenics for the time being had to be "investigation." He dreamed of gathering enormous quantities of human hereditary data, recording them in a central bureau of study, and ultimately throwing light on "the great strains of human protoplasm . . . coursing through the country."

Financing such an enterprise was a challenge, but not one beyond Davenport's reach, given the nature of the era. In the early twentieth century, a swelling chorus of commentators held that solutions to the complex issues of modern society required knowledge that could come only from research and from consultation with experts. The endowment of research was joining the agenda of philanthropic works; Andrew Carnegie exemplified the trend. State-university scientists were successfully persuading their legislatures to appropriate money for research, and the federal scientific establishment was steadily growing in response to the need for data essential to commerce, trade, and regulation. Institution-building was the order of the scientific day, and Davenport, with his protoplasmic social purposefulness, was, more than anything else, an entrepreneur of the knowledge business. In 1909, his eugenic ambitions in mind, he approached Mary Harriman in the hope of stimulating the philanthropic interest of her mother, Mrs. E. H. Harriman, who had recently taken over the management of her late husband's immense railroad fortune.

Mary Harriman had spent part of the summer of 1905 at the Cold Spring Harbor Biological Laboratory while an undergraduate at Barnard College. A founder of the New York Junior League for the Promotion of Settlement Movements, she was a social activist with a liberal bent. (She would eventually break with her family's Republicanism to join her brother

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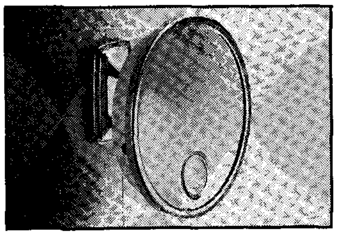

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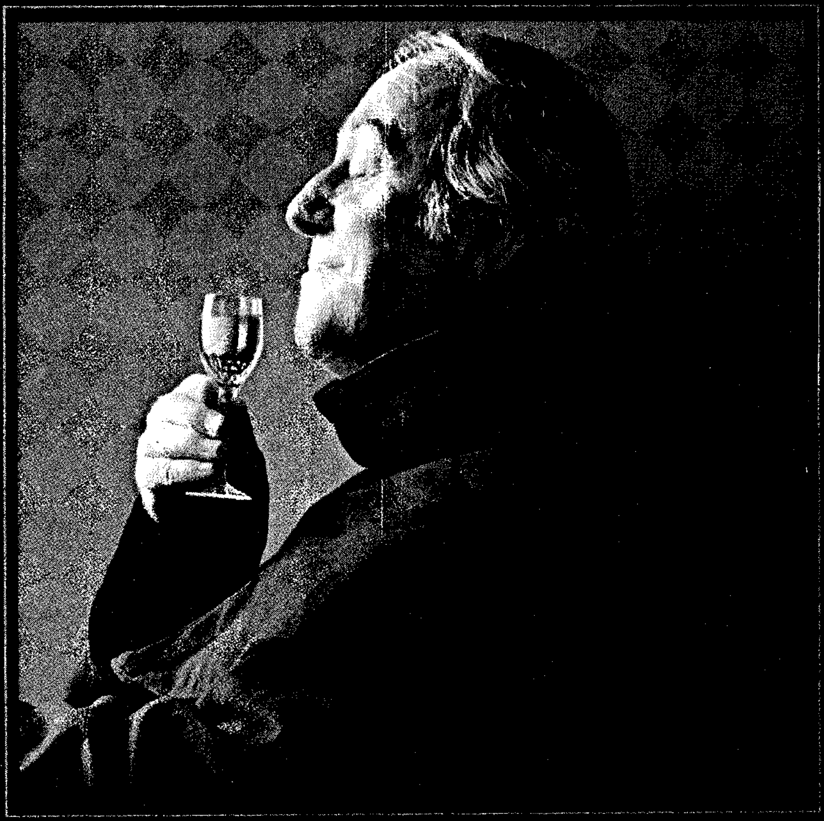

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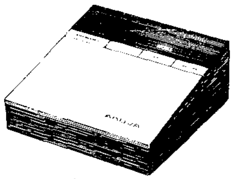

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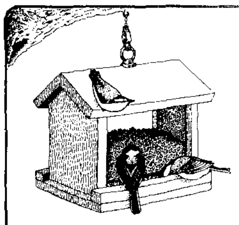

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Averell in supporting the Presidential candidacy of Al Smith, become a friend of Eleanor Roosevelt and Frances Perkins, and head the Consumers' Advisory Board of Franklin Roosevelt's National Recovery Administration.) Eugenics struck her as a means of social improvement, and she brought Davenport together with Mrs. Harriman, who later said that both her husband's and her father's interest in breeding race horses had suggested to her that the laws of heredity might also be used for the amelioration of man. Over luncheon, in February, 1910, Mrs. Harriman agreed to support Davenport's ambitions for eugenic research on a grand scale. "*A Red Letter Day* for humanity!" Davenport wrote in his diary.

Later that year, Mrs. Harriman funded the establishment of a Eugenics Record Office, on seventy-five acres of land she bought for the purpose up the hill from Davenport's Cold Spring Harbor experimental station. Eugenic research, Davenport held, was best conducted by scientifically trained personnel and in proximity to studies on the heredity of other organisms. Drawing on his prior experience, Davenport intended to ferret out human hereditary data by making house-to-house surveys and by scrutinizing the records of the nation's numerous prisons, hospitals, almshouses, and institutions for the mentally deficient, the deaf, the blind, and the insane. Information about the relatives of a given "defective," he thought, could be "obtained with a high degree of precision by tactful field workers." People might object to such surveys on the ground that heritable traits were "private and personal matters," but surely theirs was "a narrow and false view." Besides, Davenport proposed to keep all records confidential, and to employ them only statistically.

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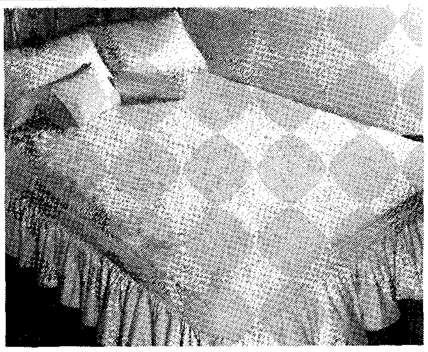

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hundred thousand dollars, bringing the total of her eugenic patronage between 1910 and 1918 to more than half a million dollars.

Part of Mrs. Harriman's money paid for the field workers that Davenport wanted, and so did an additional twenty-two thousand dollars over four years from John D. Rockefeller, Jr. With the money, the Eugenics Record Office provided scholarships for young men and women to come to Cold Spring Harbor in the summer for training in human heredity and field-research techniques. After the summer training course, the trainees, at a salary of seventy-five dollars a month, began a year's work in the field. Davenport had expected most of the field workers to be women's-college graduates with some training in biology, and many did indeed come from Radcliffe, Vassar, and Wellesley, joining graduates of Harvard, Cornell, Oberlin, Johns Hopkins, and other reputable schools. Once trained, they were armed with a "Trait Book" for guidance and sent to study albinos in Massachusetts; the insane at the New Jersey State Hospital in Matawan; the feebleminded at the Skillman School, in Skillman, New Jersey; the Amish in Pennsylvania; the pedigrees of disease in the Academy of Medicine records in New York City; and juvenile delinquents at the Juvenile Psychopathic Institute of Chicago. The only cost to the institutions was the workers' expenses. The institutions got hereditary information concerning their charges—which they used for any number of purposes, including reports to legislative committees—and the Eugenics Record Office got the data for cataloguing and eventual analysis. By 1913, these amounted to thousands of items—"a sort of inventory of the blood of the community," *Scientific American* noted.

Davenport assembled the active field workers for a conference each year to keep them in touch with the latest research techniques and eugenic theories. Other participants in the conferences included directors of epileptic colonies and hospitals for the insane or the feebleminded, and, on one occasion, the medical examiner from Ellis Island. In 1916, the Record Office began publishing—also for the edification of the field workers—the *Eugenical News*, which looked in format like a slightly more substantial version of Davenport's old *Twinkling Star.* ("Serious we have to be,/ Working for posterity," they sang one summer

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at Cold Spring Harbor.) Field work was hard work. Only twenty to thirty per cent of the field workers did it well, Davenport estimated in a letter to the Carnegie Institution's president. The rest suffered from timidity or from ignorance of what they were supposed to be studying. Able or not, more than two hundred and fifty field workers were sent out by the Eugenics Record Office between 1911 and 1924, when the training program ended. Their efforts centered on subjects like the "feebleminded," since, as wards of the state, these people had family histories that were comparatively simple to get. The data from the field—analyzed, indexed, and entered on about three-quarters of a million cards at Cold Spring Harbor—served as the source of bulletins, memoirs, and books on such topics as sterilization, the exclusion from the United States of inferior germ plasm, and the inheritance of pellagra, multiple sclerosis, tuberculosis, goiter, nomadism, athletic ability, and temperament. Davenport consulted his cards to respond to numerous inquiries about the eugenic fitness of proposed marriages. The publications, he proudly reported in 1920 to the Carnegie Institution, had enjoyed a "marked educational influence." So had the field workers, many of whom became teachers of genetics and eugenics or members of state commissions and other institutions dedicated to the reduction of hereditary degeneration and defect. Like Karl Pearson's research program, their work supplied ample "authoritative" material to the Anglo-American eugenic movement, which gathered increasing popular force after the turn of the century, with no small impact upon education and immigration policy and such sectors of social distress as the so-called feebleminded. "What a fire you have kindled!" Davenport wrote to Mrs. Harriman shortly after the founding of the Record Office. "It is going to be a purifying *conflagration* some day!"

—DANIEL J. KEVLES

(*This is the first part of a four-part article.*)

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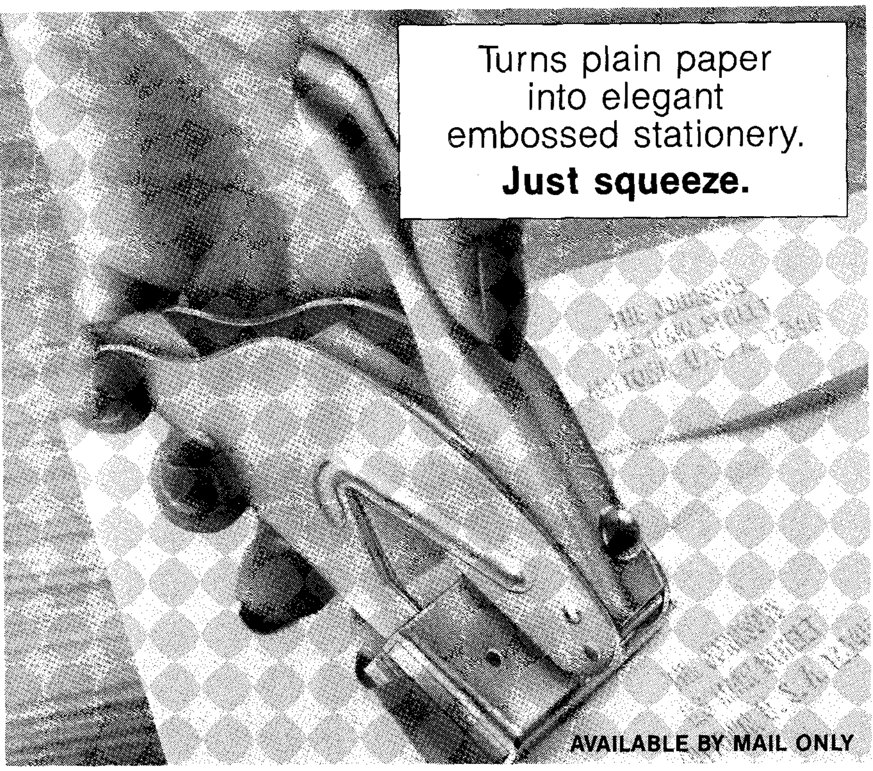

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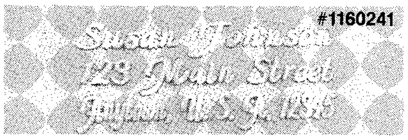

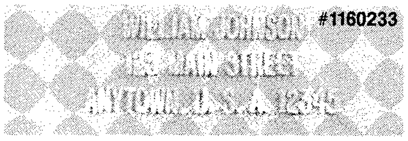

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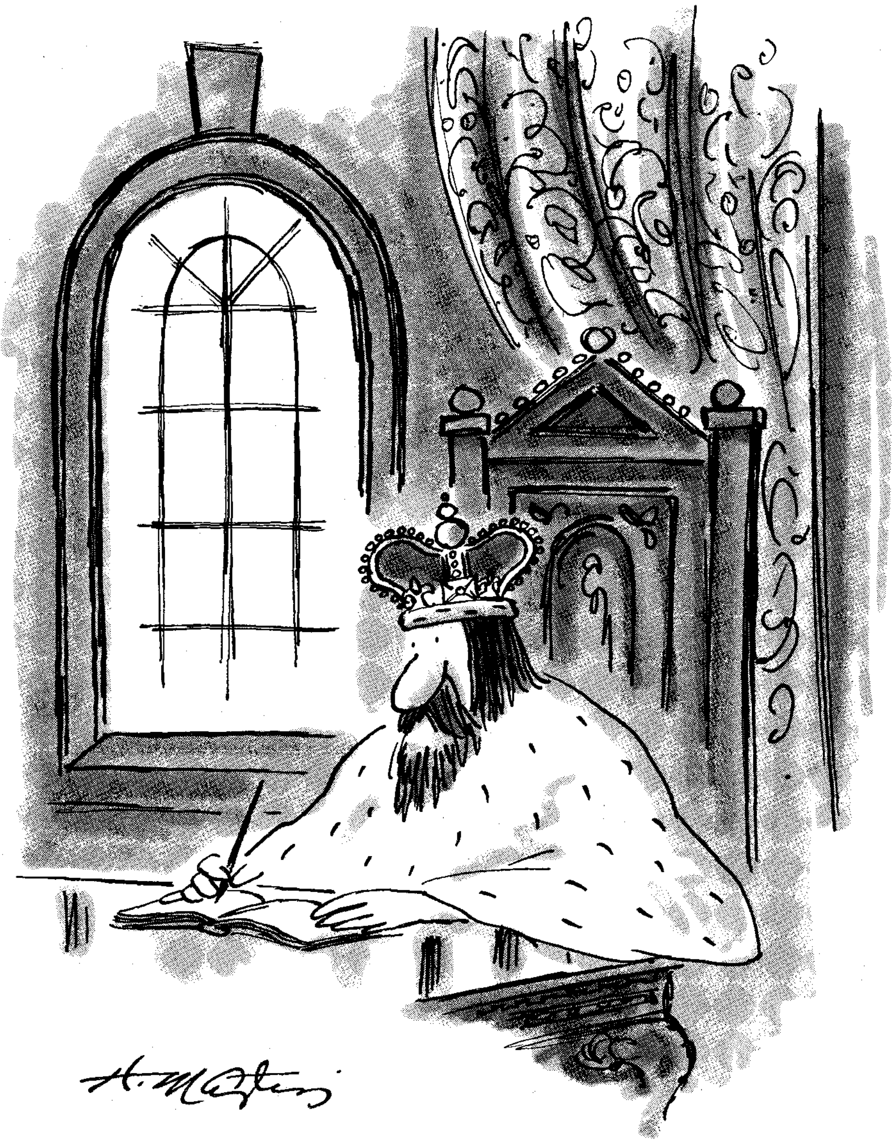
THE THEATRE

Next Week: Electric Blankets

A MUSICAL comedy called "Quilters" opened last week at the Jack Lawrence Theatre (formerly the Playhouse), and in rummaging through my mind for a single favorable thing to say about this premier event of the fall season I find that I can honestly congratulate the producers on the pertinacity with which they have sought to maintain an unprecedentedly narrow focus from start to finish: it is obvious that "Quilters" is intended solely for makers of quilts and collectors of quilts, and the rest of us may go hang. Now, I should have thought that there was comparatively little felt need on or off Broadway for a theatrical piece about quilting, but the production originated somewhere west of the Appalachians, and no doubt the authors have their fingers on the pulse of innumerable quilters and quilt collectors scattered across the Great Plains, and perhaps they know something about the nature of New Yorkers that has eluded me for a lifetime. *Is* it indeed the case that an army of quilt lovers exists here, prepared to sit all evening before a set consisting of a couple of exceptionally ugly tan canvas quilt backings and listen to a litany of tiresome clichés about how life was spent on the prairies in the pioneering years of the last century?

The cast of "Quilters" consists of seven women playing a variety of parts, ranging in age from unconvincing childhood to unconvincing old age. In one unwelcome scene of adolescence, two of them address God, criticizing him for establishing their menarches either too early or too late; in a later scene, all seven address an offstage young man named James, whom three of them want to marry and forever after obey, obey, obey. When their lives are endangered by twisters or conflagrations, they gather to sing "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow!" Having access to neither contraception nor abortion, they give birth to an average of fifteen or sixteen children apiece. (Serious historians of the nineteenth century would find that number of children, taken as an average, radically exaggerated.) Widowed, they are valiant in their loneliness and infirmity, and they go on incessantly stitching quilts out of scraps, as they have done from childhood. In "Quilters," quilts do not simply serve as a metaphor for physical endurance and spiritual and aesthetic aspirations but are the sum of what the women can take pleasure in and satisfaction from; succeeding generations of families are bound together by means of quilts, and they look forward to being wrapped in quilts of their own manufacture upon death.

What sort of smarmy, phony-wholesome nonsense is this? It is claimed in the program that much of the material in "Quilters" was drawn from oral histories, sedulously taken down from the lips of elderly quilters. If that is so, I cannot refrain from calling attention to the oral history of the last soldier known to have fought at Waterloo and to have seen Napoleon on that occasion: he remembered Napoleon distinctly as a great big man, well over six feet tall. The book of "Quilters" is by Molly Newman and Barbara Damashek; the music and lyrics are by Miss Damashek, and so is the direction; the setting is by Ursula Belden; the lighting is by Allen Lee Hughes; and the costumes are by Elizabeth Palmer. —BRENDAN GILL



"Dear Diary: Parades, concerts, dancing, banquets, gala balls, fireworks. Today is my birthday, and the whole kingdom is making quite a fuss over it."

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CONSTABULARY NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From Police Reports in the Newtown* (*Conn.*) *Bee*]

A Riverside Road woman reported to police September 25 at 10:37 am that a dog was lying on the ground near Underhill Road.

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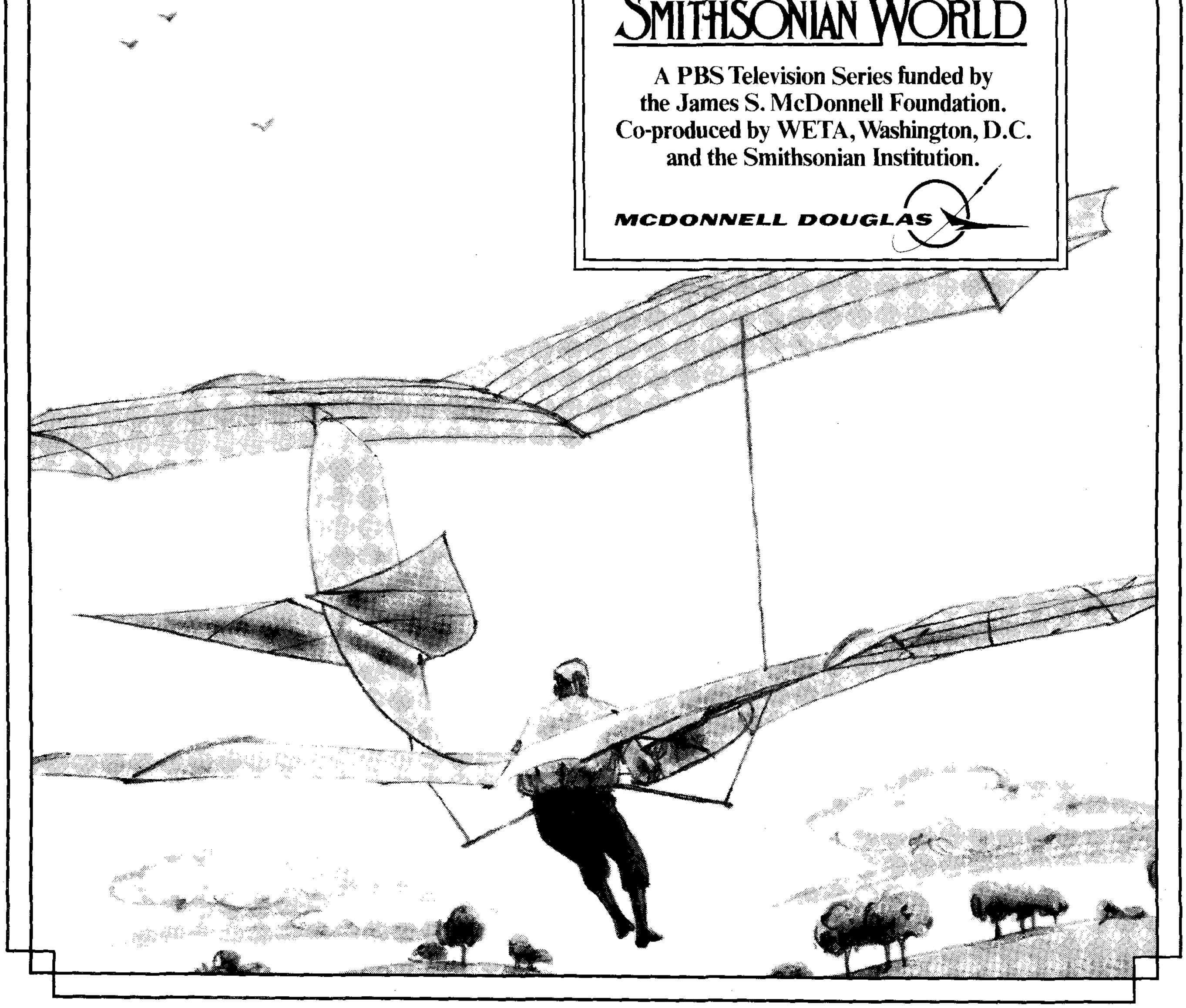


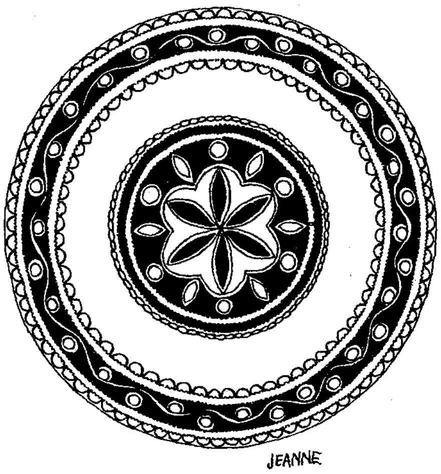
A POLITICAL JOURNAL

Washington, September 30

THE most important thing in politics, Stuart Spencer said to me last summer, is to control the agenda. Spencer, probably the man most responsible for Ronald Reagan's success in politics—other than Reagan himself—and now a key man in the Reagan-Bush reëlection effort, said to me, "The premise is very simple: Control the agenda and focus the agenda, and make sure it's focussed on what we want to talk about, and don't get on side eddies; when Walter Mondale attacks, talk about things we want to talk about. It sounds simple, but it's very important." Spencer is a shrewd, affable man; as part of the then famous California public-relations company Spencer-Roberts, he managed Reagan's two campaigns for governor of California; in 1976 he helped Ford stave off Reagan's nomination challenge; in 1980, when Reagan's fall campaign got off to a shaky start, Nancy Reagan sent for Spencer. (Earlier this year, someone close to Reagan, speculating about who would serve in a second Reagan term, said the decisions would be made by Nancy Reagan, Stuart Spencer, and Reagan—"in that order.") The success of the Reagan team in controlling the agenda, while incomplete, of course, has been a major source of frustration to the Mondale camp.

The bombing of the new American Embassy in Beirut, on September 20th, was obviously not on the Reagan team's agenda—and the Mondale camp, after some hesitation about how to react, decided that this third truck-bombing of an American facility in Beirut (killing two Americans and many Lebanese) within seventeen months, and the evident lapses and delays in the protection of the Embassy, gave it a new issue against Reagan. (As did Reagan's remark to reporters in New York the following Sunday, on the eve of his United Nations speech: "Anyone that's ever had their kitchen done over knows that it never gets done as soon as you wish it would.") Now Mondale, who had heard a lot of similar talk from Republicans about the taking of the hostages in Iran during the Carter Administration, was saying that Reagan allows terrorists to "humiliate us and push us around and kill our people." (A difference between the hostage crisis and the events in Beirut is that the nation was reminded by television, every day, of the fact that the hostages were being held, for the full four hundred and forty-four days they were in captivity, whereas Beirut is brought back into national consciousness only when there is another disaster.) Vice-President Bush has been critical of Mondale's being critical of the Administration for not providing our facilities in Beirut with better protection, and says that Mondale is trying to turn the bombing to "political advantage." Reagan himself was quite critical of Carter for the hostage crisis during the 1980 campaign. The Reagan people I spoke with just after the bombing said they felt that this episode would go away, too, as had the prior ones—especially since it came on the eve of a week that had been carefully planned to put Reagan on display as a world leader and a peacemaker, with the speech at the United Nations, another to the International Monetary Fund, meetings with leaders of three nations, and a meeting with Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko.

While the Reagan camp tries not to let itself become too satisfied with the polls—which have shown Reagan leading Mondale by from thirteen to thirty points in recent weeks—it is clearly, and understandably, very happy with the polls. And while the Mondale people have tried to not let the polls get them down, the polls are getting them, including the candidate, down. People at the Reagan-Bush committee say that, as of now, Reagan is ahead of Mondale in every state. (They say that Mondale leads only in the District of Columbia, and is even behind in Minnesota.) By the third week of September, the Mondale camp's own soundings were telling them that they were behind Reagan by from fifteen to twenty points. The Reagan-Bush committee's polling has Reagan twenty points ahead of Mondale. One Mondale aide said to me recently, "Let's put it this way: we've been on the road for about a month and we haven't exactly moved up." Another said to me last week, "Maybe it's just not there."



Lee Atwater, the deputy director of the Reagan-Bush campaign, said to me this week, "The single most consistent factor in this whole race is Mondale's negative rating. The flora and the fauna of the race may change—the issues may vary a little bit—but unless he gets that negative down he isn't going to go anywhere." Mondale is the first Presidential candidate since the Presidency of Franklin D. Roosevelt to be trailing in the polls who did not gain ground in September. A recent poll in West Virginia, one of the six states Carter carried in 1980, and one that the Republicans were saying at the time of the Dallas Convention that Mondale was ahead in, shows Reagan ahead of Mondale there by eighteen points. Even in Maryland, which the Democrats had been expected to win (they have a three-to-one lead in voter registration and Carter carried it in 1980), a recent poll by the Baltimore *Sun* showed Reagan beating Mondale by ten points. The Republicans not long ago were worried about the farm belt, but now Reagan leads Mondale in Iowa, where the candidates were neck and neck a month ago, by twenty-three points, and his leads in Illinois and Ohio are growing as well. (Taking no chances, Reagan announced new help for debt-ridden farmers shortly before leaving for a trip to Iowa last week.) Some Republican leaders have been emboldened to start thinking the magnitude of Reagan's sweep could be such that not only some of the half-dozen Republican senators who had been considered to be in trouble this year might be saved by the Reagan pull, thus maintaining Republican control of the Senate (Republicans now hold fifty-five of the hundred seats), but also there could be substantial Republican gains in the House, where the Democrats have a large majority. Several House members are finding themselves in unaccustomedly tough races. A House Democrat tells me that, while his colleagues are worried, general panic has not set in yet, but that if the polls don't look better in October it will. Recent soundings have indicated that people are jumping to the Republican Party in large numbers, and the only comfort some Democratic strategists take from this is the thought that the movement is so large and possibly "volatile" that these people might jump back. But there is little time, and Mondale is said to be aware that he could be leading the Party toward a big defeat. While the Mondale people talked about the debates as Mondale's big chance—he and Reagan will meet on October 7th and October 21st—there was some belief within this group that unless he started to gain ground before the first debate even the debate might not do him much good.

There remains a certain division of opinion within the Reagan campaign about how to talk about the election. In part, the Reagan people are promoting the view that Reagan is so strong that Mondale's cause is hopeless—this to keep Mondale's supporters from becoming energized, or potential supporters from thinking there is any point. But in part they are being very careful to take nothing for granted, and to appear to take nothing for granted—this to avoid complacency among Reagan's supporters, and also to guard against the coming apart of what they have constructed thus far. The hardheaded realists among Reagan's advisers proceed on the theory that some combination of outside events and mistakes on Reagan's part could unglue their handiwork. By "mistakes," they mean that Reagan might say something that worries people about him. That he sometimes gets his facts wrong, his aides believe, has long since been accepted and discounted by the public, and is only of interest to Washington journalists and a few others. They recognize that though Reagan has always done well in debates, something could go wrong in those that are coming up. They decided to go ahead with the debates for two reasons: they did not think it would be politically acceptable to refuse to debate, and, when they were deciding on their strategy, late last summer, they considered it possible that the race would tighten sufficiently that Reagan might need a debate toward the end of October. Interestingly, the Reagan people, who wanted the 1980 debate to be held on Election Eve, and succeeded in having it held a week before the election, wanted the second of the two debates this year to be held further from the election. They solemnly make a good-government argument that no one event, such as a debate, should have an untoward

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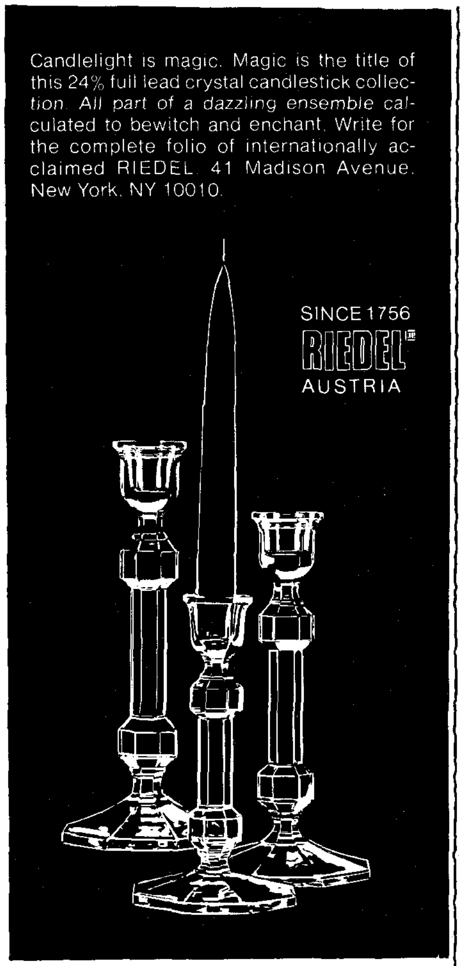
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effect on the election—which is a valid point (even if it did not concern them in 1980)—but they also concede that they want time to clear things up after the second debate, or change the subject, in case anything goes wrong. This, like the extremely tight control over press access to Reagan, conveys a heightened worry on the part of Reagan's advisers as to what he might say if he is allowed to be spontaneous.

Mondale began to argue on the stump that Reagan is "isolated" and is "travelling around the country in an answer-free zone," and the television reporters covering the Reagan campaign began to talk about the tight controls around the President. The Reagan people have become sensitive about this point, but their essential view is that nobody loves the press, so its complaints don't carry much weight. Jim Lake, the communications director of the Reagan-Bush committee, said to me not long ago, of the isolation question, "It doesn't bother me as a problem at all. People see him out there and delivering a message. It doesn't look like isolation to them." Another Presidential adviser says, "The world has long since seen and known that Ronald Reagan is isolated, and accepted that." He said that the public had "discounted for this," just as it has discounted Reagan's getting his facts wrong. When I asked him why, he replied, "What's wrong with it if the system works and people are happy? Ronald Reagan is part of the mythology of what America likes its leaders to be. If people are confident about the economy, are at peace, why should they want to attack the myth? That's what Mondale is up against." (Vice-President Bush, speaking at a rally in Ohio, pulled his wallet out of his pocket and slapped it on the podium and said, "Do you know what wins elections? It's who puts money into this and who takes money out.")

REAGAN'S advisers talk of Mondale's having offered a deficit-reduction plan as a gift from heaven. As they explain it, they had planned to spend a lot of time and money this fall making the case that Mondale would raise people's taxes, and then Mondale went and did the job for them. Through a careful direction of a chorus of Administration voices when Mondale unveiled his deficit-reduction plan earlier this month, and through subsequent statements, the Reagan campaign has, it believes, convinced people that Mondale's deficit-reduction plan is a tax-raising plan, period. (For a few days, Mondale tried to explain the plan with the aid of charts, which were indecipherable on television, and then the charts went away. One Reagan adviser says, "Mondale tried to educate people about something they don't want to be educated about." Other Democrats showed no great interest in embracing Mondale's plan—if he wanted to be "bold," he was on his own.) As for the polls indicating that most people believe taxes will be raised by whoever is the next President—a finding in which the Mondale people take comfort—the Reagan people say that people believe that Reagan is less likely to raise taxes. A Reagan adviser also says that although the Administration bobbled about a bit after Mondale challenged Reagan to admit that taxes would be raised, it managed to come out in a politically suitable place: by avoiding saying that they would never, never raise taxes, they avoided the trap they assumed Mondale was setting—a charge that in that case they would have to make large cuts in Social Security and Medicare. The White House was prepared to offer up some deficit-reduction plan—or apparent deficit-reduction plan—if the politics of the situation demanded it, but it never came to that. One Reagan adviser says, "What started out as a potential Mondale plus—a bold move to show that he is a strong leader—has become a Mondale liability, and we'll drive that home in the next thirty days."

Reagan's rhetoric against government spending has been so strong that people now believe, according to the polls, that he would be more likely than Mondale to cut the deficit. Moreover, his advisers say, people believe that Reagan *has* been laying out deficit-reduction plans over the past four years, and that Congress is responsible for the deficits. (In fact, Congress has agreed to most of Reagan's budget-reduction proposals; Reagan has simply never proposed sufficient budget cuts to offset his tax cuts and increases in military spending, and has never submitted anything resembling a balanced budget.) There is a line of analysis within both the Reagan and Mondale camps which holds that, by challenging Reagan to "level with the American people" about the need to raise taxes, Mondale played into two of Reagan's strengths: his reputation for fiscal conservatism, and the sense people have that he is a man of integrity. The Reagan people also say that Mondale made a mistake in taking

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Reagan on on the religious issue. They say the net effect of the argument was that Reagan was on television several times saying that he was a pluralist ("I'm not seeking to install a state religion in any way"), and this reassured many people, while Mondale's taking Reagan on got Reagan's fundamentalist base more fired up than ever, and pushed Mondale's ratings in the South still lower.

Reagan's campaign trips have not only been picture-perfect—sizable crowds, balloons, flags, just the right settings, just the right lighting, just the right blue coloring for the backdrops—but have had a very clear strategy behind them. Reagan may be managed, but he is very well managed. Reagan has concentrated on the farm belt, and on the Northeast and the Midwest, where he is trying to peel away, or hold, "soft Democrats." Reagan's itinerary usually allows him to make day trips and be back in the White House by early evening; he travels about two days a week. There was also one literally spectacular trip to Nashville, in mid-September, where Reagan appeared at the Grand Ole Opry with Roy Acuff and Minnie Pearl and celebrated Roy Acuff's eighty-first birthday, with a giant cake and a cascade of confetti. Roy Acuff endorsed Reagan. On this trip, Reagan kept up the theme that he is offering a positive message while Mondale (whom he never mentions by name) is simply offering negativism and gloom. At the Grand Ole Opry, Reagan, as he does in other appearances, saluted the "great resurgence of patriotic feeling sweeping the country" and referred to the Olympics and the new country-and-Western hit song by Lee Greenwood, "God Bless the U.S.A.," which is used in Reagan's ads and at his rallies.

The "new patriotism" was something waiting to happen, growing out of a natural desire to feel better about things after Watergate, Vietnam, and the hostage crisis, and it has been propelled by certain events, and also by some hucksterism—to the point where it is on the verge of, if not into, faddism. This endangers its authentic and attractive side; it also carries some dangers. Meanwhile, this new emotion and Reagan are perfectly suited for each other, and are furthering each other along. And Reagan told the audience at the Grand Ole Opry, as he does in other appearances, "I don't see why the other side keeps saying things are so terrible in this country," and he added, "So I hope you don't mind my asking, Do you feel better off than you did four years ago?" This line is greeted with applause, and it is essentially Reagan's case. He suggested to the Grand Ole Opry audience that it felt better off because of the expansion of the economy and the number of new jobs "in the past twenty months"—thus his story begins in 1983, after the recession—and because "you have a friend in the White House who doesn't believe that you're undertaxed." He added, "The other side keeps saying the answer to all this success is to start another old round of tax and tax and spend and spend." (Mondale's pledge to place revenues raised through new taxes in a trust fund seems to have got lost in the din.) Reagan asks audiences, "Do we want to go back to the old days of misery, misfortune, and malaise?" He told one audience recently, "It's springtime for America once again." Sometimes he puts a series of questions that invite the audience to respond, "U.S.A.!"—a chant that began at the Olympics and carried through to the Republican Convention. By now, the audiences know how they are to respond. Reagan's speeches are well written for him, giving him the heroic prose that suits his style and his politics. He says, "We must continue . . . to make America great again and let the eagle soar." He tells an audience, "They see an America where every day is April 15th, tax day. We see an America where every day is the Fourth of July." He says, "Aren't you saying, 'We want to think big and aim high'? And aren't you saying, 'Don't hold us back, give us a chance and see how high we fly'?" Similarly, the Reagan campaign's commercials are soothing, bucolic, and optimistic. We see children at play, a couple getting married (this is a scene that was used in the eighteen-minute film about Reagan shown at the Convention—and shown in its entirety earlier this month on all three networks, and on cable as well, with some of the better parts of Reagan's acceptance speech added). One Reagan ad has a soothing voice saying, "It's morning again in America." His ads stress that America is "working" again. Mrs. Reagan, among others, was unhappy with Reagan's 1980 commercials—felt they used Reagan as a "talking head" too much—and so a group of commercial advertisers was assembled for this year's election. Reagan's ads come off like commercial commercials—sooth-

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ing, pleasant, Miller time. They fit right in with what people who watch television are accustomed to seeing. Mondale's ads, by contrast, come off as political, didactic, and jarring—because they are intended to jar, to raise questions about nuclear war, the deficit, and so on. But they are no fun to watch. Moreover, it is not just the fact that Reagan himself is better on television than is Mondale but that Reagan is projecting many of television's prime-time values—toughness, heroism, the simple resolution of problems—and is thus reinforced by, and compatible with, the dominant culture. A friend of mine who is a close student of television says he thinks that perhaps the only person who could defeat Ronald Reagan is Clint Eastwood.

Reagan's play for the blue-collar voter has been quite determined and specific. At an appearance at a Polish Catholic shrine outside Philadelphia earlier this month, Reagan was introduced by John Cardinal Krol, of Philadelphia, who praised Reagan's policies, including his efforts to obtain tuition tax credits for private schools. This appearance by a cardinal was unusual. Reagan rang the chapel bell of the shrine, presented the shrine with a tapestry from Poland, and praised Pope John Paul II. At a rally near the shrine, Reagan said that the Democratic Party represents "defeatism, decline, and despair," and urged Democrats who felt "abandoned" by their party to support him. (Reporters noted that Reagan stumbled several times in the reading of his speech, as he has done on some other recent occasions.) A couple of days later, Reagan awarded a posthumous Congressional Gold Medal to Hubert Humphrey, presenting it to Humphrey's widow, Muriel, in a Rose Garden ceremony at the White House. Reagan praised Humphrey as "a liberal who was an internationalist." In mid-September, Reagan, wooing Italian voters in Buffalo, dedicated a housing project funded by a federal program his Administration had tried to cut. On September 19th, he made an appearance in Waterbury, Connecticut, at the site of a famous rally for John Kennedy late in the 1960 campaign, and invoked the memory of Kennedy—"I think John Kennedy would be proud of you and the things you believe in." (In 1960, Reagan was a spokesman for Democrats for Nixon.) He said, "I was a Democrat once," but "the Democratic leadership

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had abandoned the good and decent Democrats of the J.F.K., F.D.R., and Harry Truman tradition—people who believe in the interests of working people, who are not ashamed or afraid of America standing up for freedom in the world." And he added, "And if you see it as I do, I have to tell you—join us."

It was around the time Reagan was appearing with Cardinal Krol that Geraldine Ferraro was embroiled in a dispute with some members of the Catholic hierarchy over her position on abortion and was being met at many stops by anti-abortion hecklers, who sometimes tried to drown her out. (On September 21st, NBC reported that, "according to high Republican sources involved in the campaign," the Reagan-Bush campaign was coördinating these demonstrations by anti-abortion groups; was encouraging, through intermediaries, criticism of Ferraro by the Catholic clergy; and had got others to demand investigations of Ferraro's finances and orchestrated a series of damaging leaks to the press about her finances. The Reagan-Bush committee officials denied all this, but now further press investigations of these and other events are under way. Yet such things are hard to trace.) Mondale, too, was greeted by noisy hecklers on a few occasions. One incident that attracted attention was what appeared to be organized heckling of Mondale by hundreds of booing and jeering students at the University of Southern California, on September 18th—which led Mondale to shout, "We want to be heard, we will be heard, and we will win this election because we will be heard," and which CBS traced to a Reagan-Bush campaign official in California. The degree of political involvement of some members of the Catholic clergy in this election has caused some division within the Church. When New York Governor Mario Cuomo made a speech on the subject of politics and religion at Notre Dame in mid-September, Father Richard McBrien, the head of Notre Dame's theology department, interviewed on NBC, took issue with the activities of Cardinal Krol and also with those of Archbishop John O'Connor, of New York, and Archbishop Bernard Law, of Boston, who had been particularly outspoken about politics and the abortion issue. Father McBrien said that these clergymen represented a minority of American bishops. He said, "They're also looking for the rewards of politi-

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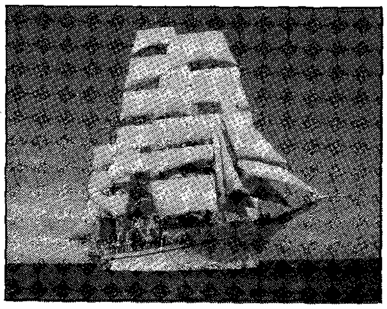

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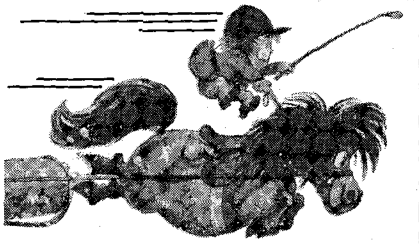

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cal combat. I mean, rumors, for example, that if we support Reagan . . . we're going to get two Supreme Court appointments. That's typical political wheeling and dealing." (Mondale has made much of a claim by the Reverend Jerry Falwell that if Reagan is reëlected "we will get at least two more appointments to the Supreme Court." Whether Father McBrien was referring to the same promise, or rumor, or claim, or whatever, is anybody's guess.)

MEANWHILE, toward the end of the month there was unhappiness within the Mondale campaign with the quality of the television advertising, and, more important, concern about what was coming through of what Mondale was saying. Several of his events had gone well, but the problem was that whenever Mondale moved away from the original strategy of trying to make the issue of the campaign what kind of country this is—the issue of values—and moved closer to an attack on Reagan, it was the attack that inevitably was picked up in the brief "sound bite" on television, and in these instances Mondale came across as shrill and negative. The campaign was increasingly going at Reagan directly, thus playing to his strength as the dominant personality in the race, as opposed to going around him: getting people disturbed about his policies, stirring what is believed to be a latent anger about those policies, and raising questions about their effects now and in the future, and also putting Mondale forward as someone people might want to follow. The idea was to get back to an election over stakes, rather than over Reagan or Mondale. The major upshot of a rethink—a series of meetings last weekend that involved Mondale himself and went on into the week—was a speech on Tuesday at George Washington University, in Washington, in which Mondale tried once again to redefine, in his terms, what the election is about. And Mondale was to be seen more clearly, it was hoped, as someone who fought *for* things, not just against his political opponents. (This was emphasized in a five-minute ad the Mondale campaign ran on all three networks Thursday night.) A subsidiary purpose of the new approach was to meet Reagan's challenge for Democratic and young supporters by talking more about the right-wing and fundamentalist aspects of the Republican Convention. (There

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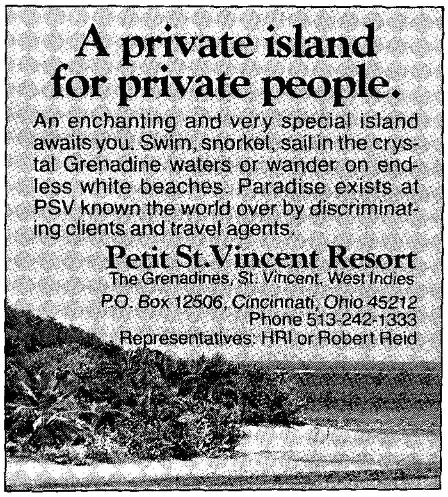

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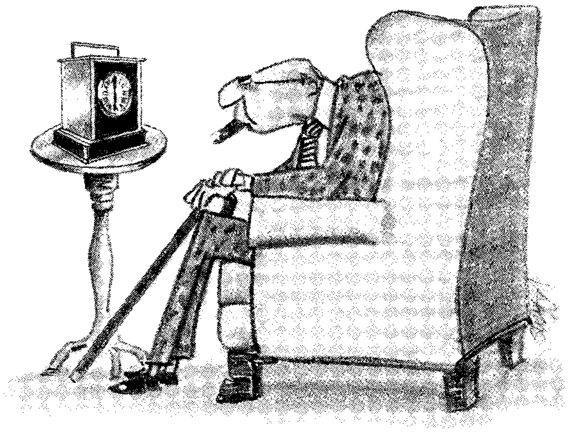
is a belief among some Democratic analysts that what may have stopped, or slowed down, a long-term realignment of voters with the Republican Party after 1980 were the social agenda and James Watt.)

Mondale had been scheduled to give a foreign-policy speech at George Washington, since this was the week that Reagan was to be so visible on foreign policy. (Mondale had already given a foreign-policy speech the previous week, before the latest bombing in Beirut, in which he said that the Administration's "swamp of policy confusion" in the Middle East had led to the death of nearly three hundred servicemen in Lebanon, and that if Reagan was reëlected we would be "closer to the brink." He said Reagan was "essentially absent" from policymaking in the Middle East and was conducting "government by a smile button and leadership by isolation.") So, as a result of internal arguments, the speech at George Washington ended up beginning on the subject of foreign policy and then went on to the new points. (In the foreign-policy section, Mondale mocked Reagan for having given a conciliatory speech to the United Nations the day before, and said, "This Presidential sea-change raises a crucial question: How can the American people tell which Reagan would be President if he's reëlected?") Speaking to the students, Mondale said, "I have been counselled to cut loose from my history—to desert the forgotten Americans I have always fought for," and he continued, "My answer is no. I would rather lose a race about decency than win one about self-interest."

In some respects, the speech was reminiscent of ones Mondale gave earlier in the year, in Tampa and at Emory University, in which he talked about "the soul of the Party" and told students that he did not accept the characterization of them as simply self-interested and materialistic. Those were among the very few speeches Mondale made during the primaries which took him beyond the cut-and-slash. Not mentioning Reagan, or the Republicans, Mondale said, "I do not know which is worse—the emptiness of [their] campaign, or the cynicism about the American people that it implies. I do not know which is more damning—their contempt for the issues, or their condescension toward our people." Referring to Reagan's attempts to woo Democrats, Mondale said, "Take a second look at the Re-



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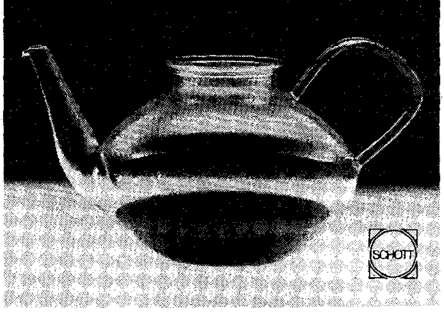

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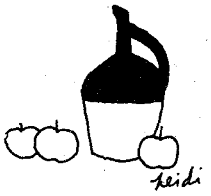
publican home you're being sold, and the platform it's built on," and he continued, "Do you really want to join a party that intends to put government between you and the most private choices of your life?" After asking other such rhetorical questions, Mondale said, "This is a season for passion and principle." He continued—in a reference to a "surprise" dinner visit the Reagans paid last weekend to a black young man in Washington who had written to Reagan (there were pictures in the papers of the Reagans handing the young man a jar of jelly beans)—"This election is not about jelly beans and pen pals. It is about toxic dumps that give cancer to our children." He went on, "This election is not about country music and birthday cakes. It is about old people who can't pay for medicine. This election is not about the Olympic torch. It is about the civil-rights laws that opened athletics to women and minorities who won those gold medals. . . . This election is not about Republicans sending hecklers to my rallies. It is about Jerry Falwell picking Justices for the Supreme Court. . . . This election is about our values." He talked about the poor, and said, "The Republicans say they're for family values. But families don't disown their weaker children. What would we think of parents who taught their kids to think only of themselves, and not to care for their brothers and sisters? What would we say about parents who lived in high style—and left their children in debt as a result?" He added, "In this campaign, I will do everything I can to focus our nation on these questions—whatever the political consequences. It must never be said that in 1984 we did not know what we were doing. I won't permit this crowd to steal the future from our children without a fight. . . . They have a right to ask for your vote. But I'll be damned if I'll let them take away our conscience."



Then, as he had been doing in recent appearances, he turned one of Reagan's anecdotes about heroes back on him: at a recent dinner of Italian-Americans in Washington, Reagan had told a moving story about an Italian immigrant's son who became a milkman, and how the milkman had struggled and sacrificed so that his son could go to college and medical school, and that son became a prominent surgeon, who one day saved a President's—Reagan's—life. Mondale tells the story movingly, as Reagan did, and then adds the twist: that the surgeon, Dr. Joseph Giordano, wrote to the Los Angeles *Times* saying that the President had told only part of the story. He wrote that government programs of which Reagan had been so critical had helped make his story possible—that though his parents had sacrificed for him, he had been helped through medical school by government loans, that the medical technology with which he had saved Reagan's life would not have existed without federal research funds, and that now his parents are dependent on Social Security and Medicare. (Dr. Giordano later endorsed Mondale.) Mondale's speech got a strong response from the audience, and more than the usual amount of attention on television. Whether it was an event or a blip, or whether Mondale will continue along that path, can't be known yet.

ON Wednesday, Reagan, in an appearance at Bowling Green State University, in Ohio, took a few questions from friendly students ("I've heard there's a fellow going around the country that says that I don't answer questions"). A large number of anti-Reagan students said that they had not been allowed into the hall, and they were kept quite a distance from it. Reagan blamed the latest truck-bombing on what he called "the near-destruction of our intelligence capability in recent years—before we came here." A Reagan aide told reporters it would not be incorrect to assume that he was referring to the Carter Administration. Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan, of New York, who is vice-chairman of the Senate Select Intelligence Committee, said that Reagan's statement "is not only false, it's reckless," and other Democrats, including Carter, reacted angrily. The next day, Bush, who once headed the C.I.A., said he did not think the Carter Administration could be blamed, and Reagan, in a brief photo opportunity while he was meeting with the President of Peru, accused the press of distorting his remarks. He also phoned Carter to explain. Reagan also told the students at Bowling Green—two days after his United Nations address and two days before his meeting with Gromyko—that the Russians "really do have aggressive intent against us," and he joked, "Peace in America is such an attrac-

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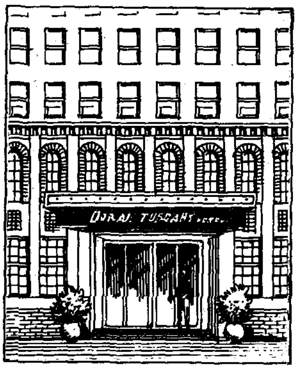

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tive way to live that a war is a terrible interruption."

On Thursday, Mondale met with Gromyko—a session that was arranged after Gromyko had accepted Reagan's invitation to meet at the White House. Mondale's aides say that the meeting was decided upon in order to show that meetings with Gromyko are no big deal (Mondale had already met with Gromyko three times), and also to keep Mondale from being blanked out of the news during Reagan's big foreign-policy week. Mondale said that he would tell Gromyko that America has "only one President at a time" and that the Soviet Union has "nothing to gain from delay." Following the meeting, in New York, Mondale told reporters that he had urged Gromyko to go forward with negotiations with Reagan, and that "I was not negotiating." Nonetheless, he ran a danger of suggestions by surrogates for the President that he had interfered with Reagan's dealings with Gromyko, if those dealings did not go well, and that he had suggested to the Soviets that he would make them a better offer. A couple of Reagan's advisers told me shortly after Mondale announced the meeting that this was most likely to happen. On Friday, Reagan met with Gromyko, amid much picture-taking but no clear evidence that either country's negotiating position had changed, or that Reagan had resolved the disagreements within his own government. Secretary of State George Shultz said that the two governments had agreed to "stay in touch." Mondale branded the Reagan-Gromyko meeting a failure, saying there were arms-control steps that Reagan could have taken and that the events of the past two weeks showed that "we have a President who's not really in charge." Still, the fact of the meeting (Reagan's first with any Soviet leader) was widely considered a plus for Reagan.

Following that, both the Reagan and the Mondale camps began to clear their candidates' calendars and concentrate their efforts on preparing for the first debate. —ELIZABETH DREW

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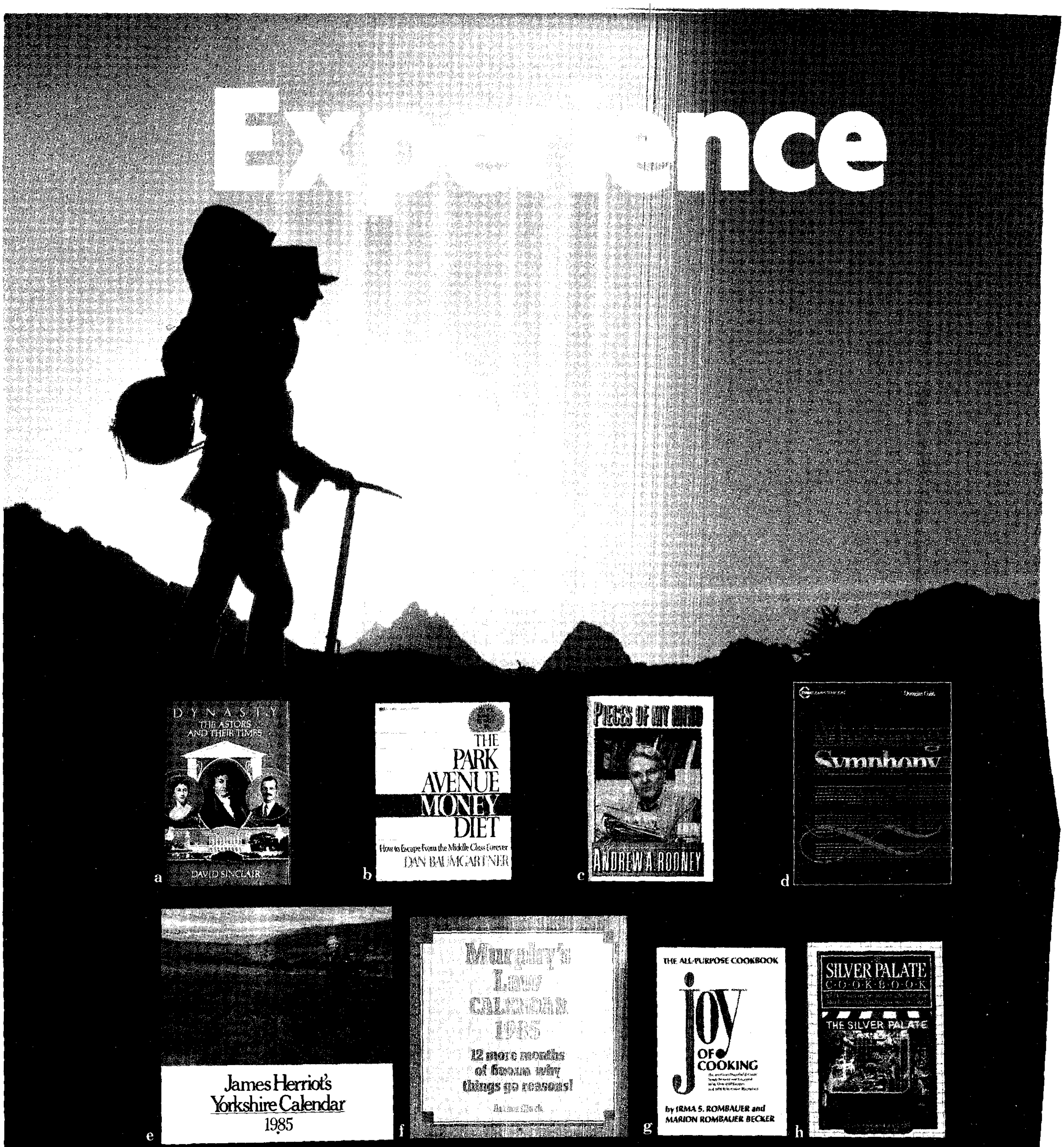

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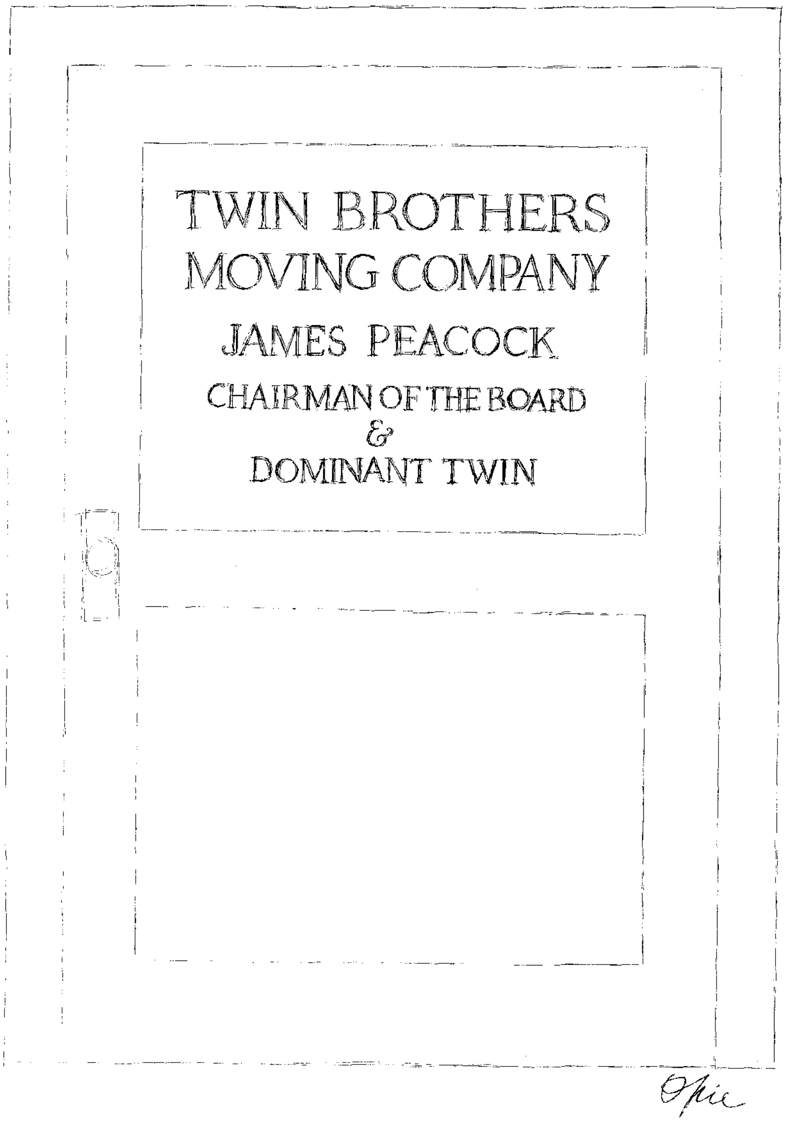
Sleeper Before Sunrise

A Biographer of Rilke is fortunate. With significant exceptions (letters to his parents, wife, and daughter), Rilke's immense, self-revealing correspondence (was there a single day in his mature life in which the poet did *not* write numerous epistles?) has been published. So, in remarkable editions, have been the poetry and prose. A detailed chronology of Rilke's works and days, recording his incessant travels and changes of address, appeared in 1975. Memoirs and portrayals by those who knew the "seraphic master" abound. Particular facets of Rilke's literary, artistic, erotic interests have been exhaustively studied. J. R. von Salis's monograph on Rilke's years in Switzerland is a superb example. The iconography, Rilke having been at once elusive and photogenic, is extensive. As a result, there is really little new to report. What Wolfgang Leppmann's "Rilke: A Life," translated from the German by Russell M. Stockman in collaboration with the author and with verse translations by Richard Exner (Fromm International; $22.50 cloth, $12.95 paper), does is to put together, lucidly and comprehensively, the material already available in earlier, perhaps less accessible biographies and in the great literature of Rilke scholarship and remembrance.

The essentials have long been familiar. Like Kafka, Rilke came from Prague. In both writers, the utter command of German has a willed element; it tells of a spiritually or geographically marginal origin. Much of Rilke's poetry—certainly the finest—was written from outside the native ground of the language. The feminine style of Rilke's early upbringing—the name René Maria, the wearing of girls' clothing—has often been commented on, especially in the world of psychoanalysis, which Rilke's career touched at several key points. Attention has also focussed on the presumably traumatic shock suffered by the young boy when he was suddenly incarcerated in the Imperial and Royal Junior Military Academy, at St. Pölten—a dismal hole, near Vienna, that would one day, and for reasons difficult to fathom, become the chosen home of W. H. Auden. Professor Leppmann's account is balanced: Rilke's psychic torments were no doubt genuine, but in fact the shy cadet did not do too badly either in academic subjects or in drill and target practice. The actual trauma was one of cultural deprivation. Military schooling had robbed the young Rilke of the classical, humanistic literacies indispensable to a great European writer and thinker on aesthetics. To a large extent, Rilke was self-taught. Vital spheres of philosophy, of cultural history, of literature (the work of Goethe among them) were to remain more or less closed to him throughout his acquisitive existence. Something of the poet's aloofness, of his prickly shyness in the company of lettered men and women, may go back to this early sense of cultural neglect. It is, on the other hand, to his loathed military training and to the very real martial romanticism this training woke or confirmed in him that Rilke owed his fame and the material basis of his ultimate success.

First published in 1904, "The Lay of the Love and Death of the Cornet Cristoph Rilke" was to sell hundreds of thousands of copies during the First World War. Its popularity has never abated. To the public at large, many of whom had no knowledge of the major poems, Rilke remained the unforgettable author of the "Cornet." The brief text—part verse, part poetic prose—is a cunning, inebriating brew. The tale of a night of love followed by heroic death in battle, of sabres spinning and blazing, clarions calling, chargers rearing as in a great Rubens, combines fin-de-siècle lushness with the macabre, almost hysterical intensity of German Expressionism. There is even a period touch of sexual sadism (the raped, tortured woman tied naked to a tree and crying out for death). In covert modulations, something of the refined sensuality, of the controlled exultation of the "Cornet" reappears in Rilke's mature writings. The self-identification with and the imaginative ease in a lost aristocratic order which inspire the "Cornet" are



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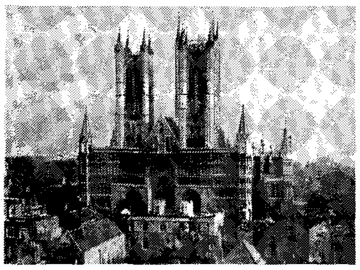

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characteristic of Rilke's whole life. Nevertheless, this breviary of martial glory and nationalism stands apart. It is as if the invention and celebration of the "Cornet" had purged Rilke of certain dark and feverish compulsions. A singular purity lay ahead.

It emerges in the "New Poems," published, in two successive gatherings, in 1907 and 1908. These contain some of Rilke's consummate creations. The commanding motifs are there: the translation into secular terms—into the contemplation of art and of nature—of that high astonishment before God which fills the poet and which has chosen him for its voice; the hushed yet subtly playful eroticism, roused by and embodied in the wondrous being of young women but also in the pulsing, secret vitality of leaf and bud, of light moving on wind and water. Here are the magical suppleness of Rilke's syntax, the penetration into German speech of a Slavic musicality (matters Russian were of utmost inspiration to Rilke); here is the sinuous secret of continuity between stanzas, between individual poems, in what can, in fact, be read as spiralling garlands around a great central theme of prayer and muted, fastidious celebration. Like Picasso, Rilke could now "flow" into inorganic and organic forms. Even Richard Exner's loving translation can only hint at the alchemy of understanding from within, of shared presence, that makes "The Panther" one of the key poems of the century:

> Ceaselessly the bars and rails keep passing
> Till his gaze, from weariness, lets all things go. For
> it seems to him the world consists of bars and
> railings and beyond them world exists no more.
>
> Supple, strong, elastic is his pacing
> and its circles much too narrow for a leap,
> like a dance of strength around a middle
> where a mighty will was put to sleep.
>
> Yet from time to time the pupil's curtain
> rises silently. An image enters, flies
> through the limbs' intensive stillness
> until, entering the very heart, it dies.

There can be no better description of Rilke's central period than that of "a dance of strength around a middle where a mighty will was put to sleep"—or, more accurately, lay dormant. Rilke married (a part-time arrangement, gradually to be dissolved altogether). Lou Andreas-Salomé, one of

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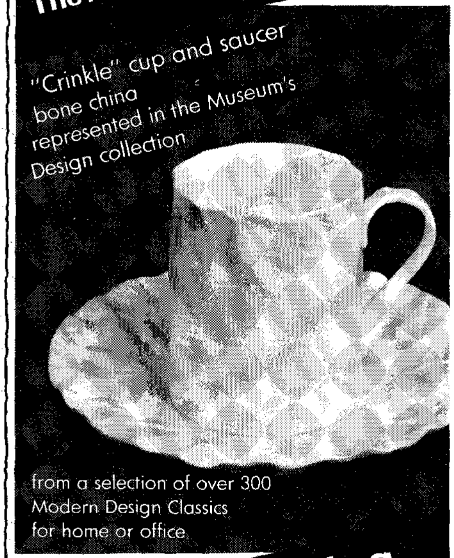

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the true muses of modernity (witness her role in the biographies of Nietzsche and Freud), passed in and out of his existence. Rilke acted as Rodin's secretary and wrote about Rodin's art. In autonomous parallel with Kafka, Rilke's prose "Notebook of Malte Laurids Brigge" brought to spectral life the horrors of solitude, of unspoken but maniacal hallucination, that men and women undergo in the modern city. Above all, Rilke travelled: in Scandinavia and Spain, in Italy and Dalmatia, in Egypt and North Africa. The record is one of nearly crazed restlessness: for the year 1910 there were residences in Paris, Leipzig, Jena, Weimar, Duino, Rome, Berlin, Venice, Prague, Munich, Cologne, Paris again, Algiers, El Kantara, Tunis, Naples—without counting brief lecture engagements and visits to welcoming castles and villas in between.

These wanderings were in large measure financed by Rilke's admirers, by the coven of aristocratic ladies to whom he poured out the ceremonious homage of his correspondence. As in Proust, the note of dulcet snobbery is often cloying. But, as in Proust also, the inherent economy of the situation—the elaboration of an archaic, guarded life style—was of the essence. Consciously or not, Rilke's febrile travels, his cultivation of moneyed and landed patrons—who almost unfailingly bore witness to his powers of enchantment, to the irresistible aura of patrician, gentle seduction which emanated from his visitations—had a sole aim: the creation of the crowning works. Though essentially arrested, blocked, between 1910 and 1921, the "dance of strength around a middle" was to explode incomparably.

Often told, the tale of Rilke's miraculous creativity between the seventh and twenty-sixth of February, 1922, loses nothing in Leppmann's straightforward, well-documented retelling. Since late 1911, Rilke had felt nascent within him a great cycle of poems at once celebratory and elegiac, a construct of odes or experimental hymns in which would coalesce his solitude of spirit and the "terrible beauty" of the world. Two elegies were composed in the fabled castle at Duino, on the Adriatic, before the end of May, 1912; the third followed in Paris in the late autumn of 1913; Rilke wrote the fourth in Munich during the grim November of 1915. Fragments and desperate stabs at the construction of the whole followed. More and more, Rilke despaired of ever accomplishing

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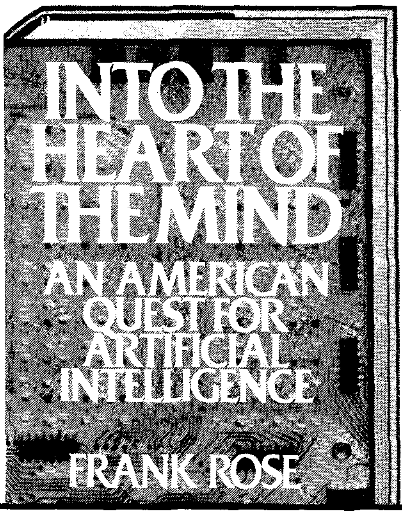
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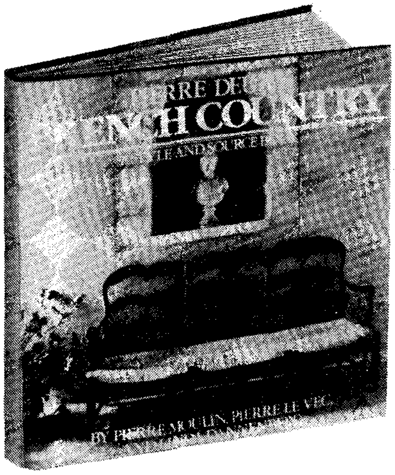

what he knew to be his supreme vocation, his calling by the "dread Angel" of radiant vision. His peregrinations, his long silences as a poet (the torrent of letters continued) were, as he clearly understood, symptoms of that despair. Both Rilke and Freud pondered and rejected the possibility of his undergoing a liberating analysis.

Toward the end of July, 1921, a somnambular intuition took the poet to the squat, bleak, yet unquestionably numinous tower—or, pedantically considered, fortified farm—at Muzot, on a hillside of vineyards and fruit trees just above Sierre, in the Swiss Valais. To this day, the halo of some quiet immensity is unmistakable as one looks across the old garden wall into that tiny plot of rocky, light-strewn ground. The dam burst on February 7, 1922: that morning Rilke wrote most of what was to become the seventh of the "Duino Elegies." The eighth stood completed the following afternoon. Most of the ninth, whose initial sweep goes back to fragments dated 1912, came the next day. The sixth, a torso of which went back to 1912-13, was completed that very evening. The triumphant tenth elegy was created on February 11th. To his intimates, to Marie von Thurn und Taxis-Hohenlohe, in whose Duino citadel the wonder had begun, Rilke sent exultant word. But the great wings beat still: the unheralded—as it were, wholly unexpected—fifth elegy, based on Picasso's painting of travelling circus folk, "Les Saltimbanques," sprang upon the poet imperiously on February 14th. Yet even now the breathless "dance of strength around a middle" was not over. For between the fifteenth of February and the end of the *mensis mirabilis*, Rilke completed the "Sonnets to Orpheus": twenty-six of these tight-woven, ecstatic meditations on death and poetry, on "the temples" that the poet's song builds in our very hearing, were written in the days immediately prior to the "Elegies;" twenty-nine more burst to life in the week following.

The recorded history of literature provides no convincing parallel to this sun flare of creation. Rilke's own account is definitive: "Everything in only a few days, it was an indescribable storm, a hurricane in my spirit . . . everything that is fiber and tissue within me was strained to the breaking point. . . . But now it's *done*. Done Done. Amen. So this is what I survived for, through everything. Through all of it. And that, after all, was what I needed. *Only* this." We

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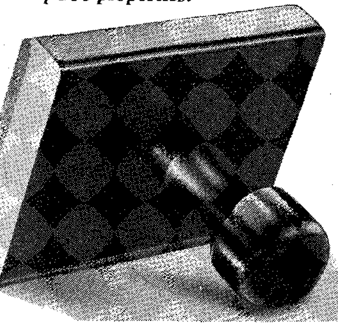

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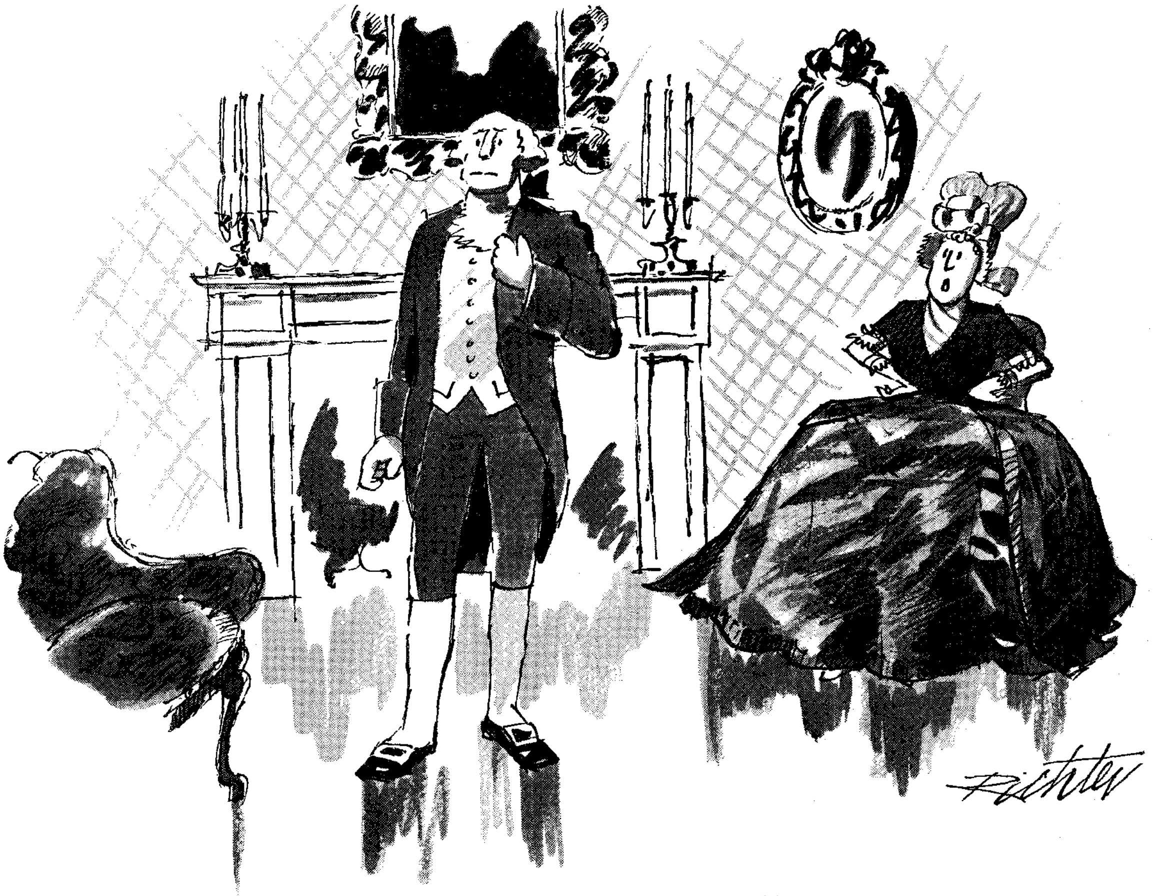

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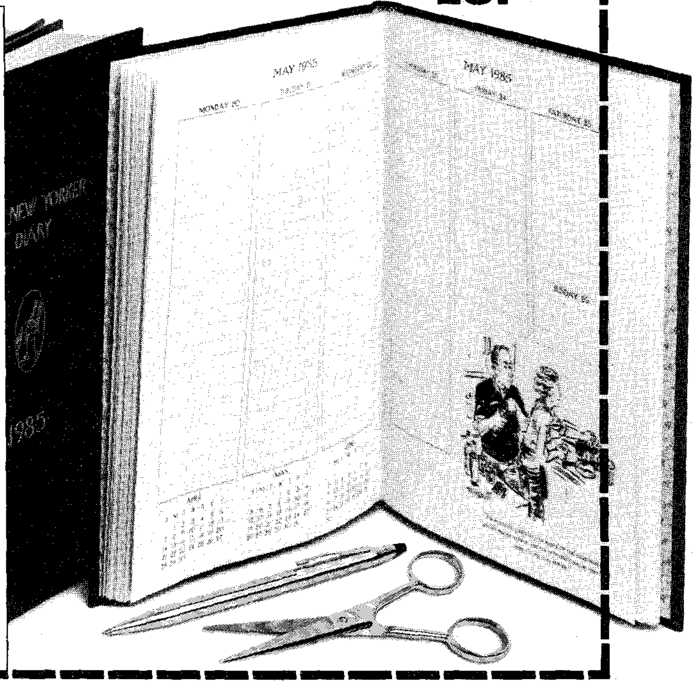

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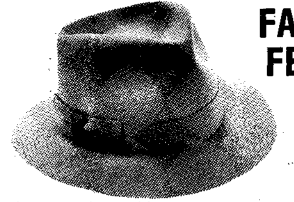

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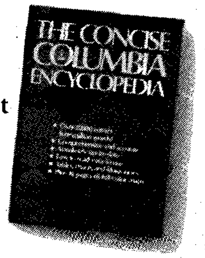
know of similar bursts in Schubert's final year, and of Picasso's production, on a single day, of three or four dazzling engravings or drawings in a whirlwind series. But where the demands of literary form are involved—and the rhyme schemes and metrical virtuosity of the "Sonnets" are particularly demanding—such a controlled avalanche borders on the uncanny.

Rilke now knew that his essential task had been completed. He had answered unsparingly to the Angel's cry. He had been the possessed medium of a creative but also destructive immensity. There may, indeed, have been psychosomatic interrelations between the overpowering onrush of inspiration and the secret, intricately "creative" changes in the cell tissues which were the silent forerunner of leukemia. In respect of intellectual and artistic genius, death has economies of prevision beyond our understanding. Rilke was not deceived. He spoke of the "Duino Elegies" and "Sonnets to Orpheus" as a consuming gift for which, very soon, the obvious price would be charged. He first spent time at a sanatorium in the late summer of 1923. He returned to Muzot whenever his failing health allowed. Reverence and growing fame attended his ghostly voyages through French Switzerland. In April and May, 1926, he saw the snowdrops. He died in December.

Professor Leppmann rightly draws attention to the poems in and translations from French which Rilke wrote after completing the great cycles. He cites the unbearably lucid last poem:

> Now come, ultimate essence I avow,
> desperate pain that tears my body's
> mesh. . . .
>
> In your ferocity my earthly gentleness
> will turn to hellish fury. Pure and
> entire,
> I mounted suffering's chaotic pyre
> free of all future and sure that for
> this heart,
> with all its treasures muted, future
> cannot be bought.
> Is it still I who burns unrecognized
> and caught?
> I can no longer reach for memories.
> Oh life, oh life: to be without such
> blaze.
> But I am burning. No one knows my
> face.

Only a great poet could have written these late texts. But Rilke's all-commanding purpose had been accomplished before. His epitaph, which was written by Rilke himself and which many pilgrims have seen in the tiny graveyard at Raron, on a prow of rock jutting into the mountainous arc of the



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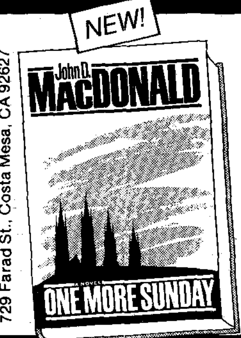

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Rhône valley, has become the object of innumerable commentaries, parodies, and borrowings. It is of untranslatable beauty and wit (if only by virtue of the pun on "*Lidern*," which can be heard as both "eyelids" and "songs"):

> Rose, oh reiner Widerspruch, Lust,
> Niemandes Schlaf zu sein unter soviel
> Lidern.

(Rose, pure contradiction, joy to be nobody's sleep under that many eyelids.)

Of itself, this incantation is almost narcissistic: "*reiner*" transposes the poet's own name—Rainer, in the Germanized form that he adopted. Yet the lines became a message, and a handing on: to Paul Celan, a poet as distinguished as Rilke, perhaps even more so, who was to fuse two of the words in this inscription into his emblematic and now famous "Niemandsrose." There is a very simple sense in which poets speak to poets out of the detour of death.

In translation, at least, Leppmann's biography often jars. It is resolutely jaunty and, at various moments, cheerily vulgar. We learn that, being dog lovers, vegetarians, tea drinkers, and non-smokers, Hitler and Rilke "had much in common." (There must be some special circle in Hell for sentences like that.) In Venice, the unfortunate Rilke encounters "the culture-vulture type of tourist." Speculations on the poet's sexuality are naïvely medical. But when Professor Leppmann remarks that the "Duino Elegies" are "not everybody's cup of tea" (a characteristic turn of phrase) he does raise a valid and, implicitly, larger question. Much in Rilke's genius, especially in the longer poems, is strangely elusive and dated. It is the shorter lyrics whose magical inwardness and musicality have worn best. The suave choreography of adoration in Rilke's religiosity, the comely terrors in the "Duino Elegies" speak less and less incisively to a bleaker climate. At the core of his symbolism, visually and acoustically masterly as it is, the proposals on man's soul and on the lambent visitors from "out there" now strike one as blurred, as too easily come by. The heavenly choirs in Mahler's symphonies, so close to Rilke in spirit and virtuosity, can have this same effect. The rapture leaves behind a tremulous void.

"I discovered a new caress for myself," wrote Rilke, "gently laying a rose on my closed eye until its coolness can scarcely be felt any longer, and only the mildness of its petals contin-

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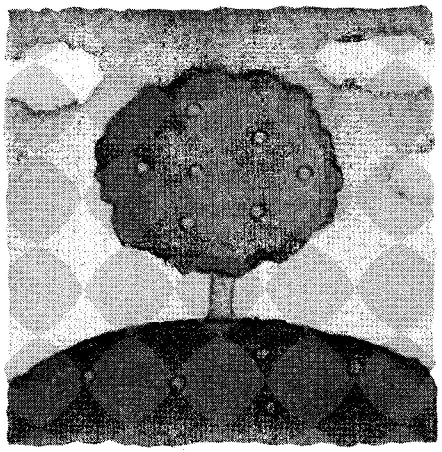

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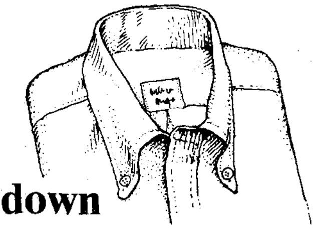

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ues to rest above my vision like sleep before sunrise." The similarity here to certain famous episodes in Keats' life and letters is hauntingly close. In both poets, a marvellously focussed sensuality generated lyric forms of the very highest order. In both, the heart of argument and of visionary thought is fitful. It is, almost, the letters of Keats and of Rilke that retain the most constant proof of their strengths. It may be that these are, principally, poets for the young, or for the very old.

—GEORGE STEINER

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SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*Allene Arthur in the Palm Springs* (*Calif.*) *Desert Sun*]

The best way to describe the theme of this party might be "elegant hobo." It reminded one of the Judy Garland-Gene Kelly tramp number "We're a Couple of Swells" in the old MGM musical.

Guests had no advance knowledge of the theme of Betsy Hammes' party. They arrived dressed to kill for Margo Spinner's birthday surprise.

A hobo greeted them at the door of Betsy's new Canyon Heights townhouse. Inside, waitresses dressed as bag ladies graciously handed each arrival a weiner on a stick. They could toast their appetizer if they preferred, or chomp it raw.

As at any swanky party, champagne was served—in a brown bag surrounding the glass.

Musicians, some very fancy bums, played the blues on sax and fiddle. (Guest Lew Sherrell played harmonica, wailing out numbers he must have learned sitting around the fire by the railroad tracks.)

More hors d'oeuvres were circulated by the bag ladies from a shopping cart. A few trash can "finds" were still hanging out the sides, but no matter.

Food was plentiful. Betsy must have been scrounging for days.

A fresh seafood bar offered enamel pots full of shrimp, lobster, oysters, caviar. On a table covered with a glamorous silver lame tablecloth, fetuccinne, spinach pasta and hobo spaghetti were dished up in tin cans.

Hot sausages, tenderloin and scallops were cooking on hibachis, served with wire forks onto tin plates.

A toy freight train circled the sweets table, and guests plucked their choices of desserts from open boxcars. Centering the table was a white chocolate mold of a woman, superimposed with birthday surprisee Margo Spinner's face.

When she arrived on this scene, happily astonished and in a designer gown, she was hastily whisked into tacky Salvation Army clothes, as honored hobo of the evening. "See, Jerry," she said to her husband. "I'm finally dressing like you want me to. Cheap."

Party favors were bandanas on sticks, beautifully done up. Black moire kerchiefs were tied with shiny red bows. Inside, each guest's treasure was a little can of pork and beans, a cigar and a kazoo.

There was much more, but you get the idea.

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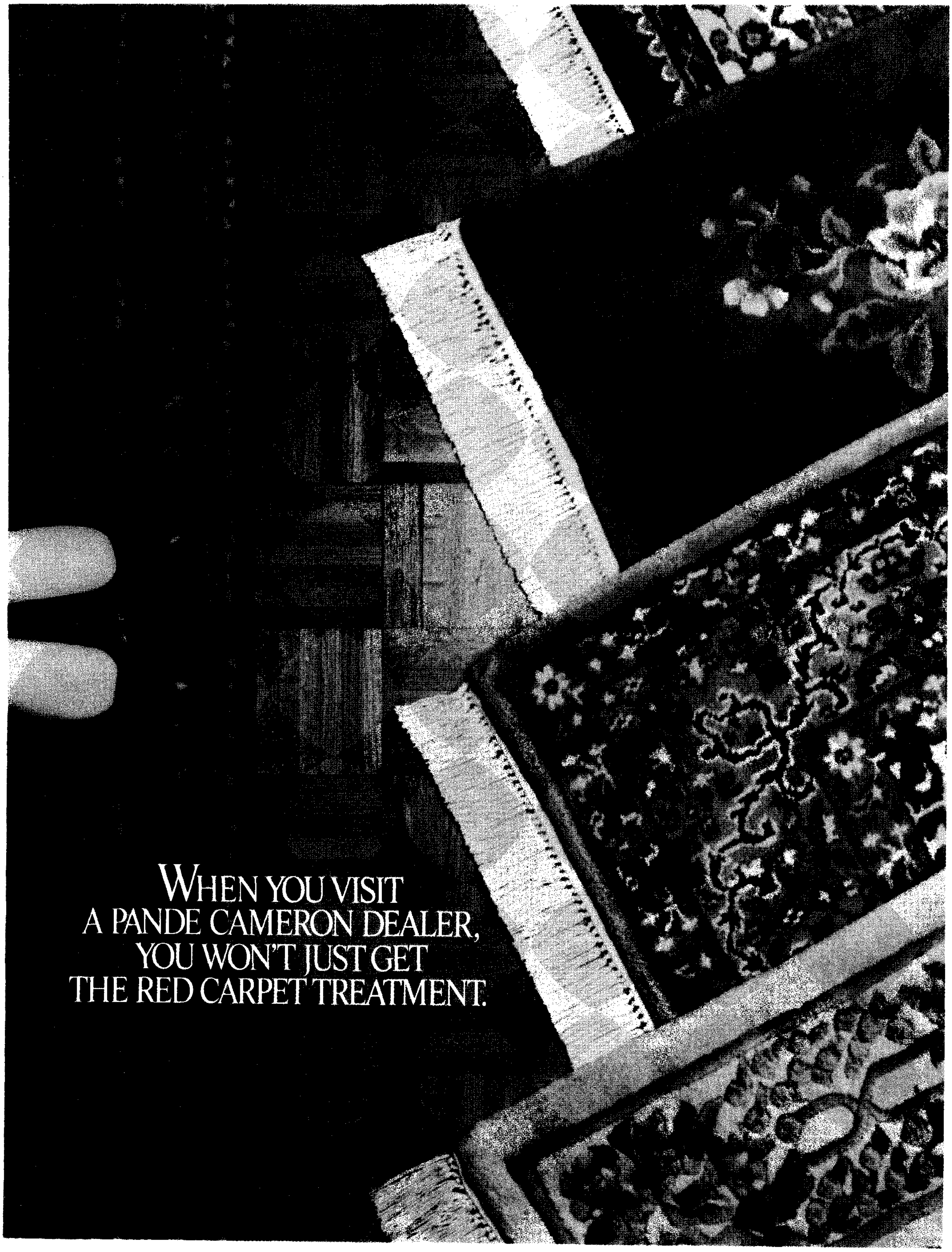

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DEWAR'S PROFILE:

JEAN-CLAUDE NÉDÉLEC

HOME: New York City.

AGE: 35

PROFESSION: Chef; co-owner Glorious Food, caterers.

HOBBY: Eating meals prepared by someone else.

LAST BOOK READ: *Tom Jones*, Henry Fielding.

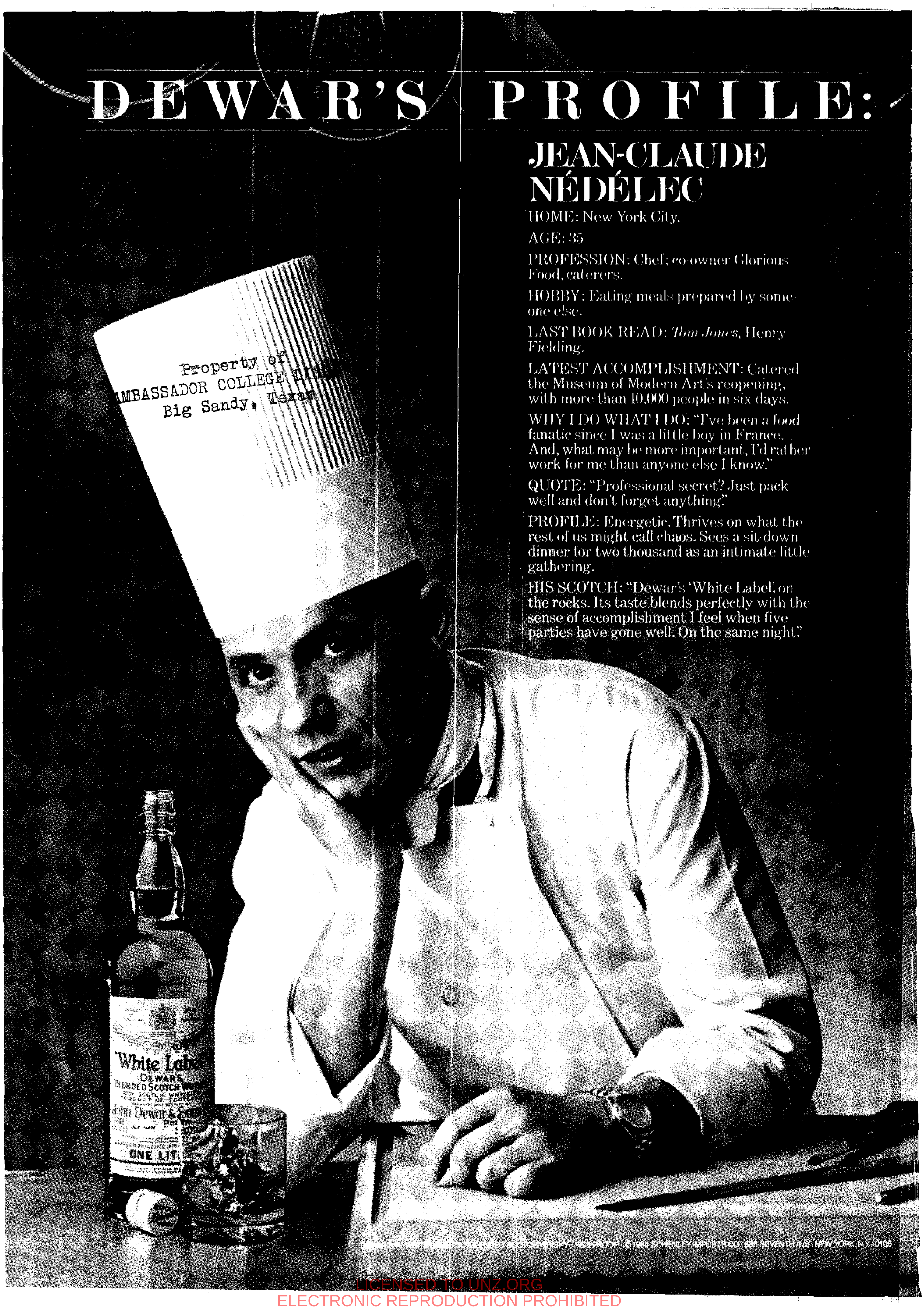
LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Catered the Museum of Modern Art's reopening, with more than 10,000 people in six days.

WHY I DO WHAT I DO: "I've been a food fanatic since I was a little boy in France. And, what may be more important, I'd rather work for me than anyone else I know."

QUOTE: "Professional secret? Just pack well and don't forget anything."

PROFILE: Energetic. Thrives on what the rest of us might call chaos. Sees a sit-down dinner for two thousand as an intimate little gathering.

HIS SCOTCH: "Dewar's 'White Label,' on the rocks. Its taste blends perfectly with the sense of accomplishment I feel when five parties have gone well. On the same night."



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